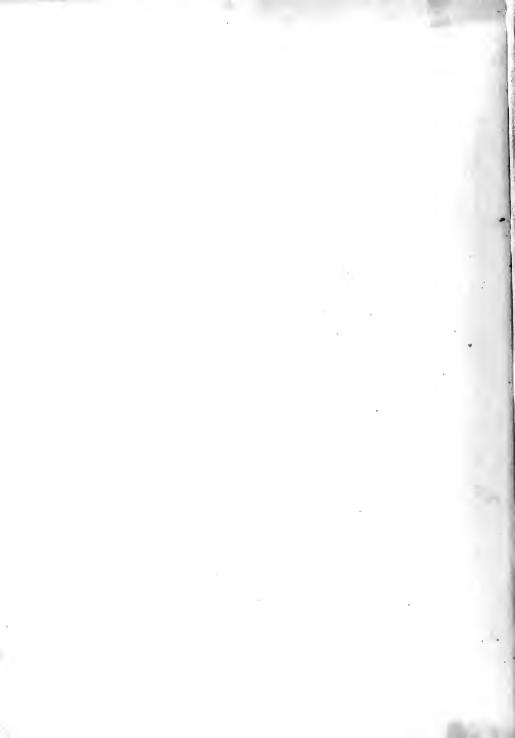


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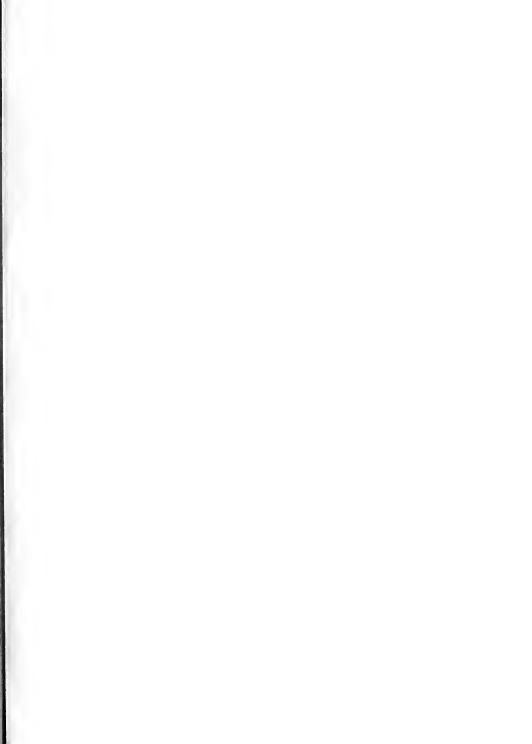
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CULPTURE AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

THERE can be scant question but that sculpture as it is currently displayed at our leading exhibitions fails to attract the general public. In place of being a focus of interest it is usually surveyed with ill-disguised indifference or ignored save by a slender fraction of the chosen few. Unless something of a sensational character is

on view the plastic arts do not compete upon even terms with painting, and are hence habitually relegated to draughty anteroom or sepulchral subcellar. Through continually seeing sculpture treated in inauspicious fashion we have come to regard the statue, the relief, or the bust as different phases of the same necessary evil. They are in brief forms of art which, in the popular mind at least, do not convincingly justify their existence.

Such a condition of affairs naturally does not



 $American\ Section,\ Panama-Pacific\ Exposition$ THE OUTCAST

BY ATTILIO PICCIRILLI

date from to-day, nor are its causes to be found in the immediate past. Sculpture since its initial florescence has submitted to various transitions. Marble was the inevitable medium in which the Hellenic ideal of beauty found expression. The jubilant richness of the Renais-

sance attained its apotheosis in bronze, while during the rosetinted dawn of the Gothic age the anonymous artist chiselled his naive fusion of paganism and piety into the surface of stone. In due course, however, plastic representation being restricted to considerations of form alone, found it increasingly difficult to reflect the complexity of contemporary feeling and aspiration. Cradled in joyous serenity, sculpture could not readily take upon itself the sorrows and mortification of the Christain faith. Its day of glory had passed, and thus painting, with its sensuous film of colour and faculty of direct transposition, gradually wrested the primacy from its sister art and became the chosen handmaiden alike of Church and State.

While one can scarcely contend that sculpture suffered an eclipse, it cannot be denied that from this period onward it ceased to enjoy its one-time undisputed supremacy. Stray figures still haunted secluded, vine-covered niche, or graced the fountains and avenues of formal park and garden. Pagan laughter still lingered in the gay wantons of Clodion and Falconet, but the rôle played by the plastic arts was henceforth subsidiary. And yet it is

not this perceptible loss of prestige which is responsible for the present plight of sculpture. It is rather due to that radical misconception of the functions of the art which followed close in the wake of the so-called classic revival. Turbulent and grandiose as he indubitably was, Michelangero project a less baneful influence

than did such smug falsifiers of the antique spirit as Canova and Thorvaldsen. The assiduous imitation of these palpable imitators, and the persistent placing of statue and bust in inept and illogical surroundings, were the chief factors in the progressive alienation of sculpture from

popular sympathy. Ruthlessly wrenched from their original setting, and displayed as mere detached curios with no feeling for background either aesthetic or historical, it is scant wonder that these pathetic fugitives from a forgotten world held no message for the masses. Sculpture is a legitimate child of light and air. It is indissolubly wedded to an architectural, or at least a decorative ensemble, and once this precious connexion is severed the plastic spell is forever broken.

You will readily concede that sculpture survived numerous changes both social and spiritual. It managed, as we have seen, to adapt itself to various media. It passed from pagan blitheness to appealing fraternalism and came bravely down to modern times only to falter in the end through a series of unfortunate misapprehensions as to its true mission. The most conspicuous offenders in this respect have been, it cannot be too often repeated, the museum directors and other custodians who have continued to house the eloquent heritage of antique civilization with callous incomprehension. Stark halls and dingy corridors have been congested with genuine originals or chalky casts that strug-

gle in frigid futility for sunlight and the flash of green foliage. The intimate relationship between plastic form and nature has been almost wholly neglected and, in consequence, few of us can be blamed for growing cold and unresponsive to the claims of this noblest and most exalted of all phases of artistic expression.



Scelish Section, Panama-Pacific Exposition
SPHINX BY DAVID EDSTRÖM



North of their Parama Partle In pertles

Previous to the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 there was, strictly speaking, no sculpture worthy the appellation in America. While such primitives as William Rush and John Frazee practised their profession with commendable integrity of purpose, they were hardly more than indifferently equipped craftsmen. Whatever their shortcomings they are nevertheless entitled to an ampler measure of consideration than are their pretentious successors, Horatio Greenough and Hiram Powers, who espoused the emasculated classicism so much in vogue during the early decades of the last century. Drifting farther and farther from the true Attic spirit, which is essentially concrete, they led the taste of the day into a realm of vapid abstraction. The sense of personality was sacrificed to a smooth, characterless finish. The figures showed no real vitality, and in general conception were not infrequently the antithesis of that which is inherently sculptural. It was not indeed until our leading artists turned from Rome to Paris, from the immemorial dust of the city by the Tiber to the purple haze which hangs over the Seine that conditions betrayed substantial improvement.

If it was the Paris trained artists who, during the ensuing interval, made possible the splendid plastic pageant which was such an inspiring feature of the World's Columbian Exposition of 1803, it is likewise certain Paris men, with the assistance of a few home-taught talents, who are responsible for the results witnessed at San Francisco. Sculpture here for the first time in the annals of American art assumes its rightful place in a broadly conceived decorative scheme. Not only has it been admirably correlated with architecture; it has also been accorded its proper position as a component part of the landscape. Having already touched upon the sculpture at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in its relation to the several buildings, we may turn to its application to more informal outdoor problems. While the ornamental and monumental sculpture at San Francisco is but a trifle less banal than customary the various groups and single figures dotted about the grounds disclose certain engaging effects. They appear to the best advantage when most closely identified with purely natural backgrounds. Those which create the finest impression are in fact those that seem spontaneously to pring from their surroundings. Sculpture of this character should be the epitome of earth, sky, tree, and plant. It is nature herself, it is the veritable spirit of place, which should suggest to the artist his theme and treatment, for only thus can be work with that sympathy and



French Section, Panama-Pacific Exposition YOUNG GIRL WITH VESSEL

BY JOSEPH BERNARD

comprehension which go so far toward making for lasting achievement.

A leisurely, receptive stroll in the proximity of the Palace of Fine Arts will be sufficient to vindicate the above contention. Silhouetted against luxuriant foliage or warm-toned wall

surface are numerous familiar figures that have never before appeared to like advantage. They are creatures of the open these fauns, nymphs, shepherd lads, and playful water sprites. They demand, one and all, the shifting caress of light and shade and the fitful stir of the wind. While there are various matters upon which the Department of Fine Arts cannot be congratulated

it merits, in this particular instance, ungrudging praise. Mistakes have inevitably been made, the most flagrant being the depositing of Mr. Grafly's Pioneer Mother stolidly in front of the main portal of the Palace of Fine Arts, but on the whole few exceptions can be taken to the general propriety of the scheme. The climax of this happy outdoor treatment is attained in Ralph Stackpole's Shrine of Inspiration. which rises upon a slight eminence in front of the Rotunda. You have in this composition an essentially sculptural conception given the requisite poeticand imaginative significance through the unique beauty of its entourage.

The development of American sculpture since the somewhat dim, indeterminate

days when Patience Wright, of Bordentown, first began modelling wax portraits and silhouettes of celebrities local and national, is fraught with vicissitudes. Reference has already been made to the Canova-Thorvaldsen period, though it is doubtful whether this particular epoch was more inimical to taste than was the era of the monument manufacturers which followed the conclusion of the Civil War. We have sinned grievously in this latter regard. We have disfigured many a noble space and obstructed countless streets and public squares, yet still we are somehow learning our lesson aright. At Philadelphia in 1876 sculpture was not identified with architecture. It was something apart, isolated from the ensemble. At Chicago it was employed in purely festal fashion after the

manner of the French. A still further advance has been recorded at San Francisco. You are herewith not confronted with separate works the significance of which it is difficult if not impossible to determine. The aim has been to fuse all the arts into a single eloquent, unified impression. And while the possibilities of plastic form have not been so keenly realized or so consistently applied as have those of colour, a distinct improvement has been made upon anything of the sort hitherto attempted on so ambitious a scale.

We shall not linger to review in detail the miscellaneous detachments of native sculpture which are immured in the Palace of Fine Arts. Most of this work being already well known, we shall proceed to

a consideration of the various foreign sections, for, after all, it is not specific issues, but general outlines, which we aim to discuss in these brief papers. Most of the principal nations represented in the Palace of Fine Arts also possess separate Pavilions of their own, in the embellishment of which sculpture plays an appropriate part. The most elaborate of these structures is that of Italy, and it is also the most



Argentine Section, Panama-Pacific Exposition

INFANT SMILING BY JUAN CÁRLOS OLIVA NAVARRO

traditional. No fresh problems were entailed in the construction of this Renaissance palace or the disposal of the numerous statues, ornamental groups, carved seats, etc., in the courts and corridors of this imposing pile. It is the treasury of the past that has alone been drawn upon, so in order to see what contemporary Italian sculptors are accomplishing it is necessary to return to the Fine Arts Palace.

The sculpture of Italy, like that of most other countries, to-day exemplifies two distinct tendencies. The one instances that reversion to archaic tradition which fin ls its most acute manifestation in the work of certain of the younger Frenchartists and their Transalpine imitators. The other illustrates that return to the freedom of Renaissance ideals which attains its supreme expression with such masters as Auguste Rodin and Leonardo Bistolfi. Thus far the Italians have not achieved anything of moment in the

former category. It is Bistolfi and his followers who are producing the noblest work of contemporary Italy, for they have rejected an effete Gracco-Roman heritage and turned, like Rodin, to fresher sources of feeling and inspiration. Owing to the regrettable absence of Bistolfi the sculpture in the Italian Section at the Panama-Pacific Exposition loses not a little significance. A certain florid elegance characterizes Arturo Dazzi's Portrait of a Lady. Giovanni Nicolini shows power and welcome mastery of design, and in Ermenegildo Luppi's Grandmother's Idolto note a suggestion of the nervous modelling and direct, graphic method so successfully emploved by Prince Paul Troubetzkov. There is however little else of importance. While the contributions of Professor Ferrari command attention, and in The Kis. Michelo Vedani pays eloquent tribute to Rodin, one is not inspired



Italian Section, Panama-Parific Exposition
GRANDMOTHER'S IDOL

BY ERMENFOLDO LUPPI

by the balance of the offering. Considering their rich endowment and incomparable background the latter-day Italians scarcely occupy the position they should in modern sculpture. They have not succeeded in escaping the influence of a certain decadent formalism which seems to destroy individual effort and initiative.

Like that of Italy, the sculpture contributed by France to the Panama-Pacific Exposition is on view partly in the French Pavilion and partly in the Palace of Fine Arts. The exalted names such as Rodin, Bartholomé, Bourdelle, Dalou, Mercié, and the like are nearly all represented by one or more subjects. One misses, it is true, Falguière, who, oddly enough, figures in the painting section only. One also deplores the absence of Maillol, but taken together the display exinces manifest variety and interest. Special prominence has by the way been ac-

corded the medallic art, a department in which the French have attained unique distinction.

It might well have been inferred that the master modeller of Meudon would triumph over his colleagues in any collection of contemporary French or other sculpture, and such is unquestionably the case at San Francisco. In the spacious courtyard of the Pavilion sits the Penseur brooding and stressful. Within is a series of portrait busts which, in the final analysis, will doubtless constitute Rodin's chief title to immortality. The general average of merit is above that of Italy. There is less perfunctory work, and distinct significance attaches to such successful essays in simplified form as Joseph Bernard's Young Woman with a Vessel and René Quillivic's The Foot Bath. In these figures, both of which reveal obvious sympathy with the later archaistic spirit, we note a legitimate indebtedness to Aristide Maillol. It is quite frankly a welcome tendency, and one which, if it does not relapse into mere mannerism, will doubtless produce valuable results.

Should you pursue the impressionistic rather than the scholastic method and pass with not too rigid critical scrutiny through the remaining galleries you will come upon certain works of more than common interest. In the Swedish Section the powerful and broadly monumental conceptions of David Edström dominate all others. Most modern sculpture is fictile, that of Edström is glyptic. He gets his effects from the hardest granite, not the ready tractability of clay. The display of sculpture in the Netherland Section, while not otherwise important, is notable through the inclusion of three subjects by Charles Van Wyk, a young artist who possesses something of Meunier's vigour of handling and deep sympathy with the downtrodden. The generous representation accorded Hans St. Lerche, and the decorative panels by Dagfin Werenskiold, are the features of the Norwegian exhibit, while the chief points of attraction in the Argentine room are the work of Juan Cárlos Oliva Navarro and Alberto Lagos. Fluently and effectively, Troubetzkov furnishes the requisite flavour of cosmopolitanism to the International Section.

You will presumably note in the sculpture as seen at the Panama-Pacific Exposition not a few encouraging signs. The endeavour to escape from a fatal fixity of type, the attempt to attain a more personal expression, and the realization

that sculpture must not stand alone in sterile, melancholy isolation are all auspicious symptoms. We can never, and we should never, aim to recapture the antique spirit. Yet if sculpture is to survive it must be brought into closer accord with current feelings and ideas. The desire, and the power, to see objects plastically should be more consciously cultivated, for to this craving sculpture will surely not fail to respond. It was thus when the form of man and woman first emerged from the vase of potter, and the relief evolved from rude hieroglyph, and thus it is to-day.

Note: Commencing with the June issue of The International Studio, Dr. Christian Brinton has each month contributed a paper upon the art of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, concluding with the above article on sculpture. These papers are now being reprinted in book form with additional illustrations and coloured frontispiece. Obtainable from booksellers or the John Lane Co.

NEW MURAL DECORATION BY ELMER E. GARNSEY

THE Richardson Memorial Library was recently installed in the City Art Museum. St. Louis, Missouri, where a wing was redesigned for the purpose by Cass Gilbert, architect of the Museum. It occupies three rooms, two in which the books are housed, and the monumental vestibule shown in our illustration. The walls and pendentive dome of the vestibule were decorated by Elmer E. Garnsey, assisted by his son. Julian E. Garnsey, mural painters.

The ornament, which was executed in a material resembling the Italian "gesso," was applied upon a canvas ground, and delicately modelled before it hardened. It was then gilded with gold-leaf and its background was solidly painted in blue, relieved by accents of violet, green, and red in the cartouches, wreaths and masks. the entire wall surface was glazed with transparent colour and scumbled with semi-opaque pigment in order to suggest a little of the patina of the Renaissance chapel walls. The four figures enthroned upon the walls represent Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, and Printing--"the art preservative of the arts." The broad cove of the dome bears a conventionalized vine-covered trellis, pierced by four octagonal openings which give glimpses of sun-lit sky.



Good Taste and the Mansion



GENERAL VIEW OF HOUSE AND GROUNDS

WHILE there is an undeniable element of truth in the worn adage, "Orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is my opponents;" it must be admitted that good taste—that is, the fitness of things in their places—is not always to be found in the mansion, for the mansion presupposes money, much money as a rule, and the combination of appreciative eyes and a thick pocket-book more often than not makes for a sumptuousness which far surpasses the bounds of fitness, and

OOD TASTE AND THE MANSION

Now this is changing with the value and importance of the increasing examples of environmental architecture, trim, fit and in their places.

hence bad taste has come to be associated in the

minds of many artists with the mansion.

and making themselves felt, and of decorations and furnishings which truly decorate and which truly furnish in the best sense of both of those much misused words.

Much is being said and written these days about the modern movement in all the departments of the so-called "fine arts," but to none do we owe so great a debt of gratitude as to those exponents of environmental architecture, and their brothers in the art of the home, the modern decorators. Time-worn music, past-period painting, archaic sculpture and Victorian drama we can avoid if we wish, but architecture and interior decoration we have on every hand and the avoidance of contact is next to impossible.

As C. Matlack Price so truly suggested in the October International Studio, good taste in architecture—and in interior decoration is a



THE LONG, GENTLE LINES OF THE PRAIRIE ARE REPEATED IN THE SWEEP OF THE ARCHITECTURE

PRICE & MCLANAHAN ARCHITECTS

Good Taste and the Mansion



THE RECEPTION HALL

PRICE & McLANAHAN, ARCHITECTS LIONEL ROBERTSON, DESIGNER OF FITMENTS

matter of plain facts, and the plainer the better.

Our American architecture has been stamped with a seemingly indelible brand of past forms and worn out precedents.

Our architects and our decorators have held a far too great reverence for "the mighty works of the past," and a far too meagre appreciation of the mighty opportunities of the present. An opinion as to whether that condition has come through false education, an insincere artistic platform, "Give the people what they want," or just plain laziness=for surely it is easier to turn to the fat books of bygone splendour than to consider the problem on its merits-depends largely on one's charity of mind, but, be that as it may, the manner of our working has marked us out, to the progressive artists of Europe, as copyists. We have been too comfortably content with the appliqué rather than earnestly striving for the apropos.

Fortunately to-day there are arising men who see their architectural opportunities and who grasp them. Men who have the vision, the bravery, and the energy to disregard the worn forms of the past and to put into the sixth figure a studied understanding of the conditions of the problem, the personality of the client and the fundamental laws of good taste in building.

Such a man is William L. Price, and such a commission was the home of Frank H. Wheeler, built high on the crest of a prairie billow just outside the city of Indianapolis, Indiana.

As one approaches the house from the high road, the feeling grows stronger and still stronger that this is truly American architecture. The clean, graceful sweep of the architectural contour; the lack of all too familiar construction and carvings; the tasteful and bountiful use of softly brilliant colour tile in the greyish brown tapestry, brick and ivory grey concrete, and still more the uniform quality of solidity, of basic honesty, in a word, of the fitness of things in their proper places.

Nor does the interior disappoint one with its spacious halls, and wide, homey rooms, for here has been employed that excellent good taste which has brought out the architectural features of the home, and which has directly followed the dictum "that construction may be ornamented, but that ornament must never be constructed."

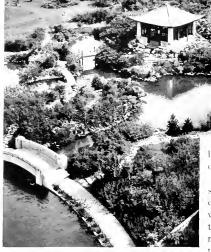


THE LIVING ROOM IN CRIMSON AND SILVER AND RICH SCULPTURED MAHOGANY

LIONEL ROBERTSON, DESIGNER OF FITMENTS



THE LANDING STAGE



TEA HOUSE AND GROUNDS

The entrance hall is in tones of dull sage green and rose, through which has been arranged with infinite care of selective colour groupings, old gold and ivory.

The sense of vastness about the room sounds the key-note of the house. A sense of vastness, that never overawes, but which carries a limitless suggestion of welcome, of hospitality.

Everywhere this suggestion pervades: it is the cumulative idea of the house, the result of careful, sympathetic designing and arranging of the fitments which were made under the hand of Lionel Robertson.

Perhaps the two most delightful rooms in the home are the living room and the breakfast room. The first of these two rooms may be characterised as the embodiment of comfort. Great, overstuffed chairs, covered with soft silk and wool velours of deep crimson tone, are placed in cozy groups about the room. Two broad window-seats fit in either side of the stone fire-place. On the table at the side a tall lamp sheds its brilliance through the room from under its silken-bade of gentle contour. Urns of flowers are extensively contour. The walls are covered with a damask of our and last intershot with silver thread. The woodwork is sulptured mahogany.

The breakfast joon is the antithesis of the

living room, and yet it carries the same feeling of comfort, hospitality and restraining good taste.

The ivory-painted, panelled walls, the black straight-line furniture with its quaint patternings of gold and red and azure: the tall silver vases with their adornment of blossoms; the colour tile and the leaded windows all blend in a harmony of arrangement. And it is this harmony that the modernists are striving for—a consideration of the elements of the problem and the blending of each in a simplicity of planning as to truly denote the fitness of things in their places.

ODIN MARBLES AT BRISTOL

ATTENTION has been called in this magazine to the Eve ordered by Colonel Samuel P. Colt from the famous sculptor some two years ago, which is intended for the grounds of the Colt Memorial High School. The last collection of Rodin marbles, signifying some ten years of labour, have now been acquired by Colonel Colt, who had no easy task to perform, for the Master is advanced in years, and was not at all anxious to part with his treasures. Besides the Mother of Mankind, credited with being perhaps the most powerful expression of Rodin's art, Bristol's leading citizen now possesses Psyche, Le Lion Doulourex and L'Epervier et la Colombe. it not been for the German drive upon Paris, it is highly improbable that an American would ever have received these imperishable records of perhaps the greatest living sculptor.

Psyche is represented with a lantern, searching for love. The Lion in Pain is seen voicing his agony and shewing the mighty strength which is soon to depart. The Howk and the Dove represents the male in brutal domination over the female.



TILES OF BRILLIANT HUE CONTRAST PLEASANTLY WITH THE GREY-WHITE CONCRETE

PRICE & MCLANAHAN, ARCHITECTS



THE SUN PARLOUR

The Print Room at Bar Harbor, Maine



THE PRINT ROOM IN THE TEST P MEMORIAL LIBRARY, BAR HARBOR, MAINE

HE PRINT ROOM AT BAR HAR-BOR, MAINE BY A. E. GALLATIN

A VLRY interesting experiment was tried this summer at Bar Harbor, Maine, in establishing a print room in connection with the local library. Owing to the success of the venture, I have written these few notes as a suggestion which some other towns may care to follow. Over 1,100 people visited the print room during the first seven weeks of its existence and incidentally its creation has aroused considerable added interest in the library itself.

The Jesup Memorial Library was able to set saids a room for the exclusive use of the newly formed print department; how nicely this well proportioned room, with its grey panelling, was adapted to the display of etchings and engravings near the judged from the illustrations.

Interest in the undertaking was sustained by changing the exhibits at frequent intervals and

by having formal openings on the days when new prints were hung, announcement cards being sent out a day or two in advance and notices of the exhibitions being inserted in the local papers.

The print room was formally inaugurated on July 8 with a collection of fourteen prints of a diversified character, and a selection of Japanese prints, some two dozen in number. The miscellaneous prints were presented by a collector as a foundation for a permanent collection and comprised an impression of Dürer's woodcut, The Nativity, an etched portrait of Rembrandt by himself, a chiaroscuro woodcut of Charles I' by Hubert Goltzius (1526-1583), two mezzotint portraits by Bartolozzi, one of Goya's aquatints and Canaletto's beautiful etching, La Piera del Bando, Venice, as well as an etching and a lithograph by Whistler, an etching by T. F. Simon, an engraving by William Strang, an etching by Meryon, an engraving of Charles II by Holloway and a mezzotint by Smith of Lady Goodricke. The Japanese prints were excep-



JESUP MEMORIAL LIBRARY, BAR HARBOR, MAINE [The Print Room is located on the right-hand side]



THE PRINT ROOM, BAR HARBOR, MAINE

tionally interesting and included such masters as Hiroshige, Koriusai and Hokusai.

On July 15 a selection of modern prints, comprising twenty-four examples, were added to the above exhibits. These were loaned by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and came from the Keppel Memorial; the loan was made through Mr. Fitz Roy Carrington, the curator of the Museum, and was much appreciated. The artists represented included Buhot, Whistler, Jacquemart, Bracquemond, Lepère, Corot, Millet, Daubigny and Lalanne. These etchings were all mounted to one size and shown in frames of rather narrow natural wood, waxed, with removable backs, usable on future occasions.

Some hundred etchings and engravings from the collection of Mr. Herbert C. Pell, Jr., were on view during August, thanks to the generosity of their owner. They included four of Robert Nanteuil's superb portrait engravings, which are unequalled in the whole range of the graphic arts, a number of excellent Rembrandts and two Dürers, including a fine impression of the Prodigal Son. Also included among the older masters were Van Dyke (being represented by his portrait of Adamus Van Noort) and examples of the work of Aldegraver, H. Goltzieus, A. Von Ostade and Robetta, the latter's art being shown by his Adoration and Cupid binding Youth to a Tree. There were also shown examples of Charles Jacque, Daubigny, Tiepolo, Piranesi, Appian, Legros, and Seymour Haden. Whistler's genius was well displayed by a beautiful impression of his Piazz tta, one of the most lovely of the Venetian set. Joseph Pennell was ably represented by three of his etchings and Zorn by five, including his Shallow, one of the best of the series of nudes seen out of doors, and one of the finest etchings of this description ever made; not even Rembrandt has made such fiving nudes as Zorn.

A valuable addition to the permanent collection was a Japanese print by Koriusai, the gift of Mr. Edward Robinson, the curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Mr. Robinson's advice on the formation of this print room was of great service, and the interest shown by Mrs. John T. Linzee, of Boston, was of great value.

A teature of these exhibitions which are to be continued throughout the year is the collection of monographs on the artists whose prints are being shown, as well as standard works on the subject and exeral art magazines.

TRITON AMONG MINNOWS

A distinguishing feature in America's desire to treat the stranger, Art, in a hospitable manner is the steady growth of museums and institutes, oftentimes in unlooked-for places. One would hardly have suspected Muskegon, a few years ago, of holding parley with Masters old or new, and yet to-day the Hackley Gallery has a reputation far exceeding its geographical limits within the State of Michigan.

The man who has made Hackley Gallery what it is and who has so far successfully foiled opposition in his determination to spend the Hackley bequest as it was intended, for the purchase of representative works of art, is Raymond Wyer, its efficient director, a critic of the most delicate tibre with a knowledge of art which only few can lay claim to.

Hackley Gallery has, for some little time, been a keg of gunpowder exposed to stray sparks, with the inevitable explosion now resulting, and many columns in newspapers and magazines are devoted to the politics and controversies of Hackley Gallery as exemplified by Mr. Wyer and adherents on the one side and a narrow-minded school hoard on the other. Such conflicts are unsavoury reading and inimical to the best interests of art. It is not surprising that Mr. Wyer has sent in his resignation, and we venture to prophesy that his next appointment will be one of importance and much more in accord with his very marked abilities.

It would be unnecessary to call attention to Hackley Gallery in this crisis, only that it is typical of conditions existing or likely to exist elsewhere. Power should be vested in a suitable man and every assistance given to him. The misrule of galleries is nearly always due to the misdirected energies of little tin gods, who can barely distinguish between a Rembrandt and a Charlie Chaplin, but who, by bickering and by-laws, can spoke the wheels of the Big Man, who if left alone is perfectly able to perform his duties. It is lamentable when a man like Raymond Wver, with an international reputation, who has gotten together for the permanent collection of the Hackley Gallery a splendid array of well-purchased canvases, should be thwarted by men of lesser calibre who are either ignorant of, or indifferent to, the needs of a first class museum of art. W. H. N.

The Work of Mario Korbel and Walter D. Goldbeck

HE WORK OF MARIO KORBEL AND WALTER D. GOLDBECK BY ARNOLD GENTHE

It was two years ago that the young Bohemian sculptor, Mario Korbel, whose work was already known in Paris and Chicago, and Walter Dean Goldbeck, a young American painter, whose clever illustrations had brought him fame, first appeared before a New York public in a joint exhibition at the Reinhardt Gallery. What their clever craftsmanship

and earnest idealism promised then has been amply fulfilled in their later work, recently shown at the same galleries in an exhibition, which for effective and original arrangement could well serve as a model for other exhibitions, where paintings and sculpture are shown together.

Korbel, the son of a Bohemian clergyman, devoted himselt early — much against the wishes of his family—to the study of art, instead of theology, working with various masters in Munich, Berlin, and Paris, without however, attaching himself to any par-

ticular school. Being encouraged by his success at exhibitions, he came to this "land of unlimited possibilities," and executed a number of important public and private commissions in Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, and other western cities. His work done in New York during the last two years fully justifies the confidence then shown him

It is not only brilliant in execution and of refreshing vitality, but it shows, within a perfect realization of the limits of sculpture, particularly in his portrait-heads, a penetration beneath the surface that at times is startling. Korbel is evidently heeding Plato's saying that "the sculptor should give expression to the activity of the soul," and instead of being satisfied with a faithful presentation of the characteristic features he goes considerably beyond giving a mere likeness. The heads, Mrs. Henry Blossom and Mrs. Chauncy Blair, are not only realistic portraits, modelled very simply with great refinement and delicacy, but they are actually monuments of the irresistible charm of



PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER

BY WALTER DEAN GOLDBECK

vouthful womanhood. The portraits of the children of John McCormack certainly fulfill that highest aim of portraiture, the illustration of the type by the individual. The immortal appeal of childhood has found in these two heads an expression that is bound to exercise a powerful and constant charm, while the head of John McCormack is not only a faithful individual portrait of a charming man who loves life, but succeeds in giving an impression of spiritual importance; it is a portrait of the great artist and

sweet singer whose voice has moved all hearts.

Korbel's treatment of his portrait-heads is distinguished by a technical characteristic that must not be passed without comment. He never lets his effect be spoiled by the intrusion of uninteresting detail of apparel. This is particularly true of his man portraits. A man's costume now-a-days, with its high collar and tie, stiff coat and impossible trousers, was certainly not meant to be perpetuated in bronze and marble. In spite of St. Gaudens, we will not

The Work of Mario Korbel and Walter D. Goldbeck



EQUESTRIENNE

BY MARIO KORBEL

That Korbel is able to seize the right moment of energetic motion, he demonstrates in *The Dancer*, a youthful figure, shown in the fine frenzy of a spirited dance, with arms extended and one foot drawn up high. Of curious interest are the quite small figures, which, though miniatures in size, were handled with a broad simplicity that too often is lacking in the larger works of our sculptors.

The exhibition acquired a peculiar interest through the fact that two of Korbel's sitters formed also the subject of Goldbeck's canvases. And though this painter approaches his subjects from quite a different point of view, he proves just as able a delineator of character as his sculptor friend. His life-size portraits of Mr. and Mrs. John Mc-Cormack, though they are in the first place likenesses painted in a free and decorative manner, show at the same time a penetrative analysis of character that lifts them considerably above the merely cleverly done portrait, which

remember Farragut by his wrinkled trousers or thick-soled boots. Korbel does not even indicate a man's costume but, in presenting the head alone, he succeeds without difficulty in suggesting the man's stature, his manner of holding himself, his whole appearance. And when he uses the costume, as he sometimes does in his figurines of women, he manages to impart to it a most pleasing decorative significance.

The four small nude figures, symbolic of the seasons, are a quite admirable performance. It is difficult to say what is more deserving of praise, the rhythmic and harmonious management of line, or the modelling of the flesh, based on an astonishingly accurate knowledge of aratomy, or the charming differentiation of the toit of these four figures. Though these street eace only fourteen or fifteen inches high, the show a breadth of treatment, a suggestion of the around the hother than only the master-hand can give



MRS. HESRY BLOSSOM

BY MARIO KORBEL



FACCHANTINE EY MARIO KORBEL

The Work of Mario Korbel and Walter D. Goldbeck



THE RED LAN

BY WALTER DEAN GOLDBECK

seems to satisfy so many artists and their sitters now-a-days. In Mr, McCormack's picture, the interest is centred on the jovial face, with its penetrating deep-set eyes, while a fur coat is happily used to hide outlines that might otherwise have been disturbing. The more or less conventional portrait of Mrs. Ray Dennis, in a black evening dress is distinguished by a harmonious combination of grace and dignity, qualities which are even more apparent in the picture of the artist' mother, perhaps the most complete and most artistatory of all of Goldbeck's portraits. It is not a brilliant experiment, nor a dazzling the robust of the artist or robust of the artist of colors.

done with great knowledge, deep insight and reverent love qualities that invest it with a rare feeling of permanence.

Goldbeck's eye is unclouded by a recollection of the old masters, and not blinded by the pyrotechnics of modern experimentalists, though in his studies in Germany and France and later on in America, he has come in contact with revolutionary spirits. He escaped their influence with his strong individuality intact, merely stimulated, refreshed, and broadened. The Red Fan is a masterful, daring symphony in red, the broad dashing brushwork not obliterating the basis of solid draftsmanship, a splendid arrangement of

A Famous Decoration: Besnard's "Peace"



DR. ARNOLD GENTHE

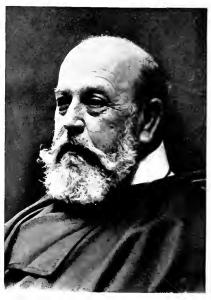
BY MARIO KORBEL

an unusual colour pattern. His eye, sensitive to the significance of silhouette, knows how to render great masses in perfect value, a quality which shows most significantly in the picture entitled *Reveric*. It represents a young woman in black against a light background. The dark eyes of the wistful face are gazing directly out of the picture; the right hand, admirably painted, is lightly resting on the lap of the seated figure. Nothing could be simpler, and yet the subtly harmonized colouring and the refinement of the enveloping tone make this portrait a most distinguished performance, which Goldbeck will have difficulty in surpassing.

That Goldbeck feels the fascination of the open air, is attested by a number of small landscapes—interesting, sensitive notes of light—and atmospheric effects—while a picture called Dawn, a brilliant landscape with a child's figure greeting dawn with outstretched hands, was merely pleasing. It was the only discordant note in an exhibition that otherwise showed a fearless individuality and competent knowledge expressing itself in anything but commonplace methods; and which attest in a forceful and most promising manner Goldbeck's qualities as a portrait painter.

FAMOUS DECORATION: BESNARD'S "PEACE"

Albert Besnard's Allegorical Group symbolizing "Peace," which the French Government will contribute to Andrew Carnegie's Peace Palace at The Hague, as its share of the decoration of the now sadly incongruous edifice, will be used in the principal cities of the United States as a sort of recruiting poster. The appeal which this famous painting will make, however, will be directed not to the enlisting of soldiers for organized murder, but to the enlisting of sympathy for the innocent victims made by the war among a class proverbially improvident-painters and sculptors. The need of the families of French artists was quickly appreciated by their brothers-in-art of America, and last spring there was held an exhibition and sale in which all the objects had been donated to the relief of the women and children whom the French soldier-artists had been forced to leave in want when answering the call to colours. The other day the older men in the world of



M. ALBERT BESNARD PRESIDENT, FRENCH ACADEMY, ROME

French art showed their gratitude for the help tendered their juniors by presenting to the United States a collection of sixty precious canvases and sketches, thus more than evening up the score. The funds raised by the sale of last spring have long since been spent, however, and the prospect is for another winter of privation and want for the wives and dependents of those whom duty has forced to lay aside the palette for the rifle.

In a letter to W. Francklyn Paris, trustee of the Museum of French Art and an ardent supporter of French art in the United States, Besnard, who is now director of the Villa Medici, the finishing school of the French Prix de Rome, winners in Rome, painted a soul-rending picture of the atelier life in Paris since the men are gone. In the same letter he mentioned that he had just finished his monumental work for the Peace Palace, "an apotheosis that turns out an irony." It was this letter that inspired the thought of showing the Besnard painting here for charity. Mr. Paris readily obtained the consent of Besnard, and the great painter is now in correspondence with the French Minister of Fine Arts, whose permission is needed before the canvas can leave France. Considering the object of the exhibition there is little doubt but that the permission will be promptly granted.

The painting represents "Peace" by arbitrament. A female figure is shown seated, listening to the pleadings of two litigants. One of these is arguing with vehemence and the woman lifts a hand to stop him that she may hear the other pleader. Below, two armed warriors, whose differences have been settled by arbitration, ride off in different directions. In the foreground, and seeming apart from the rest of the composition, the symbolical figure of Peace rises like an apparition, carrying a child in her arms.

Those who have seen the canvas declare it one of the best things signed by the artist, admittedly the greatest colourist of his time.

Albert Besnard, now official "defender of the faith" of French art in Rome, and thereby an exemplar of orthodoxy and High Priest of Tradition and Method, was once a brilliant revolutionist; many even contend that between his work and that of the impressionists there is only the difference that separates Tweedledum and Tweedledee. For many years at each succeeding salon his was sure to be the sensational

painting. His daring contrasts in colour, his dazzling treatment of violent pinks and reds and yellows, bathed in raw sunshine, won him a fame from which the years have taken nothing. The ultra-classicists frowned on him for a time but eventually, even in that quarter, he found many who recognized his talent and sang his praises. Most of his portraits and a great many of his genre paintings are now the ornaments of private galleries and as such lost to the publicsuch for instance as the celebrated portrait of Senator Wm. A. Clark—but his large decorative works, such as the ceiling of the Theatre Français, the panels of the School of Pharmacy, the Sorbonne, the Hotel de Ville, the Museum of Decorative Arts are for all visitors to Paris to see and admire.

Among the honours conferred on Besnard are the Cravat of the Legion of Honour, Commander of the Order of St. Maurice and Lazarus, Grand Officer of the Crown of Italy, Commander of the Order of Gustavus of Sweden, Knight of St. Michel, Knight of Charles III of Spain. He is a member of the Institute of France, of the Academy of Glasgow, of the Academy of Antwerp, of the Society of Gens and Lettres, as well as of the Academy of Italy.

Unless unusual delays are encountered it is planned to hold the exhibition of the "Peace" canvas in time to provide a Christmas offering of happiness and comfort at the season of general rejoicing. The exhibition will be held under the auspices of the Museum of French Art, and the proceeds will go towards swelling the fund of the Fraternité des Artists, which is composed of One Hundred of America's leading painters and sculptors who have gained their education at the hands of the French Government schools, the Beaux-Arts, etc.

From New York the painting will be sent to Boston, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, San Francisco and wherever the interest in the world of French art is strong enough to make the exhibition a success.

Typestries: George Leland Hunter, author of "Tapestries: their Origin, History and Renaissance," has organized a tapestry loan exhibition to be held for two weeks at the Pennsylvania Museum in Memorial Hall, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, which began October 25.



"PEACE"
DECORATION BY ALBERT BESNARD

WO NEW METHODS IN THE GRAPHIC ART: SUBCHROMATIC AND BRULEGRAVURE

(i) Subchromatic

SUBCHROMATIC is the scientific device of Mr. I. G. Kitchell who for some two or three years has been experimenting around the coloured engraving, with the object of allying reproductive material with a harmonious and atmospheric quality not yet arrived at. His idea is quite simple but, like many other simple ideas, has taken long to materialize and is capable of endless development. The work is performed with two planes. Upon the lower film a monochrome composition, copy or original, is placed and coloured. This may be called the colour film. An upper or superimposed film shows the picture in such wise that perfect harmony of diffused colour results. It is, in fact, a picture in two planes. Any artistic monotone may be selected, black, sepia, olive green, or what not. Curiously enough the colour application may be performed in the very crudest manner by a mere beginner, but the most satisfactory results are necessarily obtained by the more practised hand. It is comforting, however, for the tyro to know that his or her efforts, immature though they be, seem to undergo some magic metamorphosis when applied to the Kitchell process. A very interesting hobby may be acquired through Subchromatic, namely experimenting with the work of well-known American artists and seeing how these pictures might have appeared under different colour treatment.

Very satisfactory experiments have been made with Corot's Souvenir of Normandy, the original of which is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York, but, as has already been intimated, this invention, discovery, application—call it by any name you will—lends itself equally to original work. Its greatest use, though, will be the spreading about of beautiful subjects artistically represented, and nothing. Mr. Kitchelf declares, shall ever be published that is not wholesome and beautiful.

The idea leading to the introduction of colour from below emanated from the knowledge that we never see natural beauty directly, but always through an intervening veil, whether atmospheric or otherwise. Thus the beauty that we admire in a fresh complexion or in the bloom of a ripe peach is not inherent in the outer surface, neither does it exist independently in the broader colour mass underneath. It is the outer surface or cuticle in each instance that resolves into pleasing and artistic effect the underlying colors, refining and blending them into the harmonious fabric which the eye perceives. In like manner the Kitchell method takes into account the laws of atmospheric effect. Colour of and by itself is always aggressive. It takes on beauty and value only as it is modified or affected by the subtle graduation of light, shade and distance. artistic value of a picture as a mental impression is in ratio to the help it affords in our comprehension or interpretation of colour and form, and form necessarily means different planes of plane suggestion.

One scientific value of the Kitchell method lies in the demonstration that it modifies, represses, and transforms the usual exaggerations of colour work into the exact artistic values of nature as nearly as these can be reproduced without sacrificing tonal refinements or modelling. The refractory plane may run the whole gamut of tones and shadings, thus giving almost limitless possibilities to the effects obtained and producing rarely beautiful results when the exact harmonious key is determined.

W. H. N.

(ii) Brulegravure

It has remained for an inventive New Englander to contribute to the print world a process which dispenses with the use of ink. A tonal picture resembling mezzotint, but possessing a velvety quality impossible to mezzotint is the result obtained by the Bostonian, John W. Robbins, from a brass plate etched in planes of varying depths and pressed upon vellum. Heat supplies the colouring, and does it as ink has never been able to do it-with a softness and delicacy of absolutely unbroken tone, graded in the richest and most beautiful shades of sepia. The discovery of this unique and novel method came during experimentation with digressions from the known modes of the etcher. When it appeared that instead of biting with the acid through lines drawn in a wax ground, sections of a bare plate could be bitten or washed down in masses the deeper portions to produce the high lights and the shallow ones the shades. The successful production of such a plate meant the mastering of difficulties not encountered in

Two New Methods in the Graphic Art

the ordinary etching processes, but Mr. Robbins proved his qualifications. In full command of the powers of nitric, he exhibited the infinite patience and the untiring vigilance of the born etcher. Mechanical skill and artistic judgment are taxed almost equally in the making of a brulegravure plate, and the extreme of care and calculation required in the making of the print itself.

A visit to the brulegravure establishment of Mr. Robbins, amidst the hills of the colonial

town of Farmington in Connecticut, discloses a situation that brings joy to the heart of the print lover. The shop might bear the sign of "the acid trail," so pledged is it to the biting fluid and its properties. Here the etcher is making prints on commission for collectors in all parts of the world, and making new plates for the illustration of a volume he plans to issue in the near future. To his series of original designs representing "Old Haunts and Landmarks of Boston," the etcher is adding a variety of new subjects. From his earliest brulegravure plates Mr. Robbins produced some admirable re-

HERCHANTS HOTEL

A BRULEGRAVURE

productive prints—those after Rembrandt's Sobi-

eski and one of the Sargent *Prophets*, of the Boston Library decoration, being especially fine from the standpoint of artistic rendering.

Although in its infancy, the brulegravure has already won recognition. Examples have been acquired for the great public print collections of Paris, London, New York, and other leading cities, as well as by many of the important private collectors. Some of the leading print authorities of the world have written the in-

ventor in glowing terms of anticipation for the artistic future of the new process.

It is a fortunate circumstance that in this case the inventor is an artist capable of using his discovery in a manner destined to reflect lasting honour upon his abilities, and to form a worthy standard for those artists of the future who find in his process a favourable mode of expression. Print collectors will find a new outlet for acquisitive zeal, and dealers a much desired novelty

> in their rather restricted field. The rarity of brulegravure production is assured by the difficulties that attend it. Editions are therefore limited to one hundred signed proofs. Being a "tonal" proposition almost exclusively, it will not vield easily to the talents of the line etcher, and it will offer to the mezzotinter problems of a strange order. To one who will endure the peculiar exactions of the process, it presents possibilities most attractive —the vigour obtainable, the simplicity of mass effect, the inevitable blend that robs the strongest contrasts of edginess. are distinctly an encouragement to the

artist who possesses a powerful individuality. At present, Mr. Robbins is the sole exponent of the art of brulegravure, but he is modest enough to assume that in other hands it may achieve an expressional force to which he has not yet approached. We may assume on the other hand that the discerning observer will admit that Mr. Robbins himself has already shown considerable force of artistic expression in handling the process he has made so singularly his own.

BY JOHN W. ROBBINS

LAMES BRITTON.

OOK REVIEWS

AN ACCOUNT OF MEDILEVAL FIGURE-SCULPTURE IN ENGLAND. By Edward S. Prior, M.A., F.S.A., Slade Professor of Fine Art in the University of Cambridge, author of "Gothic Art in England," "The Cathedral Builders." etc., and Arthur Gardner, M.A., F.S.A. Cambridge University Press. G. P. Putnam's Sons, NewYork. \$20.00. This bulky volume of 734 pages, illustrated with 855 photographs of Gothic carvings and sculpture selected from the ancient buildings and monuments of England is replete with interest. It is of great interest, not only to the antiquarian and artist, but to all intelligent people who wish to learn of the conditions that produced some of the greatest artistic monuments not only of England but of the whole world.

Of course the distinguished authors of this learned work are patriotic Englishmen, and as such they try to belittle the influence of foreign artists on English art. In the preface they state their belief that "English sculpture since the Saxon days has been a specific growth—sui generis—from its own stem."

Many equally learned gentlemen will, of course, disagree with Messrs. Prior and Gardner on this point of complete English independence. Having disposed of this personal point of view in the preface, one can settle down to a most astute and charming study of mediæval figure sculpture as part and parcel of the larger art of mediæval building. The word "mediæval" is used in this book to indicate in a general way the four great centuries of church building, from about 1130 to 1530.

Some sixty-five pages of this work are devoted to the subjects employed by the mediæval sculptor. This learned dissertation on religious subjects is of great interest to a rather limited number of people; to the public at large it reads, I fear, rather like a tangled story of religion and philosophy. The modern man is much more interested in the artistic and social status of the mediæval sculptor than in the theological symbolism of the time.

The authors of this book have drawn with enthusiasm and discretion from three types of ancient documents to indicate the status of the sculptor in Gothic England. First are the monastic annals, in which monks and ecclesiastics figure as great artists of skill and rare distinction.

As another very interesting source of informa-

tion, we have the building accounts in which the sculptor gets mention as a building artisan with a business contract.

Thirdly, we have contracts with workshops and guilds that witness to a commerce in art and to reputations gained by various artistic firms and organizations, particularly in the making of monuments and alabaster retables.

The form of sculpture that dominated in Gothic art was, as is pointed out by Messrs. Prior and Gardner, that of stone-carving. Interesting sidelights are given, however, on the more intimate arts of the sanctuary, such as wood-carving overlaid with silver, gold and brass, ivory-carving and manuscript illumination. An interesting description is given, a description all too short, of the way in which Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture were so brilliantly coloured.

Modern people have lived so long in a world of grey and drab that even a suggestion of antique splendour is welcome. And, finally, having read with interest and delight the long story of mediæval sculpture, and having dreamed of our pious ancestors whose mutilated effigies are reproduced by many photographs printed in our book, we come to the sad end of Gothic art in England.

According to our present authorities, figure-sculpture in England seems to have gotten into a bad way toward the end. It seems to have been monopolized by artistic business houses very much like our modern art shops.

The authors of "Mediaval Figure-Sculpture in England" warn us at the very start that their story is to have a very bad end. On page 2 we read: "Finally, just as by the dissolution of the monasteries the Gothic craft of church building was brought to a close, the advent of Italians under Henry VIII marks the emergence of a secular art of figure-sculpture—one that was no longer, as it had been for some nine hundred years, associated with church worship, but with its foot on the path that led on to the plane of modern conditions."

BUNGALOWS, CAMPS AND MOUNTAIN HOUSES, Compiled by William Phillips Comstock. The William T. Comstock Co., New York. \$2.00.

Apparently any kind of building not in excess of two stories, and possessing a veranda or two, may be safely styled a bungalow, though where the features of a true bungalow are too obviously concealed, like the subject matter of a post-

In the Galleries

impressionist picture, we find the building listed as a "bungalow of cottage type" whatever that may signify. In looking through the wealth of illustrations accompanying this little work, one is impressed with two sensations, that of pleasure to imagine that one can be a householder for a mere thousand dollars, and then a feeling of wonder that so much beauty and ugliness can be planned by different members of the same profession. Scattered about the pages one sees faërie edifices of enchantment that might be viewed from magic casements, and other homes so repulsive in exterior that one marvels at the types of people willing to inhabit them even for a week-end. Quite recently passing some charming cottages on a restricted property, I noticed some abominations in course of construction close by, and called the attention of a lady in the party to this disquieting fact. "Yes," she remarked, "those houses are detestably ugly and vulgar; the people who buy or rent them will be of the corned-beef-and-cabbage class as opposed to their neighbours opposite who prefer caviar." Bluntly spoken, no doubt, but very near to the truth.

The new edition is a great improvement on the first and is further valuable for the contribution of Mr. Schermerhorn, besides many new designs and illustrations including such heterogeneous types of construction as camps, lodges, and log cabins. A very pleasing design is a bungalow at Omaha executed by Everett S. Dodds, on p. 65. Page 25 reveals two very attractive designs by C. E. Schermerhorn.

N THE GALLERIES

AMERICA has no intention because of warring Europe and resultant misery to forego its interest in the arts, an interest which is somewhat dormant during the summer months but which breaks out anew in company with winter furs, hot chestnuts, and the activity of the furnace. Already many exhibitions have come and gone and more still are in course of preparation.

A most prolific and uneven painter is C. Arnold Slade who exhibited last month at the Art Club, Philadelphia, and achieved a very notable success. The fine gallery was filled with canvases, big and small, sacred compositions, figure studies, land-scape and marine, the subjects, as is his wont,

being culled from all quarters of the globe. Particularly interesting are his Ogunquit studies of rock and sea coast and some delightful solidly painted types from Algeria. We reproduce on p. xxxiv one of his larger compositions, where a vision of the Saviour appears by the side of a fallen French soldier on the battlefield. It is finely conceived, but less attention to buttons, bootnails, and such trifles would yield bigger results. Christ and the Money Changers is an immense composition embracing some twenty figures, and on the whole is a very creditable performance and full of promise.



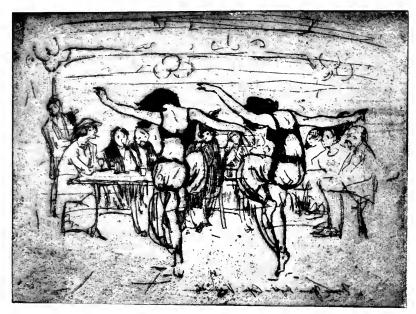
MLLE, LUCIE (PRISONER OF WAR IN FRANCE)

BY ANNE GOLDTHWAITE

The Folsom Galleries were fortunate to secure a set of decorative panels in pastel by Carton Moorepark, who, by a printer's error in a great daily, blossoms forth as Carbon. The highest development of carbon, the diamond, is certainly expressive of this unique exhibition of cranes, adjutants, condors, vultures, and pelicans, which one can assert, without fear of contradiction, could only be the work of this artist.

Though very well known at all internationals, it is a matter of surprise that he is not as well known in New York as the Woolworth Building. The rich neutral red background of the gallery walls, combined with highly artistic framing, form a joyous setting to these admirably com-

In the Galleries



MONTMARTRE-AN ETCHING

BY ANNE GOLDTHWAITE

posed and painted birds of prey and others, which should certainly be acquired by some collector who can appreciate the opportunity.

An interesting exhibition of paintings by J. H. Carlsen, recently made in the Berkshire Hills and the Green Mountains of Vermont, is being shown at the Palette and Chisel Club at 50 East Van Buren Street, Chicago, until November 6. Very delightful in colour and composition is his canvas entitled Woodland Bowers.

A fine exhibition of jewelry and silverware, by the Elverhoj Colony of Artists and Craftsmen of Milton-on-the-Hudson, was formally opened on Saturday, October 2, at the exhibition rooms of the National Society of Craftsmen, 110 East 10th Street, N. Y., and remained open until October 16.

Mr. Willard D. Straight is to be congratulated upon the possession of four Zuloagas, which are to be panel decorations in his town residence, and have been on view at the Kraushaar Galeries, 265 Fifth Avenue, prior to removal. The two landscapes are fine in colour and rhythmic composition, but hardly comparable with the

splendid types exemplified by the Gypsy Girl and El Corcito, which are too well known to require any remark. A full page illustration of the former is on p. xxxiii.

The homing ground of the somewhat extreme artists at "201" has been extended to 500 Fifth Avenue where Picabia, Picasso and Braque may be seen and wondered at, along with primitive African sculpture.

The paintings at the Montross Galleries offer many attractions to lovers of art no matter what their taste, be it for the schools or the latest manifestations of the moderns; and in each the field is represented by competent and, in some instances, adequately good work. In fact, Of and Benton are genuine discoveries. Of the former there are two landscapes and a pastel still-life whose merits overshadow all the other realistic work present. One of them comes very near being the finest modern landscape done by an American. These oils show unmistakable signs of Renoir's influence in their brushing, but they approach nearer the underlying motive of Cézanne than those other pictures in which the



In the Galleries

painter has caught only the exterior of the master. as, for instance, in Eugene Speicher's portraits. In Of's work is a true art feeling and a genuine colour sensibilité. Benton's canvas is a figure composition of male nudes, and in it we see for the first time in any group exhibition of native Americans the preoccupation with great composition. This work marks the most advanced tendency of the exhibition, despite the cubes of Sheeler, Nankivell, Pach, and Walther. Sheeler has talent, but he grievously needs guidance; he desires to get away from objectivity, but fears the uncertainty of abstraction. When his tendency becomes more surely defined, we can count on something interesting and perhaps significant from him. C. H. Walther is a good example of a man who overleaps his mark in a desire to bestride the latest movements. J. Stella vacillates from Matisse to femininely weak pastels. The works of Stern are competent, but insensitive, academic drawings, consciously divested of all finesse, to give the effect of strength and virility, after the manner of Manguin and Puv. E. P. Ullman has two delicate works of poetic inspiration. They sayour of eclectic leanings, with such men as Monticelli, Bonnard, Whistler, and Flandrin in evidence.

Comment here has been made only of the best. There are good works of Impressionistic tendencies, of which might be mentioned Mr. Tucker's contre-soleil Corphield

The firm of Joseph P. McHugh & Son, 9 West 42nd Street, is showing some extraordinary examples of Labrador art, in the shape of sixteen mats made by native women. The ground work is potato sacking and any old clothing and material is home-dved and then woven or hooked through the sacking. The rugs show a primitive use of everyday subjects, and are exceedingly quaint in imagination. It would be interesting to know whether we are face to face with traditional art or whether the missionaries and schools are evoking natural talent. No doubt, Dr. Wilfrid Grenfell could inform us. Meanwhile, this industry ought to help out a people sadly discouraged by scanty fish and fur trade. Mr. McHugh is not selling the rugs, but merely attracting interest and attention to an honest effort at rehabilitation by an unfortunate community.

The Berlin Photographic Company has been shewing the excellent work of Anne Goldthwaite, two examples of which are here reproduced.

No galleries in New York are more deserving of a visit than those of Macbeth, 450 Fifth Avenue, where examples of the best of contemporary modern art are always to be found.

On November 22, Albert Sterner will be shewing at the Knoedler Galleries his latest work in pastel portraiture, which will descend upon art lovers in the nature of a veritable surprise of the right sort.



with Jeen P. M. Hugh & Sin

GEEST IN LUGHT

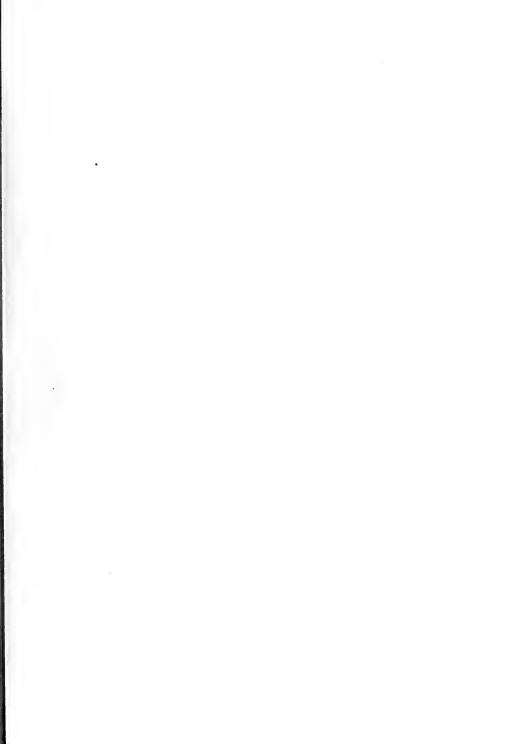


Caned by Willard D. Straight, Esq., New York

THE DANCER BY IGNACIO ZULOAGA



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DECEMBER, 1915

HE ART OF LAWTON PARKER BY GEORGE BREED ZUG

LAWTON PARKER is the first American to win a gold medal at the Old Salon. This is only the last and most important of an unusual series of academic honours which have been honestly earned by that distinguished American painter.

"Academic" is not here intended to carry any

suggestion of disparagement; quite the contrary, since it is just such honours that carry with them real authority, as distinguished from the empty officialism of most World's Fair awards. An exposition jury is usually a heterogeneous compound of men more or less innocent of any real knowledge of art, whose chief concern is to hand out the Grands Prixes to the satisfaction of the exhibiting countries, and who are often dictated to by some domineering juror. Most of Parker's honours have come from quite a different source.

In Chicago and New York, then in Paris at the École des Beaux Arts, at Julian's and at Colarossi's Academy, at Munich, and three time at the Old Salon, Mr. Parker has received those

honours which, since they were the hardest to win and at times the highest open to an American, meant most in the world of art.

Following his preliminary study in Chicago and Paris, Parker worked under Mowbray and Chase in New York. It was there that he won the John Armstrong Chaloner scholarship which sent him back to Paris and gave him five years of training under such masters as Gérome, Laurens, Benjamin Constant, Besnard and Whistler. Yet from none

of these men did he borrow a manner: from all he gained in mastery of his craft, and the happy result has been, not imitation, but resourcefulness, independence and sincerity. Each success has, naturally enough, brought new opportunities. For example, it was the winning of the Prix d'Atelier at the Beaux Arts that led Albert Besnard to invite the young American to assist in the decoration of the Cazin Hospital at Berck. From this experience, more than from any other, Parker feels that he learned the real meaning of simplification, its effectiveness and carrying power.

This simplification and carrying power are in evidence in My Model, which, with its "honourable mention" in the Salon of 1900, may be



MISS KATHARINE JONES

BY LAWTON PARKER

The Art of Lawton Parker

taken as the first of the artist's public successes. This painting illustrates admirably a noticeable characteristic of Parker's work-the happy union of classicism and realism. Here, as elsewhere, he renders an individual not merely as a type; here, like other modern masters, he seeks to interpret the beauty of the actual. Yet with all his years of training, he inevitably adds a touch of the classic, a suggestion of universal beauty, a charm and grace which are his heritage from distant ages. Parker believes in the modern point of view, in interpretation of the actual rather than adherence to worn-out formulæ, and in recent years he has painted this modern point of view. But his taste is so refined and his training so profound that in much of his work, brilliant and modern as it is in brushwork, colour and lighting, there creeps in something of the subtle beauty of the older tradition.

In spite of the range of his activity, Parker has long been best known for his portraits. And in this department his rank is very high. For while many well-known men are makers of society portraits, are painters of clothes and manners, Parker has always aimed at the essential of the art; the interpretation of character. Moreover, he has been unusually successful in his aim. Add to this incisive expression of character an unconventionality of pose, which is not employed for the sake of novelty, but as the natural expression of the sitter's individuality. When asked how he would begin a certain portrait, he replied: "By making thirty or forty studies in pencil and colour." He frequently does this preliminary labour in order to discover a pose which is individual, inevitable and artistic. But Parker goes further; he says "Our faces are not made of marble; they do things. The question is not whether eve matches eve or car corresponds to ear; it is rather whether the head and the figure are vital, are full of the life peculiar to this one person."

Much of this is illustrated by the portrait of Mrs, Leonard Woods, which won a third medal in 1922 at the Oid Salon. The attitude of the figure paced before the mirror with hands resting on a table is delightfully unconventional. Moreover, the nearness of the artist to the subject is emphasized by the perspective of the table top, thereby cubancing the suggestion of reality. This masterpiece of skilled craftsmanship, this harmony in black and gold, possesses a style of its own, a swing of line, a vitality which made it altogether worthy

to establish the reputation of the then rising young painter.

Further development was shown by *The Portrait of an English Girl*, which won a gold medal at the International Art Exhibition at Munich in 1005. This was painted by artificial light, and is



MARTIN A. RYFRSON, ESQ.

TO TAWYON

a quiet harmony in greys. The beauty of the lost profile touched by light reflected from a mirror, the texture of skin and garments, the contrast of gloved and ungloved hands, and the sweeping lines of the gown challenge the attention and satisfy the eye.

It will be noted that in the three paintings - My Model, Mrs. Leonard Woods and The English Girl



MRS. LEONARD WOODS BY LAWTON PARKER

The Art of Lawton Parker

—the light comes from behind the spectator and strikes the sitter both coming and going; this is a favourite motive with our artist, which, however, he does not overdo.

In My Model it is a very happy way that the light makes a halo of the hair about the reflected face and catches the edges of the arms and body. In The English Girl the light comes from behind the sitter and is reflected on her arms and cheek, while in Mrs. Leonard Woods it touches with a

type. His women have charm of form and feature, a grace and refinement which are their own peculiar possession. On the other hand, his men show lines of character, the alertness and decision, the masculine qualities which are theirs by right. This is well illustrated by the portraits of Judge Peter S. Grosscup and of N. W. Harris. In each of these there is a structural reality, a vigour of workmanship, a decision of line most happily suited to the subject. Moreover, the accent is



FOR AND EROST GIVERNY

BY LAWTON PARKER

gleam of brightness the hair and neck of both the actual figure and its reflection. This motive is illustrative of how the artist courts difficulties, not to show his mastery, but to enhance the beauty of his picture. In the portrait of Miss Jones the attitude is not only distinguished for line and pose, but it is also highly characteristic of the woman. The picture is, moreover, a delightful arrangement in black, white and blue.

All of Parker's portraits show how careful he is to be true not only to the individual but also to the just right; our eye does not wander over superficial niceties, but is led immediately to the face. The hands, the pose, the whole design are, as they should be, means of interpreting the character of the man, while the head remains the focus for attention and consideration.

Of a score or more of the artist's portraits, there is none which better represents his power than the full-length presentment of Martin A. Ryerson. It is essentially a reading of character and, although painted rapidly in only nine sittings, it could



Gold Medal, Old Salon, 1913

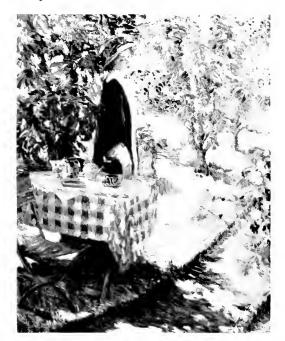
hardly be a better representation of the man. Its suggestion of movement is entirely unconventional, yet the picture possesses something of the dignity of the old masters. Its large simplicity and its broad planes of light and dark are well suited to such an official portrait, and are among the qualities which make it the equal of the best portrait work of any living American master. As it hangs in Hutchinson Commons in the University of Chicago, it is strikingly effective from all parts of the hall.

Always a student, even when a finished master, Parker could not rest content with being a mere portrait painter, and hence his move a few years ago to Giverny and his rush of enthusiasm for painting the figure, draped and nude, out of doors. And this most difficult theme he has readily mastered, as was to be expected from his sound training and his wide experience.

It is a somewhat new kind of impressionism which has been practised in recent years at Giverny by Parker and other Americans. For

although the little village on the Seine is the home of Monet, the founder of impressionism, this American movement in Giverny is not connected with that great master, and differs somewhat in method from his. Simply because Parker does not see nature in the way of the French impressionists, he does not adopt their method of painting in broken colour. To him nature in her lights, hues, forms and various appearances is fused and blended into a gracious and harmonious whole. He, therefore, prepares his colours on the palette, matching his greens to those of nature, his blues to her blues; and his results justify his methods. For while rendering warm sunlight, cool shadows and the brilliant hues of foliage and flowers, he also suggests the luminosity of nature and the softening influence of the atmosphere.

Parker has preserved his own individuality here as elsewhere. His pictures of the figure out-ofdoors have not the garishness and spottiness of the works of some of the Impressionists, nor the coldness and lack of finish of others. Neither have his



AMARYLLIS

BY LAWTON PARKER

nudes any touch of the crudeness so frequent in these days when the model is too much in evidence.

In the fresh and sparkling painting, Youth and Spring, the direct rays of the sun, mingling with those reflected from the water, double the difficulties of the subject. At the same time, the naïve little figure bent gracefully to one side is made brilliant by the surrounding foliage. In this and similar studies our artist is intensely interested in the effect of atmosphere and of neighbouring colour masses upon human flesh. Paraphrasing a passage from Leonardo da Vinci, our artist says: "Give me mud and let me place what I will beside it, and I'll give you the flesh of Venus." He studies the varying qualities of sunlight according to the weather, the season, the hour and paints as in Youth and Spring, when looking toward the sun, or as in Sylvia when looking across its rays, but very seldom with them.

In Summer Sun Spots, the sun shining directly overhead pierces the foliage here and there, and casts disks of light on the soft flesh. In this pic-

The Art of Lawton Parker

ture Parker is a modern of the moderns, painting the figure as it is without the formal design of older art, but with the keenest observation of the effects of the enveloping atmosphere and of reflected colour and light.

The occasion for the Gold Medal was the exhibition of his *Paresse* or *Idleness*. It was for the summer of 1912 that Parker had engaged models for out-of-door work in Giverny, when continued rains quite spoiled his plans and drove him to work indoors. And there an accidental pose of the model while resting suggested the composition of what became his first medal picture. Thus mere circumstance headed him toward success, and thorough training, accompanied by mature judgment and taste, brought him to the goal.

In this picture, as in all our artist's work, there is nothing slurred and nothing hastily done, nothing neglected and nothing forgotten. Every detail is carefully planned, every subtlety premeditated. In spite of its apparent spontaneity, the arrangement of this beautiful picture is consciously worked out even to the least line of the kimono, the pattern of the couch drapery and the size of the dots in the window curtain. In the flowing folds of the drapery and the languorous curves of the relaxed body there is a delicious ripple of line. In the broad movement of tones there is a subtle



JUDGE PETER S. GROSSCUP

BY LAWTON PARKER

use of colour, a harmony in lavender, and in the play of light from before and behind, as it falls on face and figure, on couch and wall, there is the utmost refinement of observation. Other nudes by a few modern artists have shown a comparable knowledge of form and an almost equal beauty of line; but *Paresse* adds to both these qualities an intimate study of mingled lights and a colour harmony of exquisite subtlety. And, finally, after all the unnumbered thousands of nudes, here is a pose which is perfectly natural and yet unfamiliar, beautiful and yet interpretative of its theme of idleness. Thus, in a way, the picture is typical of the rounded completeness, the symmetrical character of the master's work.

At the Panama-Pacific International Exposition Parker showed only two paintings, his masterly portrait of Mrs. Ray Atherton and his Paresse. For these he received a medal of honour.

Although in his figures out-of-doors, Parker loves to paint a warm sunlight, in Early Morning, one of his latest works, he has made use of a cool blue light. Here the nude figure, seated on a yellow couch and arranging some orange-coloured flowers, faces the window screened by a reed curtain and illumined by the morning sun. Here, too, he has placed his model against the light as he loves to do, and so multiplies the difficulties of his task and the beauties of the result in his rendering of the subdued light on the screen, the full light on the window-sill and the reflections of various lights on the delicate body.

His pictures, executed in the realistic manner, show a rare combination of refined use of line, of substantial form, and of delicate colour harmonies. The classicism of an older art and the naturalism of the moderns mingle here in perfect harmony. Whether in My Model of 1900, Sylvia, Vouth and Spring, or in his latest work, Early Morning and Paresse, beneath and behind the individuality of each sitter the temporary beauty of the person and the hour, there is a touch of the classic spirit, of the breadth and purity of the ancient tradition.

Moreover, Parker's conceptions are as subtle and refined as his technique; his harmonious lines and his rejoicing colours are all elements in a very sincere and individual style. And that style, whether seen in portraits, in figures or in landscapes, shows that Parker has a message to the world, the message of his refined perception of form and his subtle appreciation of colour. It is a message high and rare, the message of pure beauty.

Murals at Madison, Il isconsin



Capit at Made on, We in in-Supreme Court Room THE AMERICAN LAW

BY ALBERT HERTER

WRALS AT MADISON, WISCONSIN—FOUR HISTORICAL PAINTINGS BY ALBERT HERTER FOR THE SUPREME COURT. BY C. DE KAY

The capitol of Wisconsin at Madison has been decorated by Mr. Albert Herter of New York, with four large wall-paintings, consisting of two American and two European scenes, representing verdicts of more or less importance rendered by Cæsars, Kings, Presidents, and ordinary judges. The room to be decorated was that part of the

capitol set aside for the Supreme Court, a hall very well lighted, which is lined with slabs of paronazetto marble, and has bronze capitals of Corinthian order on the engaged columns which form the most striking architectural feature of the interior.

As one enters, the dais that carries the judges' bench lies directly in front and the painting designed for the wall above his honour's head represents the American law. The signing of the Constitution of the United States in 1787 may be called the founding of our law, though



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BY MIDERL HERTER

Murals at Madison, Il isconsin

it has been called an extraordinary and a "rigid" document and often criticized by those who resent a written code as too inflexible. The scene is Philadelphia; Washington is in the chair behind a table on a low dais. To the right foreground are Madison, with cloak on arm, and Alexander Hamilton, standing. Farther back near Washington stands Jefferson talking to another delegate whose back is turned. In the group of four men standing to the left in the foreground, the characteristic face of Benjamin Franklin gives a familiar look. His unpowdered hair hangs loose about his neck.

The painter has not attempted to introduce all or even a large part of the delegates to that Charta in 1215, the place an open tent on the meadows of Runnymede. The subject was chosen as a fitting pendant to the Signing of the American Constitution, for the partial liberties wrung by Cardinal Stephen Langton and the barons from King John in the thirteenth century were added to, little by little, until perfected in this land nearly six centuries later. King John sits at one end of a table before the royal canopy, and by his furious face and clenched hand expresses the violence he is doing to his real thoughts, the effort he is making while submitting to the demands of his revolted subjects. A mail-clad knight, standing at the other end of the table, seems by his gesture to enforce the necessity of



Copitol of Madison, Wisconsin—Supreme Court Room THE ENGLISH LAW

BY ALBERT HERTER

Convention to the scene, preferring for artistic effect a central distant group and nearer groups to right and left. The light waistcoats and white stockings of those to right and left form notable masses of higher light. The scheme of colours is well adapted to the general effect of the marble between which the picture lies.

Although Washington holds a central position and is separate from the other figures, he has not been given a heroic pose. On the contrary, the painter has shown him leaning on his elbow with left hand under his chin, in a natural, easy attitude, as if to symbolize the citizen who is a president only for a term of years.

On another wall is a picture called the *English* Law, the example being the signing of Magna

his yielding. Behind this knight are other barons. Behind the seated king are the bishops of London and Dublin and other prelates.

These groups are very happily disposed. The painting is the finest of the four as to picturesqueness of setting, as to composition, and as to the quiet expressiveness of king and rebels. Glimpses of the still waters and verdant fields of the Thames valley are seen behind the tent. In the immediate foreground is the green sward, full of thowers, on which the flooring has been placed.

The third picture, entitled the Roman Law, above the door by which one enters, is taken from a little-known episode in the life of Cæsar Augustus Octavianus, the legend of a legionary who had fought for Augustus in his youth and

Murals at Madison, Wisconsin

was involved in a case for slander, or for some violence committed. The legend or story runs that Scutarius, such is the name given him by one Roman historian, came to the autocrat and said: "I fought for you, and you must fight for me." Augustus Cæsar acknowledged the obligation, and caused himself to be carried in his litter to the basilica where he claimed the centurion Scutarius as his client, and proposed to defend him. As Augustus was the religious, civil, and military head of the world at the time, it was really rather as judge than as advocate that he made his appearance.

The painter shows him, beardless and by no means old, reclining in his litter, with his bearers, lictors, and other attendants near by, while the judges are seated along a colonnade behind which rise the statues of orators. On the right stands Scutarius in helmet, cuirass and greaves, having his shield on his arm, while with uplifted arm he argues his cause. Groups of senators are in the background. Suetonius does not report that Scutarius won his case. It was not necessary!

The fourth painting is local in subject and relates an episode in the early history of Wisconsin, when the Indians and settlers came to blows. It is the trial of Chief Oshkosh for the murder of another Indian not of his tribe. The place is a large cabin built of wood, with wide brick fireplace. The judge, whose name was Doty, sits to the right in a simple wooden chair. Oshkosh stands opposite with folded arms,

proud bearing and stern face, as he conducts his own defence. Trappers, voyageurs and Indians form the audience. It is recorded that Oshkosh proved that he acted in accordance with Indian laws, and won his case; but doubtless he was no more able to get true and lasting justice from the whites than did Red Bird and Black Hawk, who were leaders in the unequal warfare of natives against settlers. The case, however, established a precedent in favor of the spirit rather than the letter of the law.

In these wall pieces, Mr. Herter has shown what is very necessary to success in mural painting: willingness and ability to subordinate the canvas to the architecture. Observe in the Signing of the Constitution how the columns and panels of the historic room where the Charter was signed fall into line with the interior where the picture is. The simpler architecture on the canvas contrasts pleasantly with the more elaborate design of the Supreme Court room. Note again how the more elaborate architecture in the picture of Roman law suits the same interior.

It is, however, in the management of colours that Mr. Herter does most to harmonize the canvases with the hall they embellish. How often one sees wall-paintings that appear to leap at you, and constantly proclaim the fact that the painters of them have never formed a complete union in their mind, a complete solidarity between the work of art and the place where it is to remain!



Car to, at Material Wee in a conference Court Room.

Anna Vaughn Hyatt's Statue

NNA VAUGHN HYATT'S STATUE BY GRACE HUMPHRIES

The recent unveiling of the Jeanne D'Arc statue in New York City brings to an end the five years' work of the committee organized for its erection. Every-



JEANNE D'ARC STATUE BY ANNA VAUGHN HYATT

thing is done in this country at such high speed and under such pressure, that it is worthy of note when any work is planned and carried out slowly. As to whether this unusual length of time was necessary and is justified by the result, the statue must speak for itself.

These citizens of New York, interested in the peasant maid, conceived the idea that America ought to have a statue of Jeanne D'Arc. Her unique place in history, the appealing and inspiring story of her short life, the artistic possibilities offered, combined to make the undertaking highly desirable, from the viewpoints of sculpture and public.

One of the most important things accomplished in the committee's work, consuming a vast amount of time with little tangible result, was the slow finding out "what not to do." Statues already erected in many towns in France were studied, and they are legion—for every French sculptor does his Jeanne D'Arc. Very decorative most of them are, with a wealth of detail, often full of action, and always the picturesque background so favorable for a statue, especially when compared with the apartment houses which are all New York can offer.

Nine pageants in her honour were witnessed by one member of the committee in the very places where she lived and fought and died. They were highly artistic and dramatic—for whose story offers greater possibilities?—supplying a sense of background and atmosphere not to be found in books alone. Two years were spent in seeing statues and designs, paintings and drawings, in looking up all matters relating to the maid. This careful study gave something definite to build on.

There was no advertisement or public announcement of the plan; but in that "underground railroad" method of circulating news, which exists in the art world as mysteriously and effectively as in Sing Sing, word was sent out. Sculptors went for personal interviews, to ask what the committee had in mind. Sketches and models began to come in. Everywhere artists were anxious to compete. Altogether, the designs represented six nationalities, a striking proof of the universality of Jeanne D'Arc's appeal.

Is it not singular that the first one submitted, which came near winning out, for this statue of a French woman to be erected in America, four thousand miles from the scene of her activities, came from a Russian Jew?

Anna Laughn Hyatt's Statue

The suggestions made to the committee were many and varied, not wholly lacking in humour. The statue must be made by an American, said some. More, by an American woman, said others, No, no, by a Frenchman! Not by a woman at all: rule them out! Better result in the end, insisted another group, to have one sculptor do the figure and some one else the borse; few artists can do both; only see how well it has worked out in more than one instance, to have an architect help the sculptor.

But the committee positively refused all these suggestions, and repeatedly said the designs were to be considered absolutely on their merit. They stipulated that the competition was open to any artist, without restriction as to age or sex, religion, place of birth or abode. In so far as is possible, they proposed to use that rare thing, an absolute standard.

The models and sketches submitted were exhibited by the committee, after their decision had been made in favour of Miss Hyatt. Not only the general public, but her fellow artists, it was noticed, went back repeatedly to study her design. Not a man but was glad she had won the prize, if it was not to be for him—and more than one so expressed himself, a proof that professional jealousy does not always exist among artists.

Asked why this design of Miss Hvatt's was decided on, members of the committee gave various replies. The mistake made by most artists has been, they said, that the maid was represented as a particularly stupid and ungainly peasant girl, or as a conventional angel. Now Jeanne was a peasant girl, it is true; but it is well to remember that her father was the principal man in Domremy, and her mother probably made a pilgrimage to Rome -distinctions of more import then than now. Jeanne was by no means a dreamy invalid, given to hysteria; for almost the first thing we hear of her is that she won a footrace with her girl companions. That she had an intensely religious nature is true, and that she lived in a part of France, perhaps more than any other, the seat of strange legends and stories.

In Miss Hyatt's statue you see the face of a healthy young girl, who has heard something, has seen something, that the world will never know. This figure of Jeanne D'Arc, compared with the other designs, seems to be more of I rance not more I rench and of the peasant girl to whom the voices came, telling her to take

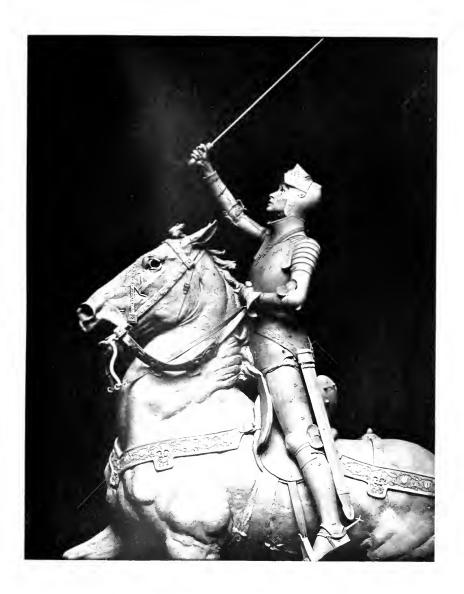
Orleans. Perhaps unconsciously there is more of old France, of royal France, in the statue than the sculptor herself knows; for not only has she studied in Paris, but she is the descendant of an old French family.

A statue similar to this was made by Miss Hyatt and exhibited in the Salon for 1010. This New York figure, which is not a replica but an entirely new modelling, is practically the same composition, with improvements. There is not only the increase in size—this is life and a quarter instead of life—but in every way, say those committeemen who saw the Salon statue, this is an advance. Both horse and rider have less action, the figure of Jeanne is rather more dignified.

And even in Paris, Miss Hvatt's design and the quality of her workmanship were recognized, for the judges awarded her a certificate of honourable mention. None of them believed that it was done in four months' time, and without assistance. They calmly asserted that such a task was physically impossible, and only smiled when she replied that it was ten hours' work a day and seven days a week. A further reason for their incredulity was that the armature, the iron framework with the many little wooden slats on which the clay is massed, was actually made by Miss Hyatt herself. This process of enlarging is, to quote her, "a terribly brutal piece of work; massing on three and a half tons of clay does entail great physical labor."

Miss Hyatt had not always been interested in Jeanne D'Arc; the statue is not the result of years and years of study and devoted thought, as is the case with several members of the committee. She became interested from reading Mark Twain's book. But she did not wish to model her in any militant attitude. You remember the story told there—Lamartine gives it also—the story of her voices telling her that she would find a sword behind the altar of St. Catherine's church at Fierbois.

"I thought of her there before her first battle," said Miss Hyatt, "speaking to her saints, holding up the ancient sword. Her wrist is sharply back, to show them the hilt, which is in the form of a cross. Lamartine's life, more than others, shows her as a spiritual person, almost a fanatic. It was only her mental attitude, only her religious fervour, that could have enabled her to endure so much physically, to march three or four days with almost no sleep, to withstand cold and rain.



That is how I have thought of her; that is how I have tried to model her."

Great attention has been paid in this statue to the cavalry mount, a splendid Norman horse, and to the armour. With the exception of a small headpiece, horse armour was not used in France until some hundred and twenty years later. Statues of Jeanne D'Arc where the steed is encased in steel are anachronisms.

As for the maid herself, appeals to experts revealed the fact that there is not in existence a complete suit of Gothic armour of that period. All the details were supplied to Miss Hyatt from drawings only—rubbings of old tombs, old paintings, figures in stone and bronze were studied, and the data obtained by scholarly comparison on the part of Dr. Bashford Dean of the Metropolitan Museum and his assistants.

For the first time in all her sculptured life, Jeanne D'Arc is correctly dressed. And it is not stage armour, either; it fits the wearer, showing the play of muscles underneath. While it is a statue in armour, there is some one inside it. Indeed, Miss Hyatt began with careful studies from a nude model, and the armour was added later.

Gothic armour of the fifteenth century offers an unusual opportunity to the sculptor. While it was simple and plain, it was very beautiful in line. But the important thing is, not to make the armour beautiful, but to make it fit the wearer, says Dr. Dean.

It is noteworthy that person after person who saw the statue in the studio used the same word in describing it, and that word was—convincing. The sculpture represents no extremes, no futile experimenting. Technically sound, the result of years of thorough training plus hard and continuous labour, the workmanship of the statue gives the spectator the feeling that Miss Hyatt is certain of herself. The technique is there, but underneath or in the background.

While not needlessly austere and plain, there is no decoration, no ornamentation, per se. The loftiness of the conception is presented so simply that it becomes all the more convincing. The simplicity and dignity characteristic of the sculptor shine out in her figure of Jeanne D'Arc. It is the strength of her own conviction. The face expresses her courage and fortitude, the great and noble spirit animating her, the calm conscious outward expression of it.

The base of the statue is built, in part, of stone taken from the Rouen dungeon in which Jeanne D'Arc was confined. The old prison was recently torn down, and some of the great stones were secured by the committee. They have been skilfully worked into the base by the architect, Mr. John Van Pelt, to whom is due the favorable placing of the statue on the wooded knoll overlooking Riverside Drive at Ninety-third Street.

The unveiling of the statue is not only a triumph for the sculptor. It is of great importance to women. For it is the first and only heroic equestrian statue ever created by a woman. Coming near, as it assuredly does, to being the greatest equestrian statue in America, Miss Hyatt's success is an opening wedge for women in this field of work. Frequently, sculptors of talent and ability have been refused important commissions, merely for the fact that they were women. Gradually opinion changes and when, in the future, great pieces of sculpture are competed for by women, and successfully, Miss Hyatt will be recognized as the pioneer, the blazer of the trail. But it is to be kept in mind that her Jeanne D'Arc won the coveted commission judged by an absolute standard.

Perhaps of even more importance than to Miss Hyatt, the statue represents a definite milestone of progress for the city. The gift to the community of this Jeanne D'Arc, standing for years of patient labour and study on the part of the committee, the scholarly aid of experts, the generous help of the municipal art commission is an achievement unparalleled hitherto, and rich in promise for the future. For "if we want great statues for our city, our primary concern is not to educate a sculptor to fashion them, for the sculptor can educate himself; our concern is rather to educate our citizens to desire them."

ODERN GALLERY

MR. MARIUS DI. ZAVAS, director of the Modern Gallery, has just returned from his flying trip to Paris where he procured for the Modern Gallery a series of unusual examples of modern art, including work by Van Gogh, the complete evolution of Picasso tincluding his very last painting), Brancusi (his very last piece of sculpture), important Cézannes, a new and rare group of negro sculpture, etc., etc. The exhibition opened November 22.

Modern-Archaic Sculpture in America



BIG DANE





AJAX BY FDWARD FIELD SANFORD, JR

ODERN-ARCHAIC SCULPTURE IN AMERICA. BY EUSTACE EDMISTON

In America there is an interesting group of young sculptors strongly animated by the spirit of the past, and who have emerged from a struggle with conventional critics to that degree of expression which always precedes an art of decided individuality.

These young men have the fervour and freedom of imagination of the ancient Greeks; yet their art, again like those great masters of eternity, is wonderfully modern. Their work demonstrates the theory that the essence of art is a strong sense of individualism and desire on the part of the artist to express himself in the noblest way possible. A prominent exponent of this school is Edward Field Sanford, Jr., examples of whose work range from small animal studies to monumental statues conceived and executed in the severe yet beautiful Archaic style.

Mr. Sanford has just finished two colossal bronze groups for a Doric mausoleum designed by H. van Buren Magonigle, which have that heroic simplicity that was the secret of the success of the Greek sculptors. The first of these groups is Love and Faith. Love kneels by the side of Faith, the two entwined by the same piece of drapery. Around her head are ivy leaves, and in her hand she holds the dove of Venus. Faith, seated, wears an elaborately designed diadem

Modern-Archaic Sculpture in America

surmounted by a winged sphinx: in her hand she holds the world on which Zeus is standing, fantastically carved with ships, animals, etc.

In the second group are the inseparable companions of Love and Faith-Hope and Charity. Charity is seated, a cornucopia resting against her arm. This detail is beautifully executed: around the top a delicate bas-relief of figures symbolic of charity, the fluted stem ending in a conventional lion's head. The brow of Charity is surmounted by a conventionalized Ibis, the sweeping wings and tail covering her head and neck. Hope, a nude figure strongly indicative of Egyptian influence, kneels closely pressed against the side of Charity. Around her head is a simple filet, from which fall curiously twining locks. In her outstretched hand she holds Pandora's box. These two groups are so designed that including the door of the mausoleum they unite into a single mass. The figures are finished with the most elaborate and ingenious ornament.

Two of Mr. Sanford's garden figures are especially worthy of notice. A bronze .1 jax has

a virile and life-like pose, standing with poised sword and uplifted shield. In spite of Archaic influence this work has marked individuality.

The *Great Dane* garden piece is a striking example of that ideal which is found in nature and recreated in art. It is executed in bold yet restrained style. Mr. Sanford's modelling, while automatically correct, is so decorative and conventional as to give the familiar curves of the flesh the refreshing novelty of a unique creation.

One cannot literally "hold the mirror up to nature," the result would be much uninteresting sculpture. No work is perfect which bears the visible marks of technique. That which is true and natural must be idealized, it must show the artist's spirit as well as a constructive idea.

Much more could be said of the artistic value of this new movement in America. This brief review shows the correspondence between method and imagination, and the combination of realism and idealism; they employ indeed a new and modern sympathy in being employed with primitive methods and emotions.



CORE MALSOLETM NOREGER, AIRGINIA

H. VAN MAGONIGLE, ARCHITECT EDWARD FIELD SANLORD, JR., SCILLFIOR

LI NADELMAN

BY MARTIN BIRNBAUM

It is still too early to predict what effect the great European War will have upon the development of art in this country. Almost immediately after the conflict started, however, Teutonic dealers who had made Paris and London their headquarters. flocked to our shores, bringing their precious wares and treasures, and later an exodus of artists began which, if it continues, may be compared to the flight from Byzantium to Florence, after the Turks occupied Constantinople in the fifteenth century. The present convulsion will undoubtedly scatter the artists and scholars and all the accumulation of learning in European centres, and these will gravitate to peaceful New York, where they are sure of a hospitable reception and where they may be expected to give an immense impetus to science and art.

Éli Nadelman, the Polish sculptor, was among the first of these artists to come to America after the war began, and his presence here was immediately felt among his confréres. In writing about him it is impossible to resort to amusing anecdotes or biographical details, for the available facts are so meagre that they may be summed up in a few words. He was born in Warsaw, studied for a time in the art schools there and, finally, like so many other ambitious students he drifted to Paris. La ville lumiére is responsible for his artistic development and was his home for twelve years, until the war obliged him to seek a favorable environment here. Nadelman had no teacher in Paris, but his residence there witnessed his rise from a sincere student into a self-taught man of original ideas, whose best works offer some convincing arguments to those who are in search of propaganda in favour of the modern extremists.

Visitors who climb the stairs of the dingy old house on West Fourteenth Street, which Nadelman has made his temporary headquarters, are so astonished at the apparently conflicting works which greet their eyes, that their critical faculties are at first in a maze. Beside a serenely calm head, on the lips of which a strange smile lingers, there are distorted figures in impossible postures, and curious drawings without a sign of obvious or delicate beauty. The average art lover will hesitate to laugh at these grotesque



STATUE (WOOD)

BY ÉLI NADELMAN

works because he has recently heard of cubists whose works must be approached with respect and even reverence. If however, he can understand Russian, Polish, French or German, Nadelman, who is always ready to flame up with enthusiasm, will soon convince him of the es-

sential simplicity of the enigmatic designs and their logical relationship to those beautiful sculptures, which in the first flush of unexpected pleasure are compared with Greek masterpieces. Nadelman's explanations are indeed so clear, that they serve not merely as a vindication of his theoretical drawings and sculptures, but he

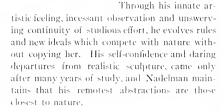
even enables the lavman to transform the intricate curves and shadows into the subtle play of light on his polished mohogany statuettes. These curiously interwoven lines anticipate the beauty of the plastic form and their unbroken surfaces, the exquisite turn of one curve is accentuated by interfering lines, and the shaded portions of the drawings become the perfect rhythm of harmoniously balanced masses. The necessity and logic of every stage of his work is cleverly explained by the artist. Had he however shown only the drawings or his recherches in sculpture. Nadelman's name would doubtless be added to the vague group of artists known as cubists a classification made hopelessly confusing in the presence of the Hellenistic heads. In this connection it is interesting to know that the Steins who were among the first to praise

the works of Picasso and Matisse, were also admirers of Nadelman.

Octave Mirbeau, a protagonist of Van Gogh, was also one of the sculptor's first patrons. The connoisseurs just mentioned admire his recherches more than those works which for want of a better word we call Hellenistic, but the artist himself has repeatedly told us that the

last mentioned are the flowers of his achievement. Whether the amusing gilded Fat Il oman, the strange Hermaphroditus, the scrutinising head with slit eyes, or the reclining figure of a nude woman are primarily intended not to please, but rather to shock and crystallise the general public opinion about his work, we have been unable to

determine. Most people are irritated by them. To us they seem like the expression of the energy of a versatile man, and in their most extravagant form they illustrate the remark of a good critic who said that the peril of an artist who worships nature is eccentricity. As a matter of fact the Hellenistic works are as purely theoretical as the others. No models are ever used and they are as far removed from nature as Nadelman's remarkable Horse. They bear the same relationship to his problems as Picasso's most recent works do to the earlier cubistic experiments. Nor are they sterile imitations of Greek originals. Nadelman, who passionately loves the Greek ideal, is not a neo-classicist. He merely tries to work as an ancient Greek would have done. Inexhaustible nature and not art is his inspiration.





RECHERCHE DE FORMES (WOOD) BY ÉLI NADELMAN

Éli Nadelman



HEAD (MARBLE)

BY ÉLI NADELMAN

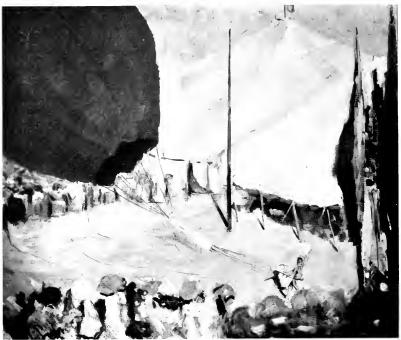
It is almost inevitable to compare every modern sculptor to Rodin, but Nadelman is so directly his antithesis that it is more natural to contrast him with the great Frenchman. Of course a mere glance at Nadelman's work will disclose the fact that his ability to handle such a vast arabesque of human forms as Porte de L'Enfer, or the solution of such a problem of complicated ensemble as the Calais Bourgeois has not yet been tested. Nor does the vounger artist's work begin to display Rodin's wealth of imagination. In comparing the smaller works, however, the higher praise does not always fall to the lot of the older artist. The obvious difference here is the romantic emotionalism of Rodin as contrasted with Nadelman's intellectual calm and his purely decorative quality. They often suggest a mood of musical melancholy, but we do not find here the quivering flesh, the ecstasy of desire, the grappling men and women, the insatiable longing or force of sex which are almost always present in Rodin's palpitating figures. The creatures of Nadelman's fancy are indeed often strangely sexless. Beauté plastique, according to him, is not a matter of emotion. A sculptor must never be sentimental or didactic. He may indeed arouse your feelings, but primarily plastic art is not concerned with love or patriotism. You find accordingly that Nadelman's loftiest conceptions are almost cold in their austerity and severe simplicity. Even the mahogany sculptures which have the advantage of rich colour lack the warmth of living flesh. Nadelman seems to put his intelligence and acquired Gallic taste into his work, rather than his native Semitic passion. His art savours indeed of mathematical formulæ like the work of Georg Minne, and at times it is almost pure architecture in miniature. One might go further and accuse him of occasional lapses into dilletantism. He is for the private study and the glass cabinet, rather than for the open air. The intellectual note and aloofness is intensified by the extraordinarily high polish which he gives to his surfaces. This finish enables his marbles to acquire tone without dirt after the fashion of antique sculptures, which Nadelman believes were originally polished just as highly. On the other hand, some of these heads, fixed forever in marble meditation, display a beauty of rare delicacy, a kind of spirituality which forever disposes of those detractors who believe that he is an apostle of ugliness.



DRAWING

BY ÉLI NADELMAN

Students' Exhibition at Wanamaker's, Philadelphia



CIRCUS DAY BY CHARLES HARGENS

TUDENTS' EXHIBITION AT WAN-AMAKER'S, PHILADELPHIA Confronted by a catalogue containing close upon six hundred numbers, it would be unwise to attempt any criticism of individual work done by the many students represented. For the twelfth time they have raised their banner beneath the protecting roof of John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, and have evidenced to a pleased public how efficient the training has been to produce such convincing results, especially in the fields of landscape and illustration. The enormous difficulties of successful portraiture are so marked, even among the matured portrait painters, that it may be forgiven to the student if that branch of art does not reveal him at his best. Apart from enjoying the exhibition itself, the observer must feel the greatest respect and admiration for a firm that not only promotes such a display of art, but bears all the attendant expenses and contributes prizes as well. But that is only a very small item in the artistic activities of John Wanamaker. Many a reputation in American art has been gained through his fostering care and loosened purse-strings. Such names as F. C. Frieseke, H. O. Tanner, Paul Bartlett and Anne Estelle Wright, are merely a few of those who are not unmindful of the fact that art needs patronage. What would Florence have been without the Medicis? Patrons in the true sense are rare in America.

Without due reflection one is apt to regard with a shrinking feeling the so-called art department of the average monster stores, where horrible frames, cheap and nasty prints, imbecile flower pieces and shadow-box atrocities, at prices varying between 81,28 and \$3.00, meet the offended eye at every turn. Department stores, however, must meet the popular demand, and real art has no place on a bargain counter. Here we find true art and popular art making their separate appeal.







Some Jacobean Wood Panelling



MR. ORLANDO ROULAND'S STUDIO SHEWING THE PANELLING IN PLACE

OME JACOBEAN WOOD PANELLING BY HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE

AGAINST a mellow ground of old oak in bronze shades, toned with patina, properly plaided with well studied lines of stile and panel, the slender, gracious lady of to-day appears her most entrancing. She is a shaft of light and virility living vividly against the tones of the ancient wood, and we are ready to swear that the ladies of the Stuart kings looked not half so well in their pompous volume of skirts, albeit the Jacobean panelling was made in their time.

We have come to value the panels that lined old houses in England in the seventeenth century to such an extent that some of the best examples available come now to this country, along with rare furniture of the period. The inspiration of the style was, of course, Italian, but the interest lies in the Anglicizing of the pattern set by the Latin master, the changes in design wrought by Northern hand and temper. A style peculiarly English thus came, and we turn to its revival with keen appreciation.

Wood panelling came as a necessity stone walls being but unsympathetic stuff for close contact with warm shoulders and came with Lugland's first need for luxury. Yet in all the experiments since, of plaster, stuffs, paper, this panelling has never lost in beauty as a background.

Taste, alas, is a matter of fashion, and fashion came to demand a plastered interior. Masons were called in to meet the need, and with the relentless trowel threw buckets of plastic white over the wood, completely snowing it under. When the beauties of line and tone were entirely obliterated, a smooth white wall spread its infant blankness before the misguided decorator, who thereupon invented wall-paper.

Evil has an engaging way of working good, to the delight of the whimsical. It was by this very process of obliterating the inspired work of preceding artists that much old wood panelling has been unintentionally saved, immured from assaults of wear and tear.

A notable example is the wood in the studio of Mr. Orlando Rouland, an unusual monument of early seventeenth century carving, which lay for years snugly preserved under two inches of plaster and varying horrors of wall-paper.

This panelling was discovered by a house-wrecker who bought the old building to resolve it into building material. It is carved with the characteristic Jacobean border, but it is unique in the panel decoration. Instead of flat panels, with stiles either plain or carrying strap-work.

Some Jacobean Wood Panelling

these panels are carved each with a figure in low relief. The figures are kings and knights, and are a bit puzzling to the archaeologist because in their gothic cast of costuming they seem to antedate the border. It is more than probable that they are from the hand of one of the Walloons or French craftsmen who fled to England to avoid war and religious persecution, such workmen showing in their craft the influence of the region from which they came.

The knights, far from being like those who sang gay but illuminating ballads of Prince Charlie,



DETAILS OF THE PANELLING: ABOVE THE RIGHT-HAND PANEL IS A PAINTING BY SIR ALFRED EAST



Scenes on Pembroke Park, near Wilmington, N. C.

suggest the grim Crusader who crossed mailed legs in mortuary stone.

It may be said that the kings, too, are of a quainter type than those of the seventeenth century, and the arches under which the figures stand resemble early Norman work.

One of the doors is marvellous in its beauty and interest. The carving is of careful workmanship, and the designing is in the domain of picture making, for each panel represents a scene from one of the plays of Shakespeare. Romeo stands under Juliet's balcony, and Falstaff is the rotund victim of Windsor's merry wives. And it was not long after Shakespeare's time that the door was carved.

It is probable that no such panelling as this exists elsewhere in America. An expert at a certain large museum declares it unique, and sighs with regret that his museum does not possess it.

CENES ON PEMBROKE PARK NEAR WILMINGTON, N. C. BY SAMUEL HOWE

THE estate of Mr. Pembroke Jones in North Carolina is a delightful excursion among old forms, old memories, old ideals. It shows skilful adaptation to modern needs without entailing serious loss of individuality. The scheme is large in idea but small when we consider the magnitude of the estate and that several thou-

sand acres of live oak and magnolia trees are let severely alone.

This is a mountain house, a basilica, a hunting box. We call it in our general phrasing a bungalow, because the word has a certain modern significance. At first view, it is singularly unobtrusive, quiet. The bungalow is in three bays with a vaulted roof, subdivided with penetrations and pendentives, serious, calm and spacious. This means comfort within. It is heated by two great fireplaces, one at each end, for morning and evening finds the warmth of a wood fire, an admirable addition to the savoury perfume from the open casements and from the sea, which is not very far away and towards which in an irregular fashion the live oaks upon the amphitheatre side naturally point.

Remembering the amphitheatre of the Villa Borghese and the way in which the seats for the spectators are constructed tier upon tier for the enjoyment of the games, the terraces in front of the bungalow have been so arranged as to foster the same general idea. The southern view relates to an area of a much larger scale, illustrating the conscientious way in which the trees have been made welcome to the scene. This means that the general plan changes in outline. It is not the proportion of a hippodrome but rather the extension of a terrace entailed by a change of levels. It is instructive to note the manner in which the outline and detail of the steps are made



THE BUNGALOW BEFORE THE FORECOURT WAS COMPLETED

Scenes on Pembroke Park, near Wilmington, N. C.



THE TEMPLE OF LOVE, NEAR TO THE BUNGALOW

JOHN RUSSELL POPE, ARCHITECT

to conform to the trunks and roots of the trees. The steps vary in width from twenty-four to thirty-six inches and are simply uneven spaces. surfaced with moss, mossy saxifrages, and some description of wandering green creeper, which unmistakably enjoys its freedom, its adventurous excursions, at its own sweet will. At times ivy or ampelopsis makes green the long, low tiers. This form of half-wild planting is very delightful. It is a form of rock gardening for which wild ferns and other shade-loving plants are particularly adapted. Even dwarf rhododendrons, other low bushes, and dense cushions of polypody iern are here. The riser exhibits a depth of from six to eight inches, varying in thickness, showing on the upper edge an equivalent of one-third of the height. The line of the upper terrace on which the bungalow stands is straight, serious, with an elevation of five feet or more; it is beautiful in its rich vesture of ivy clinging closely to the rough walling. It follows neither rule nor line. Capricious is it, like the countenance of a sympathetic friend, and may be just as engaging.

Always subtle is this insidious assimilation of an academic idea. The visitor feels that it is very much of the type of arrangement which would have been favoured by Rousseau, Daubigny and Millet, prompted by their extended life in the great woods at Fontainebleau. Yet it is a practical response to an actual need, a daily requirement. The bungalow is a splendid place in which to lodge temporarily a few young bachelors when the house is overcrowded. To that end it is fitted with bathrooms and a kitchen



THE BUNGALOW ON THE RIGHT, TEMPLE OF LOVE ON THE LEFT

Scenes on Pembroke Park, near Wilmington, N. C.



THE NORTH-EASTERLY VIEW WITH ITS LIVE OAKS

J. STEWART BARNEY, ARCHITECT

that promises well for the inner man. The large central room opens north-east and south-west upon a court and a terrace so as to satisfy the most capricious. Here is a habitation for the sportsman to shoot, fish, boat, or hunt, as well as for the dreamer who loves to indulge his fantastic imaginings for a brief spell, peopling the grove with hobgoblins, sprites, and other intangible creations of man's amusing moments.

A short distance from the southern entrance to the bungalow upon a square island connected by bridges is a temple dedicated to the everpopular but never-satisfying goddess of Love. The goddess is sheltered by a six-columned temple, the outline of which would do credit to a Greek sculptor, and yet built upon the site with local material; perhaps we had better say cast upon the site, for it is concrete made up of shells and sand from the seashore which glisten in the sunlight and produce a very engaging and unusual texture. Like the mythical legends of the Greeks, even our prosaic day cherishes the idea that dryads and wood nymphs haunt the forest.

It is by means of an irregular drive through pine groves, under arches of live oaks festooned vith Spanish moss, that the building is reached. The picturesque nature of the roadway and its pleasing diversity of level and direction are all the more agreeably accented when we reach the bungalow, where we note that with but a slight change of grading, pier building and hedge planting a fore-court has been constructed, acknowledging frankly the line of the walled boundary of the main court. It is very delightful to see within this wonderful grove, a pleasing tribute to the imagination of a scholar, and to realize that we of the new republic also find pleasure and, maybe, profit in acknowledging the romanticism of classic days. The water garden of this type is the epitome of an Italian nobleman's country house, a place of retirement from excessive heat, a place to entertain, to read, or to dream.

We humans know but little of the beauty of the night, when the trees are seen under the magic of the impenetrable sky, intense, inscrutable, and where informal vistas, wondrous, awe-inspiring colour effects, and mysteries abound.

THE ART ALLIANCE OF AMERICA

This Society has planned an exhibition for the close of the year which is attracting considerable interest both in New York and elsewhere in America. The idea of the exhibition, already mentioned in this magazine, is "Art Associated with the Child."

The exhibition is being held at the former Blakeslee Galleries, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third Street, and will continue until December 13, , (fer which it will be shown at other centres.)

Rook Reviews



PORTRAIT DE FAMILLE

BY HENRI-MATISSE

OOK REVIEWS Modern Painting: Its Tendency AND MEANING. By Willard Huntington Wright. (John Lane Co.) \$2.50. We are a manifestly uncritical nation. We possess enthusiasms, passions, and prejudices, but we are singularly deficient in the power of sustained analysis. The body of critical literature produced in this country is pitifully slender, and in no department is this more apparent than in the province of aesthetic interpretation. Innumerable industrious individuals write copiously and continuously about painters; few devote their energies to a scrutiny of those underlying principles that condition all artistic endeavour.

A welcome exception to this rule is, however, furnished by Willard Huntington Wright in Modern Painting. Its Tendencies and Meaning. It was as an expositor of the volcanic and vitriolic Nietzsche that Mr. Wright made his initial appearance before the public of letters. It is in the capacity of a convinced, and convincing, apologist of the new movement in current painting that he now bids, with similar promise of success, for our attention. In compact and closely knit phrases Mr. Wright turns the white light of a clear and lucid intellect upon the complicated

problems of current art. His book is not merely the best extant work upon the genesis and development of the latter-day pictorial spirit, it is a conclusive vindication of the metaphysical method as applied to aesthetic considerations. It satisfies the intellect and at the same time is not without the requisite emotional fervour of statement.

In a series of chapters which, for concise exposition, are models of their kind, Mr. Wright summarizes the rise and progress of those basic concepts which constitute the cornerstone of the new school. The book might well be called Modern Painting and Paul Cézanne, for it is the pioneer apostle of the voluminal integrity of form and colour who unifies and dominates these pages. Mr. Wright's theme, which is specifically the discussion of painting as an organized entity, as something existing of, and for, itself alone, is admirably sustained. And still, while the vindicator of this viewpoint, he is in no sense its victim. It is true that only those men who are formative figures receive attention, vet one never feels that the author's horizon is unduly restricted. He unfolds in succession the origin and significance of each important tendency. He proves their interdependence, and no one, upon following the outline here traced, can fail to appreciate how Henri-Matisse stemmed from Cézanne, and how

the plastic geometry of Picasso is but a further step toward the inevitable emancipation of painting from a debased and slavish objectivity. It is, in brief, a pleasure to welcome the sudden apparition in our midst of a critic who possesses in so marked degree the gift of abstract reasoning, and who, at the same time, is not unmindful of the always insoluble seduction of sheer sensuous beauty.

Remodeled Farmhouses. By Mary H. Northend. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.) \$5.00. The writer, so well known through her admirable works upon old Colonial mansions, has



ILLUSTRATION FROM "REMODELED FARMHOUSES"

BY MARY II. NORTHEND

now presented a uniform volume dealing with farmhouses and their conversion into charming homes. Some twenty characteristic examples have come under analysis and it is interesting to note how thoroughly these master builders of old performed their task, and how carefully they selected their sites. The adaptation of old-time architecture is full of fascination as is convincingly demonstrated both by the text and by good illustrations.

STATELY HOMES OF CALIFORNIA. By Porter Garnett. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.) \$2.50. A stately quarto, plentifully illustrated, partly drawing upon articles which have appeared from time to time in the Sunset Magazine, and partly new material, describes many palatial homes and gardens, generally regarded as show places. From formalism to direct design is the revival brought about since the days of the padres and the "garden of simples." The important places pictured in this volume mark a new era in California, and loom forth as oases of order and beauty. The appeal of the modern garden rings loud through the pages. Amongst the notable residences calling for detailed consideration are those of Mr. W. H. Crocker, Mr. J. D. Grant, Mr. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, the Hon. James D. Phelan, and Mr. James L. Flood. Colour and monotone illustrations add interest to 12 well-written chapters which not only conjure up graphic images of the places described,

LITHOGRAPHY AND LITHOGRAPHERS. By Joseph Pennell and E. Robins Pennell. (Macmillan Co.) \$4.50.

but also touch lightly upon some of the famous art treasures which these mansions contain.

A graphic arts series commencing with lithography to be followed by etching, backed by the undoubted prestige of Mr. Pennell, can hardly fail to command interest. It is true that there are no series of books on the subject, but single books of the right kind, such as, for instance, the recent publications by George T. Plowman and by Earl H. Reed are the output of good graphic artists and well worth studying. Mr. Pennell must not fall into the error of imagining that he monopolizes the field known as the graphic arts. There are others also very well equipped to furnish instruction and advice, if only to mention F. Ernest Jackson. The historical portion of the work by Mrs. Pennell leaves nothing to be desired. In that portion devoted to the technical side of lithography, more brevity and clarity might have been observed; in places the meaning is somewhat involved and puzzling to the student. Mr. Pennell frankly admits sins of omission, but such an admission hardly condones the offence of passing over Albert Sterner with brief mention, and failing to reproduce his Amour Mort, which by many is rated as the best modern lithograph produced by an American artist.

Book Reviews



ILLUSTRATION IN "INTERIOR DECORATION"

BY FRANK ALVAH PARSONS

Interior Decoration: Its Principles and Practice. By Frank Alvah Parsons. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$3.00.

The book is filled with food for both lavman and decorator. It is not a bit of fluff about careless home-making, a trifle to be read at one sitting under the evening lamp, but it dilates on the principles that underlie all good taste, treating them with the seriousness they demand. One after another Mr. Parsons takes up the subjects of colour, line, form, texture, and treats them with agreeable earnestness, always pointing to their use in making beautiful interiors. The principles of art and their practical application go hand in hand. A careful reading of the first hundred pages of the book shows that the expression of good taste is not a matter of hap-hazard, but of skill acquired by study of governing principles, with which principles Mr. Parsons makes his readers seriously acquainted.

He reviews the great Periods for the sake of deducing principles but does not attempt large instruction in this great field with such limited space. At the end he turns to the modern home and shows how it can be made ideal through the knowledge gained in using the tools—colour, line, form, texture, and historic ornament. The modern house, he says, expresses our modern time, but must do it on the tried principles of the ages. As art has ever been the expression of a state of consciousness, perhaps a development even more piquant is soon coming, the expressing of temperament and personality in the rooms of the home. This is a fascinating problem for the decorator in the future.

THE ART OF THE EXPOSITION AND THE GAL-LERIES OF THE EXPOSITION. By Eugen Neuhaus. (Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.) \$2.00 each.

These companion volumes are a handsome contribution to the art of the exposition, the big gold lettering on the buff-coloured covers being especially attractive. A large assortment of full-page sepia insets give pictorial value to the text, and establish a quality in these books which enables them to be regarded as worthy of space on the book-shelf. They are, however, by no means the last word. The exposition is important enough to call forth books of a still more critical character and savouring less of the illustrated guide-book.



ALTAR DECORATION IN TEMPERA

BY ELSA LAUBACH

The very interesting composition, SunGed panel, has been exhibited by the Architectural League, but has not been reproduced in any art magazine before. The possibilities of such faïence decooration are more apparent when the colour scheme is seen, and that unfortunately does not appear in the half-tone. The jewel-like quality of the tile mosaic against a dull red background gives a most harmonious result, and should be seen by every architect of taste.

The Sun God panel is derived from the Maya Art, examples of which still remain in Yucatan. With regard to the history of Mayan Art, nothing whatever is known, only surmises can be made from detail. The period at which it flourished, previous to the discovery of America, is a matter of speculation. It reached a high degree of attainment in the technique of its sculpture, and is extremely interesting to students of art impulse by its analogy to certain phases of early Egyptian, Chinese, and Korean Art.

The use of the key form of ornament is developed with a considerable degree of ingenuity, one of the favorite treatments being a con-

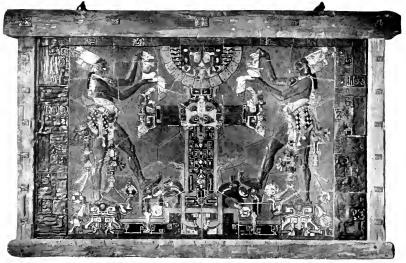
orations one may surmise that sun worship was a feature in their religion, together with that of their Flora, as they frequently represented the spirit of deity of the latter by small heads partly concealed among the foliage.

Feticles offered to the gods are very varied in design, pose, and attribute, being invariably represented with a grotesque head.

Among the American painters at the Daniels Galleries, are exponents of many tendencies, ali of which indicate the modern spirit of revolt against the academy and the school. Zorach represents the trend that modernity takes in Munich -a broad and synthetic treatment of primitive inspiration; bowed figures, frankly illustrative, in lovely countrysides. The composition is perpendicular like that of early art in all ages; and the handling of the figures swings from Friesz (who tries to revive Poussin), to Bloch (a modern Bayarian Fauve). The canvases, as a whole, recall Zak. Mrs. Zorach shows a more interesting water-colour. It is simply a depiction of several large voluminous planes and, is more abstract than anything else displayed.



In the Galleries



Courte - American Encaustic Tiling Company SUN GOD PANEL

DESIGNED BY LEON V. SOLON

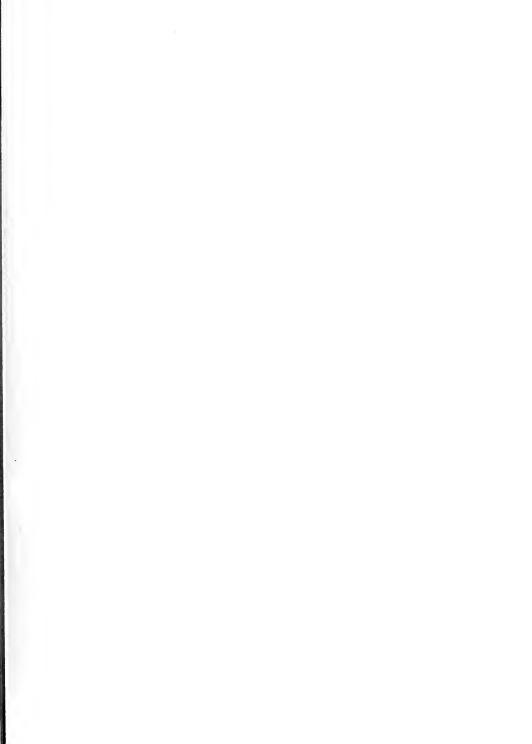
Man Ray has two canvases, one of which takes us back to the time when Münter exposed with the Paris Independents. His colour is grev and pleasing, and his work breathes sincerity. The still-life is, perhaps, the better, aesthetically. Halpert confronts us again with a scene of Brooklyn Bridge. Undoubtedly he desires to become known as the official portraitist of this structure. His work, however, is of little interest. He manifests a specious eclecticism which permits him to combine the mannerisms of two or three men. He belongs eminently to the Manguin-Friesz-Vlaminck contingent, though he makes an added appeal to the lovers of the impressionism of Monet. His is a mediocre, "professional" canvas. Maurer finds a strong inspiration in Matisse: but it is a healthy impulse toward colour, and in his works are charming suites of pure pigment, as in tapestry. Dickenson has been influenced by Cubism in its early stages, while Demuth's ideation, on the other hand, is indebted to Futurism. His two Sensations of Times Square, attain to a kind of glorified illustration, but they are of nomoment as pure art. Demuth strives for the dramatic aspect of his subject, but his talent is only slightly decorative: consequently, it does not move us deeply. Benton has a still-life, but, despite its effort at organization, it is by no means

representative of his best work. If more painters realized the primary necessity of rhythmic order, as manifested in this Missourian's work, American art would possess fewer trite and meaningless examples. Order, and not effect, should be the slogan of all sincere painters since Cézanne.

The Macbeth Galleries have had on exhibition the recent work of Hayley Lever and Randall Davey, a roomful of each. The past summer has not brought fresh laurets to the former, and it is pleasanter to recall the work which has made him famous and has associated his name so indelibly with Cornwall and Saint Ives. The canvas entitled White Sails and Fishing Boats is a brilliant tour de force, but lacks that subtlety and restraint which always accompanies great art.

The types by Randall Davey are well characterized and boldly—too boldly—advanced. As colour notes, they are full of interest, especially *Annie* and the *Portuguese Grandmother*. One cannot, however, overlook the crudity and lack of wholesome modelling which mar so many of his canvases. They may be more than sketches, but fall very short of being pictures.

Paintings by Harry B. Lachman have been recently exhibited at the galleries of Henry Reinhardt, and proclaim him a painter of performance as well as of promise.





PASTEL STUDY FOR PANEL "THE STONING OF ST. STEPHEN "IN CHRIST'S HOSPITAL CHAPEL. BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.

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OME NOTEWORTHY AMERICAN FOUNTAINS
BY FRANK OWEN PAYNE

There is something marvellously attractive in the gushing forth of water from a spring. Springs and fountains have been in all ages the delight of poets and painters. There is in the gush of water, clear and sparkling, almost every element of beauty, and the world of art was not slow to see it and to scize upon it in all the varied fields of artistic endeavour.

But when in addition to the beauty of the water itself there is also an artistic setting of wrought marble or bronze, when the streams are so arranged as to spout upward in graceful curves, there certainly can be no more exquisitely beautiful object for the eye to feast upon.

European cities have long recognized the worth of the fountain as a most attractive feature of municipal art. London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Petrograd have been adorned with many beautiful fountains and even small towns and villages are often the proud possessors of fountains of rare beauty. Rome is, however, in all the world "The City of Fountains" par excellence. As Charles Dudley Warner once remarked, "Rome is the only city that has water to waste in ornamental overflow." Owing to its neverfailing water supply, brought in through monumental aqueducts, the fountain is perhaps the most common work of art in the Eternal City.

In the newer atmosphere of our American cities, where art has not yet found time to grow and luxuriate, there have been up to the present time very few noteworthy fountains erected. Most of our city parks are adorned with fountains of a simple sort, but very few have been decorated with statuary of real merit. The magnificent fountains of the expositions at Chicago, Buffalo, Saint Louis, and San Francisco have clearly demonstrated.

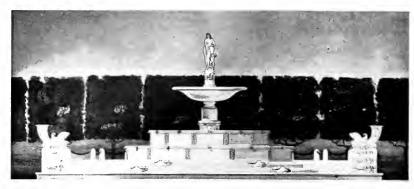
strated the truth that our American sculptors are fully able to produce fountains of the very highest merit. The universal expression of regret that these masterpieces were evanescent and must be destroyed when those expositions came to an end, is ample evidence of the admiration felt for such things by the American people.

The Pulitzer Fountain, which has just been completed on the Plaza, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, New York, was erected with money bequeathed by the will of the late Joseph Pulitzer, owner of the New York World. Mr. Pulitzer left the sum of \$50,000 for this purpose. A competition of artists and architects was held. Of the five competitors the celebrated firm of Carrère & Hastings was awarded the contract for the work of construction.

No finer location could possibly be found anywhere. The broad and beautiful plaza, the magnificent park, the splendid equestrian statue of Sherman by St.-Gaudens, and the superb setting of palatial hotels and residences, make this an ideal situation for such a monumental work of art. The accompanying picture will give a far better idea of this fountain than any verbal description. This picture is from the design of the builder. No good view of the completed work is yet available.

The material is of white marble. There is a huge circular basin within which is another higher basin of lesser size. From the centre of the inner basin, there arises a pedestal which is surmounted by a large shallow circular bowl. Standing in the centre of the latter, is a richly sculptured pedestal, which bears on its summit a bronze figure. This figure will always have a peculiar interest for New Yorkers, owing to the fact that it was probably the last work of the late Karl Bitter, having just been completed at the time of his tragic death.

Water from the upper bowl flows over into the



THE PULITZER FOUNTAIN, NEW YORK

inner basin and thence, through small spouts, it again overflows into the vast outer basin. Large handsomely carved vases of cornucopia form and drinking fountains are placed at intervals about the esplanade which surrounds the fountain. Thus the Plaza is probably as charming a spot as can be found in any American city.

The Pulitzer Fountain is not, however, the only beautiful fountain of the metropolis. Indeed, New York is entitled to be called the American city of fountains, for there are at least a dozen fountains of note within the limits of the city. Of these, the superb fountain by Carl Tefft in the Botanic Garden deserves more than mere mention here.

Carl E. Tefft has created a most brilliant work. No other fountain of the city of New York is so admirably located. With the imposing façade of the great Botanic Museum behind it, and with its superb setting of fine shrubbery, this fountain is indeed a thing of rare beauty.

Two plunging bronze horses of heroic size are seen leaping, as it were, into the water of the pool. One horse bears the figure of a nude female in a most hilarious mood, who strives to restrain the beast with one hand, while with the other she waves a merry gesture. The other horse bears a boy, who endeavours to control his animal with one hand and with the other he grasps a fish by the tail.

In the pool below, a merman and a mermaid, slarmed at the sudden approach of the strange aild steeds, turn hastily aside in an attempt to coape. Behind the horses is a huge globe sursounted by a dolphin, which bears upon its back the beautifully modelled figure of a chubby child

in whose hand is a tiller of classic design. From underneath the plinth the water flows into a large marble basin, thence into a semi-circular lower basin from which it overflows into the lowest pool of all.

The sculptor has called this the Fountain of Life, typifying, as it were, the great life principle of "Struggle for Existence" and "Survival of the Fittest." The marvellous vivacity and motion displayed in this unique group certainly give force to the idea. The most original feature of this work is the treatment of the feet of the Water Horses. In these "umbrella feet," as he calls them, Mr. Tefft has established a precedent. In the classic garden horses of Versailles and in the aquatic horses of German and Italian examples, the feet are invariably cloven.

No more favorable criticism of this superb fountain could possibly be uttered than that expressed by the late Augustus St.-Gaudens, who was enthusiastic in his praise of the strength of its composition and the beauty of its execution. A commendatory letter from St.-Gaudens is among the most highly prized possessions of the sculptor.

The odd web-footed horses in their mad career, the rollicking figures which surmount them, the alarmed merman and mermaid, the charming child figures with globe, dolphin, eagle and fish, make this unique fountain a veritable phantasy in bronze.

Cincinnati has always held a high place in art among American cities. To American sculpture she gave us the first great sculptor, Hiram Powers, one of our most original living artists,

Charles Niehaus, and a goodly number of lesser lights between. The glories of her famous Rookwood ware have given America high standing in ceramic art. Her art museum was one of the first to be founded in the country. Thus, true to her love of art, the Queen City was the first to have a really great monumental fountain.

The Davidson Fountain (see page lxxv) was presented to Cincinnatiby Henry Probasco, in memory of his brother-in-law, Tyler Davidson. It was

of Cincinnati. The material is of bronze, melted from cannon purchased of the Danish Government. It rests upon massive blocks of Bavarian porphyry, shaped into a huge quadrefoil and highly polished. The pedestal is ornamented with bas-reliefs, showing the material uses and benefits of water, steam, water-power, navigation and fisheries. At the corners are niches, each occupied by a child whose occupation illustrates the pleasures afforded by water.



THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE, NEW YORK

executed according to a design by August von Kreling, a son-in-law of the artist Kaulbach. The work was made in Nuremberg. It was unique at the time of its conception in the fact that it departed from all existing standards of art for fountains, and left Neptune, Amphitrite, the Nereids and all other mythological figures out of consideration. This great fountain is designed to symbolize the manifold uses and benefits of water to mankind.

The esplanade on which the Davidson-Probasco Fountain stands, is in the business centre

Around the shaft are four groups which illustrate the needs and benefits of water—extinguishing fire, praying for rain, slaking thirst and going to the bath. Surmounting the shaft and crowning the whole, is the colossal figure, *The Genius of Water*, from whose outstretched hands a fine spray of water is constantly falling. Surely no other fountain in America can surpass this fountain in beauty of conception.

To Philadelphia belongs the distinction of possessing the most splendid monument hitherto erected to the memory of George Washington,

with the single exception of the great monument to his name in the capital of the nation. Mention of this superb memorial here is due to the four fountains which adorn it. These beautiful fountains are designed to represent four great historic American rivers: the Mississippi, the Hudson, the Delaware and the Potomac.

In each of these fountains, there is a broad stream of water which flows out like a cascade into a wide basin. Above each cascade there is the figure of a reclining Indian in bronze, symbolizing the life of aboriginal America. Each any artistic merit. There are fountains in Lyman Square, in Eaton Square, also in Union, Chester, Blackstone and Sullivan Squares. They are very attractive features, but they lack sufficient merit to deserve more than a passing mention here. It has also frequently been declared that Boston fountains often lack water.

The Common and the Public Garden, however, have each a fountain of more than ordinary beauty, but up to the present no really great fountain has graced Boston.

The Brewer Fountain in the Common, was



THE WASHINGTON FOUNTAIN, PHILADELPHIA

pool is flanked and guarded by typical animals of the region through which that river flows. The bison, the elk, the moose, the bear and the steer, in natural size and lifelike pose, are executed with marvellous fidelity.

This great work was presented to the city of Philadelphia by the Society of the Cincinnati of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. It is said to be the largest single bronze casting in the United States of America.

The city of Boston has adorned its parks with numerous small fountains, but few of them have presented to the city of Boston by Gardner Brewer, June 3, 1808. It is a copy of Lienard's celebrated fountain which received the gold medal at the Paris Exposition in 1855. It was east in Paris and copies of it in iron were made for Lyons and for Bordeaux. A replica in bronze was also made of it for Said Pacha, late viceroy of Egypt, who admired it greatly and caused it to be erected in Cairo.

Venus Rising from the Sea is the subject of the beautiful fountain of the Public Garden. The beautiful nude female figure gave a mild shock



DETAIL OF A NICHE

to the puritanical Bostonians when it was first seen in the park, but when the water was turned on, the goddess was seen to be veiled in a mantle of mist, so that this work of art was allowed to remain, and may be said to be quite

sufficiently clad. When Chicago's dream of civic beauty has been realized, there will be in that city two colossal fountains by Lorado Taft, one at either end of the historic Midway Plaisance. These gigantic works will symbolize "Time" and "Creation." Mr. Taft estimates that it will require at least three years to complete the Fountain of Time alone. The companion piece will require a vet longer period for its completion.



DETAIL OF A SHAFT

Lorado Taft is pre-eminently a creator of fountains, as may be seen in his splendid works at



THE DAVIDSON-PROBASCO FOUNTAIN, CINCINNATI

Paducah, Kv.. Bloomington, Ill., and Washington, D. C. But his Spirit of the Great Lakes. which stands in front of the Chicago Art Institute, is well deserving of its commanding position in the most prominent point on the lake front. This wonderful fountain symbolizes in a striking manner the great inland waterway of the continent. Each lake is represented by a beautiful female figure, holding in the hands a seashell, from which the water flows. These figures

are arranged in accurate positions as regards their geographical locations and elevation above the sea.

Each figure is a study in itself. The dignity of Superior, the grace of Huron, Erie and Michigan are admirable and there is a mystic charm about Ontario as she reaches out, seeming to ask "whither?" that enthralls the spectator. One cannot help wondering why little Saint Claire was not included.

Lorado Taft may create greater fountains, but he cannot surpass his Spirit of the Great Lakes in The very first object to attract the attention of the tourist in Washington, is the great white marble Columbus Fountain, by Taft, which stands immediately in front of the union passenger station. A better location could hardly have been found. Rising above a huge double semicircular pool, flanked by couchant lions, stands the colossal figure of the discoverer enveloped in a long cloak. He is seen standing on the prow of his ship, whose figurehead is a beautifully carved and draped female figure.



THE NEPTUNE FOUNTAIN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

beauty, grace, fidelity, or delicacy of conception.

Among the other fountains of Chicago, are the unfortunate and inartistic Drexel Fountain in South Park, the Rosenberg Fountain in Grant Park, the Bates Fountain by St.-Gaudens in Lincoln Park and the Independence Fountain by Charles J. Mulligan.

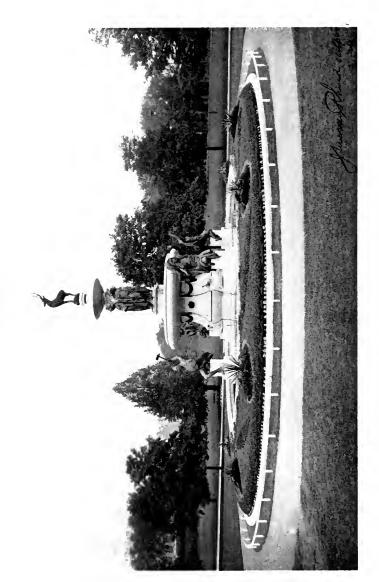
The nation's Capitol, from its commanding position in the country, is and ought to be preseminent in works of art. Here, if anywhere, the art of America ought to be displayed at its very best. The various circles and squares of Washington are adorned with numerous memorials and fountains of note.

Behind him is a great square plinth which rises high above him and is surmounted by a globe flanked by four eagles with wings outspread. To right and left of the plinth are kneeling figures.

The effect of the statue on the beholder is not easily forgotten. All the patience, perseverance, determination and fortitude seen mingled with the gratification which he must have felt in his great discovery.

In the Botanic Garden, near Pennsylvania Avenue, stands the beautiful fountain by Bartholdi. In general, it slightly resembles his other fountain in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

Out of the centre of a broad pool, and placed



THE AMERICAN FOUNTAIN, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

upon a tall hexagonal pedestal, stand three beautifully draped female figures, upon whose upward extended hands rests a broad shallow bowl. In the centre of the latter, are three kneeling figures, above which, from an umbrellalike structure, the water falls. The exquisite grace of the figures and the beauty of the draperies make a strong appeal to the genuine lover of statuary.

In the adornment of the great Library of Congress many American artists have been honoured, but to have been selected to design the fountain, which is one of the most distinguishing features of the façade of that magnificent building, was indeed a triumph. R. Hinton Perry's wonderful fountain, *The Court of Neptune (see* page lxxvi), will always delight the eye of the visitor to the city of Washington.

In front of the grand stairway which leads to the terrace before the building, arranged in three niches, above a great pool, the Sea God is enthroned upon a rock. His immediate attendants are two tritons, who hold their traditional conchshells to the mouths. The splendid muscular figure of Neptune is admirably wrought. To right and left, in niches, nude female figures, mounted on aquatic horses, are seen springing forth in a very abandon of motion. The bronze has acquired a rich patina of green, which gives to the work a tone of indescribable loveliness. Perry has done many fine things, but in vigour and motion and beauty of modelling, this charming fountain has not been surpassed.

In his remarkable fountain in Hartford, J. M. Rhind has accomplished the feat of adapting an actual native subject to established principles of art. He has also departed from all such conventionalities as the use of tritons, dolphins, seaserpents, and all that strange brood of amphibious creatures, so common in the fountains of the Old World. The "American Fountain," as many prefer to call it, is located on an admirable site in Bushnell Park. Its design typifies the city of Hartford in its relation to early American history. Surmounting a rock, from which the water comes tumbling down, is a hart, with legs in position for a leap; thus the hart fording the river has furnished the name for Connecticut's capital.

Below the hart is a shallow bowl, whose pedestal is surrounded by a group of Indian maidens; behind them is a growth of standing maize. The lower basin rests upon a broad, flaring support, which is ornamented with the heads of native animals of the Connecticut valley. Out of the mouths of these creatures issue the streams of water which fall into the lower basin.

But the crowning glory of this masterpiece are the four bronze figures of American Indians; splendid warriors representing the civilizing of the Indian. The first, a nude savage in the act of spearing a fish, typifies the primitive aboriginal state. Defiance is shown in the figure with upraised tomahawk. Vigilance appears in the kneeling Indian, who watches with shaded eye, the approach of the "pale-face." Civilization is indicated by the calm-faced chief, who offers the calumet of peace.

When we realize that the sculptor had as models genuine Indians, we can understand why this work is so realistic as well as artistic. It is, indeed, a faithful record of Indian life and appearance that will endure when that physically noble race shall have vanished from the earth.

RENCH ART AT PITTSBURGH

The Carnegie Institute, through its director of fine arts, who is at present in San Francisco, has concluded an arrangement with Monsieur Jean Guiffrey, Commissioner for Fine Arts for France, providing for the exhibition of the entire collection of paintings in the French Section, numbering about two hundred and fifty works, at Pittsburgh, during the months of May and June next; the exhibition to be an important feature of the Founder's Day celebration on April 27.

The Carnegie Institute, in co-operation with the American Federation of Arts, planned, early in the summer, a more general exhibition, which should represent the art of the various nations, in a comprehensive but small collection, which collection, it was anticipated, would go to several important cities. It was discovered, however, that to withdraw from the French Section thirty-two important paintings for which orders had been received, would materially interfere with a plan providing for the exhibition of the entire French Section in Chicago, St. Louis, Buffalo and other cities, under the management of the Albright Art Gallery and, therefore, the original plan was abandoned, and the agreement providing for the exhibition of the collection at Pittsburgh substituted.

The Oil Paintings of Stephen Haweis



BATHERS BY STEPHEN HAWLIS

HE OIL PAINTINGS OF STEPHEN HAWEIS BY AMELIA DOROTHY DEFRIES

THE art of Mr. Haweis will certainly be divided by the critics of the future into periods. And this article (with the exception of Lord Howard de Walden's two Fijian sketches) deals only with the work of his first period which may be said to have ended about 1011. During this period he painted about forty canvases of some significance (most of which were exhibited at the Baillie Gallery in 1911), and a large number of studies; besides which he gave an exhibition of delightful little "panel paintings" at the same galleries in 1912. He has also painted a few fans on silk, one of which is in the British Exhibitions of Arts and Crafts, at the Palais du Louvre (1914), and others at the Allied Artists' Association (1014). To some, he is known only as an etcher, and as such is represented in the National Gallery, Sydney, and in the collections of the Dowager Lady Airlie, Lord

Bathurst, Colonel Goff, and those of many private collectors. He has the rare true feeling for line etching as opposed to the skilful "black and white" technique we so often see applied to the copper plate with a certain meretricious success. Many of the oil paintings of this period are in collections of discerning lovers of painting. The Sapphire Night and The Opal Morning (two lovely interpretations of immortal Venice) are in the possession of Lord Howard de Walden and the Marchioness of Anglesey, respectively. His Honour Judge Evans, so well known now for buying the best of the vounger painter's productions, possesses two paintings and three fans; Mr. Konody, art critic of the Observer, some of the little "panels"; the sculptor, M. Desraelles; Armand Point, the painter; Mrs. Mabel Dodge and Charles Stern are other possessors of the paintings of this period.

Baron de Meyer was Mr. Haweis' first patron, while Octave Maus (who discovered Debussy and so many others who have become famous') invited Stephen Haweis to exhibit at the "Libre Esthe-

The Oil Paintings of Stephen Haweis

tique" in Brussels as long ago as 1000 or 1007, but the artist then left off exhibiting and retired to Italy, for he is a painter who does not like to let a picture go for exhibition until he has worked at it for a long while. "A picture is finished when another touch would detract from it." The year 1013 marked a new period when he started off, a steerage passenger among 000 emigrants, bound for Australia. He made some interesting studies of his companions on the way out, none of which has yet been seen in England; and there is a rumour that his portraits found favour among steerage passengers.

After a few weeks in Australia, he proceeded to the South Sea Islands, whither he was bound. He lived for several months among the natives of Fiji and the Lau, or Exploring Isles; the last, never before visited by any devotee of paint and canvas. There also he did many studies and sketches, and painted some pictures, not yet exhibited anywhere. Some of his impressions of his wanderings have found their way into the hands of a London publisher, and are held up owing to the European war, but will appear in due course. Articles by him upon art have

appeared in the New Statesman, New Age, Westminster Gazette and other papers. The same personal note is felt in his writings as in his painting. He has always a keen and original point of view, and a fresh, delightful style.

The Opal Morning and The Sapphire Night were both exhibited at the "International," at the Grafton Galleries, in 1012; The Bathers and The Cane-Thatched Cabins at the same society's exhibition at the Grosvenor Galleries, 1014. He has been invited to the Brighton Municipal Exhibition, and has exhibited at Liverpool and at the Royal Scottish Academy and many foreign exhibitions, and is going to hold an exhibition of new work in New York, where he is at present living, reviewing his year's work and publishing drawings and articles.

He is the son of the Rev. H. R. Haweis, so long remembered in connection with St. James, Marylebone (now pulled down), and was educated at Westminster School and brought up in Queen's House, Chelsea, celebrated as the home of Rossetti and meeting place of all that wonderful coterie. He went to Peterhouse, Cambridge, at the tender age of seventeen where, though he



VITTLY'S SELECTION



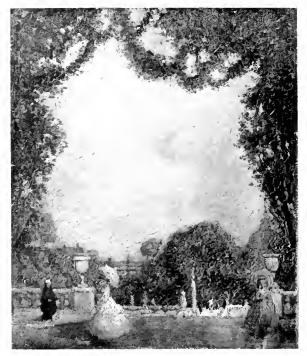


The Oil Paintings of Stephen Haweis

attained celebrity in the football field and the realms of the more active athletics. he resisted stoutly all endeavours of alma mater to prepare him for the bar. He then went to Paris. where he worked at painting under Mucha. At one time he took photographs for Rodin, who introduced him to Eugène Carrière (whose private pupil he became) and to Constantin Meunier. Collet Thaulon and Dampt helped and encouraged him in his later student days.

I have not space here to speak much of the paintings themselves. Their original character is plainly seen in the photographs . . . the pure form of the composition and delicacy of touch are also clear; but their chief value is lost in reproducing because he is essentially a colourist. In his colour harmonies he is unique; and there is a very distinct personality, a rare temperament

expressed in his sensitive, intimate and fresh technique-new to our art. Many poems could be written about each of the best of his pictures, one of their charms lying in their subtlety, which does not always appear to you all at once, and may even be missed altogether in an exhibition; where the most striking quality they then appear to have, is that they are quite unlike everything else. But he has what Mr. Charles Ricketts calls "tremulous qualities," and he expresses "that which lies behind fact." He is also a personal discoverer; he sees things with new eyes, and a distinct vision of his own. His painting has, by some, been called "mystic"; but I am not convinced that this is the word for it. It certainly has magic in it. And he is outside all movements. whether organized by dealers or by his fellow artists. Not by his own wish, but by the personalit of his art, he stands alone in gentle isolation, apart. He has never lad the modern



LE NUAGE

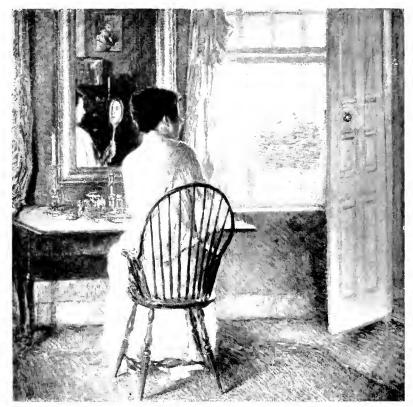
BY STEPHEN HAWEIS

impatience to "arrive"; is never laboured, always spontaneous and subtle, with a suggestion of Pan-like humour.

Fromentin says: "The secret of fine painting is to render the invisible by the visible," and he goes on to lament how "few artists to-day attempt to conjure up that something which is not mere statement of the visible." Mr. Haweis—in spite of minor faults (which he himself is the first to recognize)—is one of the few; and the clusive qualities in his work are best summed up in his own words when, in one of his articles, he said that modern art should "express the inexpressible."

To all intents and purposes, this unique young cosmopolitan is becoming identified more with the life of New York than with that of any other city. He has lived in his studio, at Washington Square, longer than he has lived in any city—except Horence—in the last tew years.

The Ambidextrous Childe Hassam



MORNING LIGHT

BY CHILDE HASSAM

HE AMBIDEXTROUS CHILDE HASSAM BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

In one of his droll, delicious fables, Robert Louis Stevenson epitomizes the immemorial fate of the dissenting voice. The Traveller has incautiously cast a doubt upon the supremacy of the Citizen's native town. We recall the concluding sentence, "They buried the traveller at the dusk."

Now as regards the recent exhibition of Mr. Childe Hassam's pictures (by all odds, the preeminent feature of the month in art), we find ourselves in the uncomfortable and precarious position of the dissenting voice. It seems to us

that there are two sides to the question, and it seems to us that we have seen it approached from only one side. Paradoxical as it may appear, we are allowing ourselves this rather luke-warm attitude because of the very invincibleness of our belief in Mr. Hassam. In other words, if Mr. Hassam were merely one more of the innumerable thousands who practise the art of painting with the usual inconsequential results, we should be guilty of an offence against proportion in subjecting him to that kind of a hard and fast scrutiny that is alone accorded the authoritative accomplishment. But Mr. Hassam's position is too secure a one to elicit the kindly tolerance that covers a multitude of mediocrities. He is, precisely, one of the bare half dozen or so really significant

The Ambidextrous Childe Hassam

painters of this country and, as regards a general all around efficiency, there is probably no painter in this country who can compete with him. In view of these facts, and the additional fact that this recent exhibition constitutes a kind of complete edition of this painter's work (no valedictory address, we trust), it may not be amiss to consider, as fittingly as we are able, those aspects of it, which seem to us negligible as well as those

aspects of it which we know to possess an indisputable and quite extraordinary excellence.

Perhaps the immediate impression received is one of an irresistible effectiveness. Surely there is no room for argument about this. At the moment we can call to mind no painter who could have accomplished what Mr. Hassam has accomplished. The prodigious prodigality of the affair is what strikes you; and one recalls George Moore's theory to the effect that all great painters have been men of a great physical and nervous strength. Mr. Hassam, as reflected in his work, radiates vitality; not a mere muscular vitality (as, for example, George Bellow-, but a nervous vitality, eminently gracious, apparently inexhaustible, largely sophisticated. Here are over a hundred pictures oils, water colours, pastels presenting an aggregate

excellence of a high order.

Quite aside from any question of beauty, for or against, the mere many-sidedness of the undertaking demands your admiration. What Mr. Hassam sets out to do he does. And he seems to be able to turn his hand to anything. The latter colours are remarkable. We found ourselves perpetually reverting to a couple of the Isle of shoats group, perplexed by the almost expedible strength, solidity, driving power attained in a medium which we had supposed

essentially cursive and ephemeral in its effect rather than cumulative and imposing. The naked, primitive simplicity of Winslow Homer is duplicated in some of the water colours; Whistler, we believe, would have been happy to sign the Chicago Nocturn. And what a dextrous gentleman our painter is—ambidextrous, we have taken the liberty of calling him. He accomplishes, with an equal facility, the hard insistent blue of



JANET BY CHILDE HASSAM

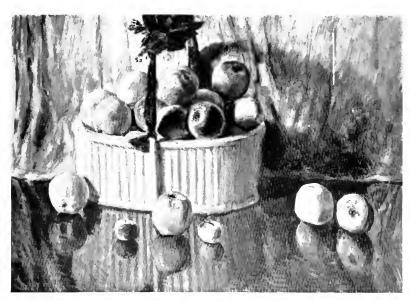
the Smutty Nose Island water colour, and the exquisite opalescent delicacy of the pastels. The oils are less fortunate. We have seen innumerable oils of Mr. Hassam's that were infinitely superior, in our opinion, to anything in the present exhibition. And yet we must not overlook this group for whereas no one is representative of Mr. Hassam at his top notch, they are, when taken collectively, representative of one of the dominant characteristics of Mr. Hassam

The Ambidextrous Childe Hassam

And this, so it seems to us, is that kind of indiscriminate over-productiveness common to a vast majority of painters and resulting less, we take it, from a pregnant and spontaneous enthusiasm than from a fundamental instability of judgment. There is a doctrine much preached and practised by certain harum-scarum practitioners of palette and brush to the effect that a vivid, instantaneous appeal is the only appeal worth making. The habit is formed of painting the greatest number of pictures in the smallest possible amount of time. These slap-dash methods are, we think, inseparable from slovenliness and insincerity of workmanship. When those people who indorse them paint a still life. as Mr. Emil Carlsen would paint it, or show us something the equal in beauty of Mr. Albert Ryder, we shall acknowledge that their point of view, which seems to us so emphatically incompetent, is the outcome of premeditation rather than an inevitable reflection of their pathetic lack of talent. Of course this is heresy of the vilest kind. The idea still persists that to be a really great painter, a man must paint a still life on Monday, a portrait on Tuesday, a seascape on Wednesday, a landscape on Thursday,

and an advertisement, we suppose, on Friday. There is no denving the vitality of the idea. But, somehow or other, we cannot subscribe to it. We have never been able to understand why the painter should be exempt from those inexorable laws imposed upon the other arts of music, of literature, of architecture. The ability to construct, co-ordinate, augment, suppress, is as necessary to the writing of a Bethoven sonata, or an Ode to a Grecian Urn as it is to the building of a Pennsylvania Station or a Woolworth building. Painting alone seems to embrace-almost, one sometimes thinks, to prefer-work which is superficially conceived and hastily executed. To our way of thinking, the ultimate impression conveyed by this kind of work is, as we have before said, an impression of instability of judgment. It may possess power and effectiveness, it may be versatile and adroit; the great inestimable gift of discrimination is lacking.

Which, to our way of thinking, rather appropriately brings us back to Mr. Hassam and the tendency in painting he so pre-eminently represents. When we go into a roomful of Monets, we experience something of the same sensation that we experience when we encounter these



CHRISTMAS BASKET

BY CHILDE HASSAM

hundred or more pictures of Mr. Hassam's. The surface appeal, the conglomerate impression is effusive; we are confronted by a consummate cleverness, by an undeniable knack for painting, directed by a vision which sees quickly, accurately, at times charmingly. But we sometimes ask ourselves just how much there is back of this kind of work; just how much latent strength it possesses. One point must be emphasized: If a sheer facility be (as some think) a cardinal virtue, then Mr. Hassam stands, beyond the shadow of a doubt, at the head of American painting. In his characteristic way, he is incomparable. But just how much does his characteristic way amount to?

We confess that, for us, Mr. Hassam represents -superlatively represents—a kind of painting, a point of view, in the last analysis negligible. And, so far as we are concerned, we sometimes attribute this to its lack of an interest in anything in particular, its gracious, slightly superficial recognition of everything in general. We do not intend for a moment to fall victim to the fallacy of nationalism in art—there is practically no such thing as nationalism in that kind of art which is, by a consensus of the best opinion, considered the most representative kind of art. On the other hand, it seems to us that we have a right to demand of an artist that he supply us with a kind of special charm that we may look for in vain elsewhere. We do not ask that he be an originator—as a general rule, the great artist is he who compiles, rather than he who originates. But we do ask for a certain unique tingle, an indefinable differing from the rest. Does Mr. Hassam supply us with this difference? Is his note a distinctive note as you find it in Weir, Murphy and Tryon at their top notch? Is it not rather a kind of supremely gifted cosmopolitanism, a rather too facile preoccupation with the mere surface of things. To say as much as this is, we fear, to violate the holiest of holies in art, that doctrine of artistic absolutism handed down from time immemorial and indorsed by no less significant a figure than Whistler. Nevertheless, we cannot now, and we never have been able to understand why a mere mechanical proficiency is an end-all in painting when it is only a beginning in the kindred arts of literature and music. Paint for paint's sake is all very well, when a consummate craftsman like Ryder, possessed by a purely academic point of view, attains a super-

lative degree of sheer loveliness. We accept the rather sterile impulses back of his work in view of the impeccable beauty of the workmanship. But Mr. Hassam can lay claim to such impeccable beauty of workmanship. His paint is often uneven in quality, sometimes deteriorating into a positive slovenliness. His taste is not always unimpeachable. He will put as exquisite a bit of painting on a canvas as you could wish and irretrievably ruin it by the incongruous intrusion of some stupid, superfluous, crudely indicated nude. The restless ardour of his disposition, as reflected in his art, leads one to wonder if he has not lacked the supreme control, the supreme self discipline, essential to the developing and the maintaining of the very highest kind of artistry. His temperament is less a fine one than an effulgent one. More versatile than Ryder, Weir, Tryon or Murphy, he pays the penalty for doing a great many things better than they do them, by doing no one particular thing as well. His point of view is not always easy to identify, from the point of view of a dozen others. To sum up, does his work supply us, in the last analysis, with that urgent, imperative kind of beauty which we feel to be both authentic and indispensable?

THE MUNICIPAL ART SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

THE society's initial gift to the Morris High School, of decorations by Edwin W. Deming, was later followed by their assuming the decoration of the Washington Irving High School in its entirety, an enterprise which has attracted wide attention and is progressing along lines which make it a credit to the city as well as to the society. The decoration of the entrance hall with a series of mural paintings by Barry Faulkner, rendered possible through the gift of Mrs. E. H. Harriman, is in an advanced stage of progress, and an over-mantel by Miss Frances Grimes has already been installed. The decoration of the great staircase hall with suitable panels is also under way, the gift of the society, and a prize design by Robert K. Ryland for the decoration of the auditorium awaits the completion of arrangements to secure a fund for its installation.

More has been done within the last few months toward the mural decoration of our public schools than in the dozen preceding years.



MRS. LEICESTER LEWIS

BY HELEN M. TURNER

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ITH THE PORTRAITISTS AND ELSEWHERE

"Here we have no abiding city,"

must apply to any body of exhibitors who are to-day in New York, to-morrow in Chicago and next day in Rochester.

The National Association of Portrait Painters are at present performing these quick changes. When in New York, however, they should have fixed quarters, and not be forced to wander about looking for a desirable pitch. This year's quarters in the Vanderbilt Gallery of the Academy was a great improvement on some previous years, and might well be made into a permanent fixture until they shall acquire a temple of portraiture all their own. The feeling that assails one in this year's circuit, is the extraordinary variety of viewpoint and technique; the lion and the lamb are in accord. Contrasts of all kinds meet and please or



hangings.

An invitation to John Sloan resulted in a Matisse-Gauguin product, entitled *Doris and Sally*, which, though amusing, hardly accorded with its

amuse the eve; every school seems to have representation. What could be stranger than an ancient Sargent of dirty yellow but splendid characterisation. side by side with the prismatic canvas of Johansen, or the smashing colour of Bellows's portrait, where the brilliant vellow and green offset by dark purples react on a new set of faculties, those of sensuous emotion, rather than those of intellect which always accompany significant form. The portrait is of secondary interest in the violent appeal of colour about the chair and in the

YOUNG GIRL

BY EARL STETSON CRAWFORD

LXXXVII



SPRING PANEL

BY GIFFORD BEAL

surroundings. The artist revealed himself as the Tod Sloan of art, riding for a fall. Among more important exhibits, one recalls the Portrait of his Mother, by William Cotton, an excellent performance; Helen Turner's Portrait of Mrs. Leicester Lewis; Leopold Seyffert's Portrait of Miss Gladys Snellenberg, splendid, if somewhat thin in the modelling; the self portrait by that veteran painter Douglas Volk; a portrait of an old lady characteristically affirmed by de Witt Lockman; Portrait of Mrs. S., by Victor D. Hecht; good canvases by both Mr. and Mrs. Crawford; The Baby, by Henry Salem Hubbell, and Robert Henri's portrait of that famous lady, Emma Goldman, one of the strongest pieces of characterisation on view. Though well hung, one could wish more space, say two or three feet between pictures, as in Munich and other discerning centres.

In the case of the water colours occupying the other galleries, it were hopeless except in a sturdy volume to pick winners or comment upon individual offerings. Pure water colours, such as those by Alice Schille were not plentiful, but as everything which is not oil is comprised under the blanket title of water colour, there was a bountiful somewhat too bountiful exposition. The attractive catalogue heralding the twenty-sixth unmual exhibition of the New York Water Colour Club, contained three colour plates and 514 numbers of exhibits, including sculpture and finiatures.



A PORTRALL OF MRS. S.

BY VICTOR D. BECHT



GREY WEATHER

BY FELICIE WALDO HOWELL

NOTES FROM PORTLAND, OREGON

A series of drawings of parrots in coloured pastels, recently done by Floyd Wilson, are remarkable for the simplicity with which the

peculiar character of these birds is expressed in a few keenly revealing touches. In addition, they are charming in colour and composition. Mr. Wilson is a voung artist who belongs to the group seeking expressiveness and strength and above everything else, directness. In his work is found a bold use of colour in compositions thoroughly organic and expressive of life in its everyday a-pects. A fine quality emerges in his pictures from the

Lotus Eaters, though held in the mood of languid charm which the subject of this imaginative composition imposes, is painted in a full key of colour. But it is in landscapes that Mr.

sincerity of his workmanship and his attitude of

The late workof Henry Wentz are not only notable for technical grasp and unity of conception, but are extremely varied in both subject and treatment. A stilllife of egg-plant and tomatoes is both brilliant and individual in design and colour, with subtle notes in the painting of the dish and brocaded cur-

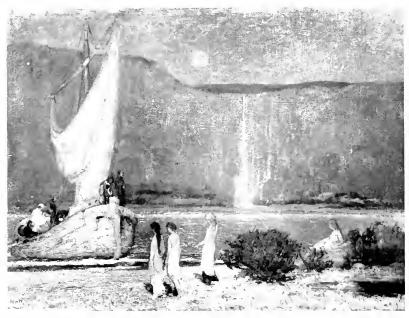
tain. His blue and gold Land of the

mind.



A BUNCH OF DAISIES

BY FOWARD POTTHAST



LAND OF THE LOTUS EATERS

BY HENRY WENTZ

Wentz's truest distinction appears, in the simplicity of his revelation of the depth and bigness of nature. Il'ind-swept Trees is one of a considerable series of individual and interpretative paintings of out-of-doors times and moods.

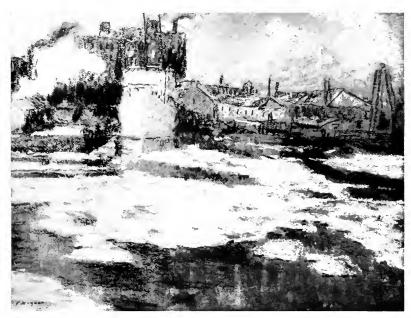
AT THE ART CLUB, PHILADELPHIA: NOTES BY EUGENE CASTELLO

Water colours, pastels and black-and-whites have been on view recently, being the eighteenth annual exhibition at the Art Club of Philadelphia. Generally speaking, it was a very good show, water colours, if one means pure aquarelle, being conspicuous by their infrequency, most of the work owing its success to the use of opaque colour and so would be classed under the head of paintings in gonache or distemper. One cares but fittle, however, in these days, what medium a used to get the result, two or three are sometime utilized in the same picture, so the grouping of works of painting is now very little controlled by the kind of pigment the painter uses length and white drawings of the Paramo.



V PARROL

PASILL DRAWLSO, BY LLOYD WILSON



FLOATING ICE-PASTEL

BY FRED WAGNER

Pacific Exposition buildings, by Joseph Pennell, took up the place reserved for distinguished exhibitors on the west wall. Sergeant Kendall showed a delightful Study for a Portrait in pastel, in which he has very successfully brought

out the character of his sitter, a charming little girl. Henry R. Rittenberg showed a bit of attractive figure painting in a picture entitled At the Piano, good in technique and appealing in sentiment. Carl J. Nordell had a fine scheme



A NUDE-PASTEL

BY A LEON KROLL



AL THE PLANO

TAY H. R. RITHENBURG

at colour in his Fishin, Thet Concurrate as aid W. C. Watts in his sketches of Dalmatia and Bo nia, J. Wesley Little displayed subtle tonality in his Monterey Oak, and Coast edin. Felica Waldo Howell showed some apit of work, in opaque colour in her Tenomial, beet, Philadelowa, and in J. Warketing

Martha' Uineyard. Miss Alice Schille was equally effective in pure aquatelle as she used it in The Top of the Road. Charles P. Gruppe exhibited a landscape showing fine atmospheric effects and entitled The Rain Cloud. He was also represented by a figure subject, well drawn and coloured, entitled La Interesting Book.



FROM THE WELSH COUNTRY

BY HILDA BELCHER

Leon Kroll contributed some admirable studies of the nude, painted in pastel. John F. Carlson was seen in a good landscape, entitled Sunny Brook, and Fred Wagner sent a number of clever pastels of which Floating Ice should be especially mentioned. One hundred and forty-six numbers were catalogued and the exhibition continued until November twenty-first.

AT THE SKETCH CLUB, PHILADELPHIA NOTES BY EUGENE CASTELLO

The opening of the remodelled and extended quarters of the Philadelphia Sketch Club on Saturday, November 13, was also the occasion of offering to public view of a very interesting little exhibition of works in oil by the artist members, selected by a jury and including but thirty-four canvases, every one on the line and in a good light on the walls of the spacious new gallery. The purchase of the adjoining premises, on the south side of the old house, has enabled the club to construct a separate entrance to the gallery from the street entrance, giving a much desired privacy to the rooms used for club purposes.

A remarkably good landscape by E. W. Redfield, entitled Approaching Spring, caught the

eve of the critical observer at once in looking over the line, showing the direct method of an experienced painter in making every touch tell. Daniel Garber contributed .1utumn Medley, a canvas most attractive in scheme of colour of changing foliage. Fred Wagner had two works on view of which, perhaps, a very effective bit of river scenery he entitles The Coal Wharves wathe most notable. The Primrose Path. by R. Blossom Farley, showed very close study of tone values in a landscape in soft light, diffused by a partly veiled sun. Morris Pancoast exhibited two canvases, The Narrows in Winter, seen from the shores of New York Bay, being quite the most distinguished work of the two. Birge Harrison's contribution, Bridge at Cos Cob, gave evidence of being the most accomplished work in the collection in the way of sound technique, united with fine sense of pictorial possibilities. Beautiful little pictures of localities familiar to the American artist abroad, were Parke C. Dougherty's Village on the Loire, Moonlight and Spring at Montigny. Other works by well-known local artists were by John J. Dull. Frank Reed Whiteside, Franz Lesshafft, C. Yarnall Abbott, Herbert Pullinger, George Spencer Morris.

A capital portrait of *Dr. A. C. Abbott.* by Leopold Seyffert, occupied the position of honour in the gallery. George Harding showed an extremely effective decorative screen, somewhat suggestive of the art of Japan in arrangement and colouring.

AN EXHIBITION of sculpture, painting and illustrations, by artists associated with the colony at Cornish, N. H., will open in the Little Theater. Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., January 8, 1916, and will be on view till January 18.

This will be an artistic event of more than local importance. The Cornish group is probably the largest and most influential of any artists' colony outside of a city in the United States. Of the thirty-seven sculptors, illustrators and painters who have lived and worked in Cornish, fourteen have promised Professor Zug examples of their work. These artists have responded so generously that it is impossible to invite all the Cornish artists simply because of lack of space.

Ever since St.-Gaudens came to Cornish, in 1884, this small community has been an artists' resort.

The National Society of Craftsmen



THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF CRAFTSMEN, IN THE GALLERIES OF THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB, GRAMERCY PARK, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1915

HE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF CRAFTSMEN. NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION BY J. CHARLES BURDICK

You may recall these significant and appropriate words written by Russell Sturgis in one of his important works, "Dedicated with admiration and undying gratitude to the many artists and skilled artisans—to the sculptors and carvers, painters and draughtsmen, silversmiths and blacksmiths, potters and glassmakers, masons and joiners, printers and engravers, architects and decorative designers, who during forty years have been my teachers in Fine Art." There too he defines decorative art as "fine art applied to the making beautiful and interesting that which is made for utilitarian purposes."

Does one feel this and to what extent when one visits even casually the present exhibition in the galleries of the National Arts Club? Is one impressed with the feeling that here beauty and utility together reign in perfect accord? Do these works intended mostly for daily use in our homes reflect a refinement in form and colour and decoration capable of fulfilling an aesthetic and intellectual requirement?

All art appreciation is relative and comparative, and unless we know something of what has been accomplished in the past, unless we are acquainted

with the nature of the materials used—their appropriateness, their possibilities and limitations—unless we know to some extent the bases and principles of design and consider the whole matter in the light of feeling and logic, we cannot grasp the meaning of any art object.

If we demand that our art objects in themselves satisfy our thirst for beauty, sincerity and truth, we will insist that, shown collectively, they be so hung and arranged as to present one harmonious unit of colour and form. essential qualities in those entrusted with this grouping are—a capacity to formulate and execute a definite, consistent and balanced plan which shall cover the whole exhibit, an intuitive sense of the interrelation and interdependence of all the arts, a quick perception of the relative importance of things, the knowledge above all to deal in masses of colour and form and the courage to subordinate the individual to the whole. Only by the exercise of these functions may cosmos control and the beauties inherent in each piece and in each group count to its true value.

The members of this Exhibition Committee have assumed for themselves no easy task, for it is proposed to rearrange the grouping of the work from day to day, presenting an entirely new aspect at stated periods and undertaking to show prominently and suitably at one time or another every piece of work worthy of an important place.

The National Society of Craftsmen

It is assumed that this will make for added interest and variety, as well as permitting the withdrawal of objects sold and the addition of pieces of equal interest.

A notable attempt also has been made to counteract the frequent tendency toward an appearance of overcrowding walls and cases. Exhibits are grouped in spaces of suitable area, framed by plain margins of background. This is accented, balanced and a sense of continuity in the whole obtained by controlling lines, bands and masses of smilax.

An example of this is seen in the west wall of the Tilden Gallery. This is one of the largest spaces and the most important in the gallery, because of its location and of the rather large, permanent mantel and fireplace in the centre. Flanking the mantel and emphasizing it as a central mass, are placed two tall and narrow glass cases containing some of the most important silver. Now, this arrangement tends to carry the eye upward, not abruptly, however, for it lingers sufficiently long to note that the contents of these cases must be studied after the first impulse to grasp the exhibition in the large has been satisfied. Above the mantel and over the cases is seen a group of four lovely heads, designed by a master craftsman and wrought in mosaics by sympathetic and understanding hands. Under these, and resting upon the mantel-shelf, is a frame containing four exquisite oil studies -little cherubs, illustrative by their occupation.

The blues, ivories and golds in the mosaics indicate the pitch and everything else related to this wall space is keyed accordingly. The two or three vases and bowls on the mantle re-echo the blue, but in a softer tone and the four large, silky, filmy scarfs-two on either side-delightful in their subtle colour values, sound the blues and ivories again, but in a higher key and the harmony is almost complete, for they have just enough of delicate rose tone to complement the combination in the mosaics. The silver and glass in the cases below pick up and reflect the predominating tone. A crescendo is suggested by the sgraffito frames at either end in old reds, blues and golds, balanced to just the necessary degree by the perfectly designed chest of the same technique under the mantel. The whole is framed in a margin of wall space and border of smilax.

Now this scheme met with the same adverse criticism, and quite naturally, because the deli-

cate, filmy scarfs hung almost flat upon the wall considered alone, seemed incongruously placed, and that is just the point—nothing can be considered apart from its surroundings—they were chosen frankly for their beautiful colour, the high key in which they were pitched being felt to be exactly what was needed, and in this sense they were subordinated in order to accent and re-echo the tones of the mosaics. And largely because they were a part of a lovely harmony, they came to the attention of every one entering the gallery. Within three days, three of them were sold and, having answered their purpose, they were taken down and the whole scheme on this wall changed.

The hanging committee have decided to depart from traditional practice in other ways. Less relative prominence is given to objects wrought in costly material and more to things in which more thought and skill in design and workmanship has been devoted to materials of a homely and inexpensive nature. On several tables in the main gallery are shown basketry, small carvings and pieces in copper, bronze and brass. Almost the entire wall of the centre gallery is devoted to simple rag rugs, many of them most pleasing in colour and perfect in craftsmanship.

An important place in the Tilden Gallery is occupied by an invited collection of original work by pupils in the handicrafts from the high schools of New York City, where these art branches are taught. The artistic character of this work justifies the very favorable impression made upon everyone who has seen and studied it.

In the southerly gallery is shown most of the keramics. decorated glass, books, decorative photographs, prints, book plates and cards. A part of this gallery has been partitioned off, and within has been arranged a breakfast room-at this writing in the making. The tables, chairs and sideboard, as well as the entrance doorway, are of sturdy dark oak in Norse style, fine in design and decorative in treatment. The breakfast-set upon the table in enamel decoration on a creamy ground is strong in design and decidedly pleasing in itself and many pieces of glass upon the sideboard a delight. All of these, as well as the Delft blue mantel tiles are work of masters in their several crafts. When complete, the component parts will be brought into more harmonious relation than is now presented. Criticisms of the works will be presented in a later issue.



DOOK REVIEWS

AMERICAN COUNTRY HOUSES. By
Aymar Embury 11. (Doubleday, Page
& Co.) \$3.00.

It might be said that one conspicuous difference between trades and arts lies in the fact that the tradesman may place his product forcefully and directly before his buying public, while the artist cannot do this. The painter, or sculptor, or architect cannot put forth advertisements, stating in glowing terms that their canvases, their statues, or their buildings are "equalled by none." They must leave such introduction of their works to the gentle offices of critics and reviewers. We are even inclined to believe, from evidences with which we have been confronted, that the artist who employs a "press agent," properly "inspired" loses thereby all the esteem of his fellow artists who are in the secret, as well as all the faith and support of his possible patrons, as soon as these discover the insidious form of advertising which has been palmed off on them. And the artist finds that, so far as his business is concerned, it does not pay to advertise. For the sake of the very life of art in any form, it is fortunate that this condition exists, else standards of merit would become hopelessly confused—that being reckoned by the untrained public as the best art which was most conspicuously advertised. Real merit would become subsidiary.

Fortunately, the condition exists that a work of art is its own best advertisement; and the complaint of the public should be directed rather against the critics who most often fail in their appointed duty as public educators, and, for the enjoyment of reading their own personal opinions "in print," seldom place before the public the whole of the story.

Of all artists who find it difficult to show their works, the architect is most to be commiserated. The painter and the sculptor can hang their works in galleries, or show them at studio teas, while the architects' works are widely scattered, and are not even signed.

It is fortunate for the architect, consequently, when his work attains such merit as to attract a publisher to the extent of bringing out such a book as "Country Houses, by Aymar Embury II." For the sake of that desperately groping and uncertain individual (the prospective builder), it is distinctly unfortunate that there are not

available similar books displaying in the san. 2 manner the range of other able architects' work. After going through such works, even the most untrained lay mind would be enabled to decide, with little chance for regret, which architect might best interpret the house of his dreams.

The book under consideration shows miniature plans and several views each of forty-six country houses, ranging in cost from \$5,000 or \$6,000 to more expensive ones. Such a book will prove of marked value to the architectural student, who must study the art of designing small houses well. and of assistance to the lay reader who contemplates building a house for himself. We reiterate the statement, however, that the greatest benefit would be conferred not only upon the architectural profession at large, but upon this same perplexed prospective builder, if there were available a series of companion volumes, dealing similarly with the best representative works of other contemporary country-house architects of recognized ability.

Thi: Art of Landscape Architecture. By Samuel Parsons. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. §3.50.

The subject of this work is one which merits far more personal study than is accorded it on the part of actual owners of large estates in this country. Regardless of the excellent professional efforts of many able and imaginative land-cape architects, an inestimable advance in the beautifying of large estates would result from the development of an intelligent knowledge in the subject such as characterized the greater number of large landholders in Europe. The beautiful gardens of England, the romantic gardens of Italy, and such impressive gardens as those of Sans Souci, in Germany, were the result of an appreciation on the part of the landed proprietor of the fascinating study which his possessions made it possible for him to enjoy.

If Mr. Parsons' book, written for the lay reader as well as the practitioner, may serve the purpose of awakening a real interest in landscape design in this country, it will be of value even greater than that represented by its subject matter. It is an interesting fact that those works on landscape gardening and landscape design now most valued as authorities, written in the eighteenth century, by such enthusiasts as Whately, Price and Repton, are to-day as practical handbooks

as they were in the times for which they were written.

Mr. Parsons opens the book with the excellent statement that a piece of landscape work, regardless of the methods through which it may have been developed, should be a good picture. The author shows profound appreciation of the precepts of older masters of landscape design by the profusion and length of his quotations from several authorities. He is impressed with the fact that one of the most valuable works on the subject, by Prince Pückler of Muskau, has never been translated from the German, and that the admirable reports on Central Park, in New York City, by Olmsted and Vaux, were never brought out in book form. From these two authorities he makes liberal quotations, and gives the reader an opportunity, as well, to study pertinent paragraphs from many other early works difficult to consult without a visit to a good library. The student is further served by an extensive bibliography of authoritative works.

In the second chapter, which deals with the "Park or Estate," an early writer is quoted as maintaining that "laying out grounds, as it is called, may be considered as a liberal art, in some sort like painting or poetry"—a reflection of the days when the master of the estate had some personal ideas about the design of the grounds.

Mr. Parsons takes up such subjects as Enclosures, Location of Buildings, Grass Spaces, Roads and Paths, Water, Islands, Rocks, Grading and Shaping, Plantations, Gardens, Public Parks, and Choice of Trees and Shrubs.

There is nothing in this book, from its nature, to benefit the designer of small plots—the work is intended to cover the field of the larger land-scape operations, and in its field we can conscientiously state that it is a valuable contribution to current literature.

The Conception of Art. By Henry Rankin Poore. Second edition, revised. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) \$2.00.

Both the student of art and the layman will be glad to know of this volume, which contains, in condensed form and in simple phraseology, "a painter's opinion of the meaning of art in its application to past and present periods." The book seeks to offset the uncritical habit of man, who uses the term art without being able to define it, and who has only a very general idea of what art means, of its province and its purposes, of the varying spirit that has informed it throughout many cycles and in many lands.

To a notable degree, the book succeeds in its aim. The writer's hypothesis that art is addressed to the intelligence, though seemingly to the aesthetic sense, paves the way for a clear, intellectual analysis. In thus making its appeal to the intelligence art becomes more and more plain as man's appreciation rises toward it.

The book may be read from the standpoint of the casual visitor to an art museum. This man, for example, looking at a picture which gives him a favorable impression, and being unable to analyze his thoughts, turns helplessly to a guidebook, wherein, with gilded pen, the appreciative critic has set forth every lurking charm and quality of the work of art. "I felt all this, but could not express it!" exclaims the beholder with delight. "This work seemed to have an appeal beyond expression." True, beyond his expression, because he has not familiarized himself with the vital principles on which art must rest. Let this same man learn these principles, become familiar with terms that define art, and in time the vague qualities which he thought appealed to a special, separate, undeveloped sense, become definite, one point following another logically and the whole appealing to an awakened intelligence.

On the other hand, the artist and student of art may find in this book much that clarifies the possibilities or the limitations of his profession. He will be interested mainly in the author's broad-minded discussion of the logic of art, the philosophy, the past theories and popular misconceptions, the age-long debate between realism and idealism; he will be glad of a wide survey of the field of battle over beauty.

The Barbizon Painters. By Arthur Hoeber. (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.) \$1.75

There is a pathetic side to this book for the many friends of the author who passed away serenely on the eve of its publication. Gone are the Men of Thirty and gone, alas, is the critic who so tenderly records their lives lived amongst the forest glades of Fontainebleau. Familiar as is the work of these pioneers and, familiar as are many of the incidents of their careers, and the romantic happenings of their then despised but now eagerly sought-for canvases, there is

In the Galleries

much interesting material in this volume and a synthetical grouping of the eight principal characters which should ensure a spot upon our library shelves for this newcomer. The research and analysis to be encountered in these pages is not profound and does not aim to create new standards of comparison. The object is rather to recreate the atmosphere of that obscure little hamlet and to permit us to live the lives and share the jovs and sorrows of that gifted band of painters who will always enjoy a big chapter in the annals of art for all time. In that desire the author has most assuredly succeeded. The book is well illustrated, well indexed and bears a dedication to Arthur Hoeber's intimate friend, the gifted sculptor, Robert Ingersoll Aitken.

JOSEPH PENNELL'S PICTURES IN THE LAND OF TEMPLES. (J.B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.) \$1.25.

Lithographs of temples whole and temples ruined starting at Taormina, proceeding around Sicily, thence to Italy and continuing in Greece, form an attractive gift book, at this or any other season of the year. These ancient shrines fitting so admirably into their well-chosen sites, stir the imagination of all who can appreciate Greek art, which reached its fullest development in architecture serving as models of supreme taste down the centuries. Mr. Pennell's ability to depict such scenes is indisputable, and the book contains, besides forty illustrations, an excellent introduction by that seasoned scholar, W. H. D. Rouse, who knows Greece as the New Yorker knows Broadway.

TN THE GALLERIES

THE winter exhibition of the New York
Academy will be duly considered in the
February number of the magazine.

There has been a storm of indignation—by no means a storm in a teacup—over the variety of treatment accorded to artists at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and a climax has been reached by the publishing in the American Art News of an open letter addressed to Edward W. Redfield, by William Jean Beauley. The latter gentleman



A FANDANGO

BY LESTER D. BOROND



IRENE

BY SUSAN RICKER KNOX

does not mince his words, but hits out from a very powerful pair of shoulders. Great interest will attach to the reply. Space unfortunately prevents printing the letter in full, but a few extracts from it will do much to convince one that all is not well in the Denmark of art, and that it would appear to be more important to be persona grata to the powers-that-be than to possess any particular skill and knowledge in the panipulation of pigments. The list of offenders is long and impressive, and the fact that three ritists—Redfield, Hassam, and Chase—were persitted to show close upon a hundred canvases—food for reflection.

But let Mr. Beauley speak for himself:

"I ask, in the name of all that is fair, why ould a man of Gardner Symons's unquestioned "lity be unrepresented? Why Henry G. Dearth that even one canvas? Who can question of claim of George Oberteuffer, or of Martha Weter? How account for the absence of Elizatern Sparba vl. Jones, Frank Benson and Joseph

De Camp? The latter, it is true, has one canvas, but what one and why is it there? It is his portrait of Duveneck, who requested it to fill out his own exhibit, to complement the grave of his wife, whose figure, Dead on Couch, has been dragged from exhibit to exhibit to the disgust of the many. Fred Dana Marsh, one of the cleverest of young decorative painters, is given not one inch of the wall. Not a single painting of so great a man as Thomas W. Dewing is to be seen, nor one by Albert Sterner. No notice of Hopkinson Smith, Frederick Ballard Williams, Abbott Thayer, Robert Blum, Henry Ranger, William T. Smedley, Arthur Schneider, Middleton Chambers, Elliot Clark, Frank Swift Chase, Edgar S. Cameron, W. J. Alyward, Charles Basing, Gustave Cimiotti, Howard Giles, Edward Greacen, Frank Green, George Inness, Jr., C. F. Naegele, W. J. Hayes, Gustave Wiegand, Arthur Freedlander, Sarka, Schilling, and others too numerous to mention.



ANNA VALGIES HVALL

BY MARION BOYD MILEN

In the Galleries



CHRISTMAS

BY BESSIE PEASE GUTMANN

"Regarding style in selection, I would call attention to the fact that this is a Panama-Pacific Exposition; what other artist besides Jonas Lie has brought out the big dramatic note of the Panama Canal on canvas? A group of these, in the opinion of many, would have fitted well into this scheme, as long as groups were in vogue. Apropos of Jonas Lie; why A. S. Clark instead of Jonas Lie, as the reasons for his representation cannot be artistic ones?"

The Vose Galleries, at Boston, have recently concluded an exhibition of the work of C. Arnold Slade, following his successful show at the Art Club, Philadelphia. His Algerian types and Breton scenes were particularly appealing. The yearly gathering at these galleries, of small paintings by various artists, for the benefit of the average buyer, is a very marked success.

Martha Walter though unrepresented at San Francisco has lost no sleep. Her recent triumphs at the Reinhardt Galleries have been followed by a first prize, well deserved, at the interesting display of small pictures and sculptures by the Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, held at the Arlington Galleries, 274 Madison Avenue. Her seaside snapshots in oil are still



Loaned by Albert Rosenthal, Esq., to the Panama-Parthe Exposition

A NUDE

BY JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE

In the Galleries

more pleasing than anything bigger that she attempts.

Ruth Murchison has been on view at the Goupil Galleries with several versions of a peculiarly unbeautiful Vollendamer maid. In spite of a somewhat postery appearance, the canvases are distinctly interesting in colour and design, even if somewhat crude.

Dorothy McNamee has also been on view at Goupil's, with portrait drawings in sanguine, of great delicacy and reminiscent of the early Flemings in spirit. Here, too, are excellent examples of that great Milanese animal sculptor, Rembrandt Bugatti. His eight-horse team dragging a heavily-laden wagon is a masterpiece which has been noted here before.

The Ehrich Galleries assembled, in December, forty-two examples of early American landscape, giving a good, if not complete, survey of the Hudson River School.

Childe Hassam is the subject of a special article occasioned by his big display at the Montross Galleries. Seventy-five etchings, by this great artist, have been on view at Keppel's where his fine dry prints occasioned vivid interest.

The Zorachs, husband and wife, have been

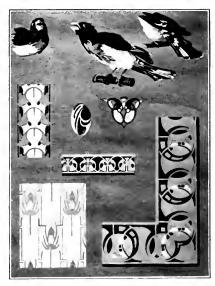
seen at the Daniel Galleries with their quaint landscapes and figures which command interest for their many-sided appeals to the *outré* in art.

Following a fine plein-air exhibition of figure work, by H. L. Hildebrandt, the City Club secured a joint exhibition by Lester Boronda, well-known by visitors to the Macbeth Galleries, and a new-comer. Armin C. Hansen, whose marines are dashed in with considerable truth and force. Hansen has qualities which will push him to the front where he belongs.

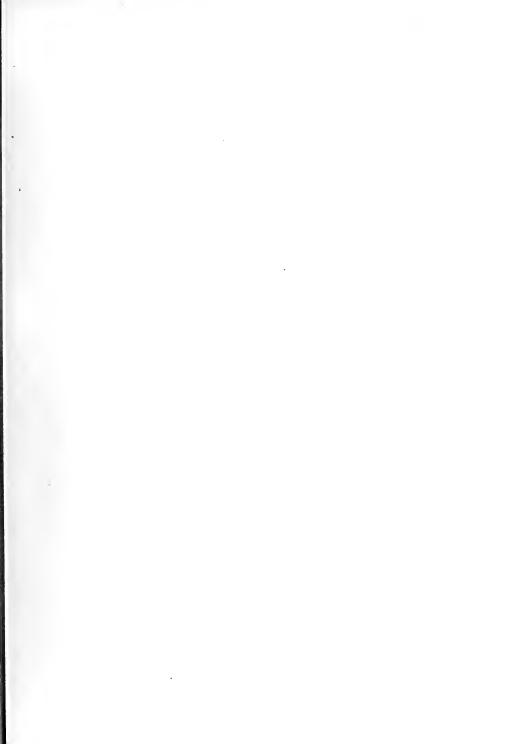
The Macbeth Galleries have once more given their galleries over to the men who paint the Far West. A most delightful exhibition has resulted, many of the canvases giving the colour, spaciousness and atmosphere in a manner not yet arrived at.

One of the illustrations shews the work of Susan Ricker Knox who is about to hold her second exhibition of portrait work at Rochester, owing to the first having been so popular. Miss Knox was at one time in danger of being tagged and labelled as a painter of children, but many of her successful sittings are children of fifty or sixty years. The label is at times erroneous and discouraging.





BURD AND TROWER DECORATION SCHEMES BY MUNICIPAL HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS, NEW YORK







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INTER ACADEMY, NEW YORK, 1015-1010
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

Once again the Academy has thrown open its door, a free door too, to the public and is listening with patient if somewhat bored expression to the torrents of complaint which invariably accompany each and every exhibition. The very fact that some 2,500 or 2,600 canvases were submitted to the

jury, and that 360 exhibits represented the sum total of accepted works of art in statuary and oils, caused considerable comment. Until, however, the Academy finds an ideally situated spot, ten minutes' walk from any given centre, this uncomfortable state of things is bound to continue. There is money enough and a strong desire to build, but the proper location is still wanting. When sites were available the cash was not, or else conditions were demanded which appeared unsatisfactory, to wit, Mr. Carnegie's offer.



THE BATHERS

BV 1. VAILLANT

What New York really needs and will undoubtedly acquire before long is a big municipal erection guided by a highly salaried municipal director, free of all politics and preferences, strong enough to attract the best art from the best living painters in all countries and to hold continuous exhibitions throughout the year. This would not hurt the American painters, but on the contrary would benefit home talent immeasurably. Such an organization would become an unrivalled mart to which collectors and buyers from all sides would turn their steps. As it is, they come sparsely and timidly and as a rule they are cautiously conducted by their several pet dealers or artistic friends, who give such advice as one would expect them to give. The nurse takes her charge for an airing in the park; the dealer takes his charge for an airing in the galleries, the best air happening to be obtainable in his own. If people could see real art aplenty, they would in time learn to discriminate. They would act independently of critics and dealers, who for the most part know precious little and are apt to greet each other in the market place with tongue in cheek-a facial distortion usually ascribed to the Greek soothsayers of old. If a man likes a tie, he does not drag his cousins and aunts into the store to solicit their advice. Why cannot be approach a picture with equal freedom and self-reliance? Mr. McCann of the Globe might turn away for a brief spell from eggs, fish, etc., and put his finger of common sense and condemnation upon the glaring absurdities of the picture business. This is not a sweeping condemnation of dealers. Some few are most estimable men, possessing the finest qualities of heart and intellect who are an honour to their calling. Pity that one cannot print their names in golden type.

The Academy has held its place with dignity and usefulness for the best part of a century in contradistinction to numerous opposing societies which rarely survive their first exhibition. It needs no apologist and the following figures are ample records of its fairness and liberal dealings:

Exhibits	by	Academicians	87
Exhibits	by:	Associates	71
Exhibits	by	Non-members	211

With the Academy, one usually commences at line end, viz. the last, or Vanderbilt Gallery, which might be called the throne room. Here are assembled the gods in greatest number, though many find themselves enthroned in the other rooms. A special feature of this year's entertainment has been the splendid way in

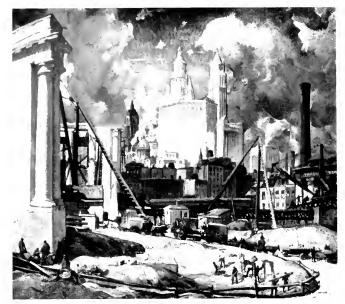


INSPIRATION

BY C. S. PIETRO

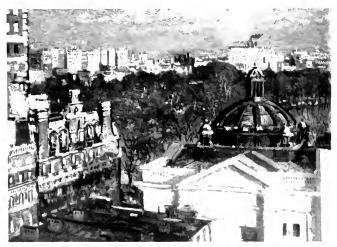
which statuary has been sensibly considered and made a co-partner of the sister art. Previously sculptors' exhibits have been scattered about in





BUILDING NEW YORK

BY A. LEON KROLL



ALLO MANTA THE CHA

TO GHEORD BLAL



AN OLD SONG

a somewhat promiscuous receive leading on to suppose that sculptors were tolerated rather than courted on these occasions.

Daniel Garber and Louis Betts in different ways have provided mild surprises. The former has deviated from custom with a child Fanis, the brilliant sunshine pervading its timbs and vestments almost with the insistency of an X_{γ} .

Following quite different methods, the portracist, Louis Betts, has transported us to the 151 West with Josh of the Hills, shewing a girl of the rough rider type standing beside her mount. It is good pleinsuit work, done in broad convincing strokes. The broacho is perhaps somewhat



THE OCTAGON HOUSE

BY GEORGE ELMER BROWN

lacking in tactile value, but the picture is vigorous and entertaining. Charles Rosen had an effective snowscape entitled Coast of Cape Elizabeth, which is marred by somewhat artificial construction of the rocks. Jonas Lie has a spirited Autumn Fleet painted with true verve and intelligence, qualities which do not always run in double harness. Hawthorne's contribution would please us better if the haloes were removed. Why not, in virtue of the many honours conferred upon him, adopt the halo himself and become the Lord of Provincetown. The spiritual quality of the picture does not emerge from the very human elements depicted. The best picture he ever painted without a halo, was the woman and babe passing some factory buildings. There lies his strength, Gardner Symons, by basel, magic, but with no

black colours, has managed to see the beauty of buildings devoted to machinery, toil and grime. His New England Mills is a big subject, bigly seen. What does Mr. Trask think of it? William Ritschel has implanted much poetry and mystery into his Allurement, California, but we have discovered more allurement in others of his canvases of recent date. George Bellows shewed some magnificent colour designs and a parrot. Elliot Torrey was represented by a stately canvas like an Elizabethan tapestry, representing a walled city. Emil Carlsen and son both exhibited still-lives. The father's was entitled Entrance to St. Thomas Harbour. One of the very best pictures shewn was The Old Church, Boigneville by Walter Griffin. A charming little picture by Helen Turner deserved all the praise it received, not the



TURTLE BABY

BY EDITH BARRETT PARSONS

least of which was a little "sold" attached. The Breakfast-room was full of air and the figures were painted "all around." Above it in somewhat illustrative manner was a lively Polish scene, splendidly sketched in by Leon Gaspard, who has returned from hair-breadth escapes in aviation to hair-breadth passages in paint.

The admission of such artists as Theresa Bern-

stein, Karl Anderson, Glackens, Anne Goldthwaite and Maurice Prendergast, who may be called any names other than academic, and who were all well represented, is a distinct bow to the moderns and a step forward in artistic progress.

Max Bohm's Golden Summer was a splendid note of gay decoration in the centre gallery, a true autumn salon achievement. Childe Hassam's Town in France gave the serenity of a Gallic street far from the seat of war, all expressed idiomatically and in charming unheated tones. Joe Leavitt's After the Golden Wedding is a somewhat tiresome performance, far removed from his open window of last year with the tumbler of marigolds. We have few lyrical painters to compare with Ernest Lawson, who possesses a very subtle and personal temperament displayed in every canvas he paints. The Squatters' Cabin is not Lawson at his best, but it is none the less an exceptional work of art.

Kroll's monumental, Piranesian subject, Building New York, offers quaint contrast with Gifford Beal's shewing of a portion of the city already built. Occidental restlessness as opposed to Oriental serenity. Beal's colour is a little unconvincing here and the picture could hardly be reckoned with his usual and more serious adventures. George Elmer Brown's Octagon House in strips and stripes, dots and dashes-in true impressionist manner, was one of the specially noticed good things. F. W. Hutchison shewed a skilful winter scene. The following artists had excellent exhibits, which space prevents recording: Sidney E. Dickinson, Raymond Neilson, Leopold Sevffert, Elmer F. Hudson, Florence F. Snell. Howard Giles, Hobart Nichols, H. R. Butler, Mary Young Hunter, Charles Reiffel, Eliot Clark, and Douglas Volk with his charming little Canadian girl.

Noticeable amongst the sculpture, omitting mention of better known pieces, was some good modelling by Scarpitta, especially his bust of Albert L. Groll, the artist; a cat by Jane Poupelet; the chubby baby with a turtle in each hand by Edith Barretto Parsons; and dancing figures by Abastina Eberle and Malvina Hoffman.

In such a brief review it is impossible to do more than mention a picture here, a picture there; omission has been made of many names where artists have merely repeated the favourable impression or the reverse of former displays in the galleries of the academy or elsewhere.

American Art at the Chicago Institute



AN OLD PASTURE BY GEORGE BRUESTLE

MERICAN ART AT THE CHICAGO INSTITUTE—NOTES BY L. C. DRISCOLL

The twenty-eighth annual exhibition of American painting and sculpture at the Art Institute of Chicago is over. Some four hundred examples of American effort, failure and success, have returned to the darkness of their packing boxes; and the last belated visitors puff up the grand stairway to confront the black curtain that guards the mysteries of naked walls.

There were eleven galleries used this year, the single alignment of a large part of the exhibition decouring space. Most of our old friends were there and a few new ones. One regretted that one of the big men were not represented by more reportant works; but on the whole the exhibition really representative of the year's work.

To the cursory survey it appeared very much the shows of several years ago. But it was



SILL PORTRAIL

BY HARRILL BLACKSTONE



not. Three years ago the gallery aptly styled by denizens of the museum the "jewel room" could not have existed. There a discriminating hanging committee brought together a group of canvases so high in colour, gav in spirit, and suggestive of movement, that the whole room sparkled and glittered, pervaded by a very demon of unrest. Perhaps the artists have been gradually educating us to see that the brilliance of nature is beyond the reach of mere pigment, or the post-impressionist orgy of three years ago has played its good part in shocking our sensibilities, so that anything short of its extravagance is acceptable. In any case, the much maligned average visitor, who three years ago would have stood aghast on the threshold of the "jewel room," this year surveyed it without the quiver of a lash. Every year the exhibition grows more live, more full of colour and movement; more restless, it is true, but less timid.

Even the best of more than four hundred works cannot be reviewed in this space. This is just a recollection, very personal to the writer, of those paintings that now stand out in the memory against a background of the familiar and the commonplace. There was, as always, much of the commonplace, technically facile usually, and present as the tribute of a jury of painters to fellow craftsmen. And there was much that was familiar, the work of the specialists-men like Schofield, Metcalf, Redfield, Woodbury and Wendt, always distinguished and continually searching for new beauties within the bounds of their chosen fields. Familiar also, of course, were the repetitions of ideas, such as the Old Master Madonna with five children, the American Angel. serene, aloof, but very human, and the evanescent lady in the blue dress, rarefied into an abstraction of her own fragility. How each of them charmed us until there came too many of her.

These are the old friends, and in a pattern on their familiar ground the new stand out—Robert Henri's little Chinese girl, for instance, typical, direct, compelling. I can see the expressive and sure little strokes that modelled the subtle planes of her smooth face. Truly, one must know how to be able to do that. Allied to Henri are the younger men. George Bellows and Randall Davey. They, too, record types of their own time with a breadth of observation, a simplicity of execution, and a storn for mere representation that achieves startling reality. They

are adventurous spirits, who change rapidly; and theirs should be the progress of open-mindedness.

Bellows was awarded the Harris Bronze Medal for his Portrait: Anne, the study of a little girl, blue and white with notes of black and vellow against a textile ground of blue breaking into green and violet. Edwin B. Grossman's Helen Loring would place him also in this group. It was interesting to see how differently each of these men worked out a similar portrait problem. Bellows cares as much for pure decoration as for his model, whom he places rather consciously at times in the well-wrought scheme. Geraldine Lee, No. 1, was as interesting for lighting and pattern of mass and colour as it was for Geraldine Lee. Randall Davey has not Bellows' zeal for decoration; he concentrated upon the portrait and succeeded, by the broadest and most unliteral method, in evoking an extraordinary impression of reality. Grossman suggested Bellows in his decorative scheme but he was engrossed, in the Helen Loring at least, in character. Hands and clothes were treated as flat masses, entirely out of focus, so that attention was riveted on the revealing face.

Leon Kroll's work, both in records of New York and Spain, was altogether satisfying. He has the gift of clear interpretation, of extracting the significant features of a scene and organizing them into pattern that is beautiful itself in line and mass and colour, and plays its part as an expressive force. The result is a masterly realism that is about as far removed from ordinary representation as it could be. North Spanish Town shewed him in a different mood from the more familiar New York scenes. It was monumental like Spain, with its mass of building in the foreground, its strong contrast of red earth and green foliage and its little town upon the hill, with houses clustering around the church and mounting up like the hills themselves into real mountains and piled up clouds.

Grace Ravlin showed brilliant records of Tangier, vibrating and sun-filled, more than masculine in breadth, and executed with uncanny ease. Miss Ravlin should be better known in this country. Her home is in Chicago but years in Paris have made her more recognized abroad than here. Another Chicago artist, W. Victor Higgins, made a triumphant appearance with three Indian compositions; one, Oka and Walmacho, taking the Martin B. Cahn prize, which is

American Art at the Chicago Institute

always awarded in this exhibition to a Chicago artist. They were real decorations, very Spanish in effect. The figures, treated in an admirably bold fashion, were architectural in mass; and within their broad planes brimful of surprises in modelling, brushwork and delicate colour gradations. The little head White Stone I remember as one of the gems of the exhibition.

James R. Hopkins' Kentucky Mountaineer was an irresistible piece of psychology that never children accepted and enjoyed his racy and distorted, but very meaningful ll'indy Day, St. Izes, without a trace of the grown-up's query and hesitation. It told its story well. What more could be desired?

A landscape, An Old Pasture, by George Bruestle, was an extraordinary rendering of a certain atmospheric effect one sees occasionally after a heavy storm, when the air is so clear and the sun so bright that objects stand out with an eerie



PACK MONADNOCK

BY CHAUNCEY F. RYDER

failed to win a smile; strong-featured weakness holding a murderous axe as if it were a bunch of roses. It was undeniably effective. But why the same technique as that employed by the artist more suitably for his lady of *The Lavish Light?*

Fitting technique as an agent of expression is too often overlooked. Some of the stimulation in Hayley Lever's St. Ives canvases may be laid to his technical method. He never neglects a means of expression. It was interesting to see that

sharpness, in a light that seems electric. A difficult foreground cleverly managed was one of the good things in this canvas. Quite the opposite in effect was a very lovely landscape—I forget its title—by Wilson Irvine, in which a soft, pearly atmosphere was rendered with poetic sensitiveness. Another landscape that clings in the memory was *Young Trees in Spring* by Ernest Lawson, stimulating in colour and handling, and as refreshing as its name.

A captivating bit was Joel J. Levitt's The

American Art at the Chicago Institute



PORTRAIL: ANNE

BY GEORGE BELLOWS

Window over the Lake, with its few stiff marigolds in a tumbler of green-stained water on the sill. There was something about it so delightfully unexpected, so intimate in its suggestion of some one having been around.

Karl Anderson is working in a new manner. His The Heirloom and The Venetian Glass Tulip Vase were lovely decorations, leaving nothing to be desired in colour and design. If he would go elittle further and give us real human beings he ould be just as decorative and much greater. The Palmsheat Fan by J. Alden Weir, already shown to readers of the INTERNATIONAL SHORD Brough a recent reproduction, received the

highest award of the exhibition, the Potter Palmer Gold Medal. At the opposite pole from its flat design was a figure of a woman -for a decorative panel-by Cecilia Beaux. It was an amazing expression of form, a woman seated before a landscape as rich as stained glass, her knees apart in true Michelangelo style. There were beautiful passages of colour and texture painting and brushwork. It was, perhaps, almost overpowering in its strength, at least it made certain neighbouring renditions of the human form look very ill.

Joseph Pearson's "ill-nourished cattle," so poignantly described by Mr. Nelson - reporting the Pennsylvania Academy show— as "wending their way despondently

across a culvert," wended to some purpose in Chicago, for they captured the Harris Silver Medal. The phrase "ill-nourished cattle" suggests the fact that Pearson's work sometimes lacks unity of intention. Is he primarily a decorator or an animal painter? Pearson should not be painting easel pictures but covering great spaces of wall. Perhaps he has. If not, may he have his chance.

It is, indeed, an era of the easel picture. What it will lead to no one can say. Like the plaintive lady in the Irish ballad we don't know where we're going, but we're on our way.

Hand-Built Jewellery



AND-BUILT JEWEL-LERY BY GRACE HAZEN

Ix reviewing the history of the crafts, we find that among the important arts jewellery making has always been held in high esteem. It has been valued not only for its intrinsic worth, but also as one of the fine arts. The great respect shown in the past for talented gold and silver smiths is significant of this. In the olden times and among certain nations of to-day, who live the life of traditional lore, especially those who wear the traditionary costumes and are ruled by specific religious customs. the mental ornaments and native gems are a part of their native character. They are hence symbols of the period and the people. The gold and silver smith has something vital to put into his work. America has neither bound herself by traditions. nor developed her own basic motive in decoration. This leaves us free for true creative work. This very freedom might be dangerous were it not for the great mechanical difficulties which are of sufficient restraint

to keep us within good working bounds.

At the present time our styles in clothing are so fleeting that "jewellery to suit the costume" or an individual, can be nothing more than a colour scheme or a bit of personal preference as to arrangement in design.

The jewellery craftsman has before him the task of developing a new jewellery based on the subconscious knowledge of all the old master craftsmen. This new field looks very promising,

as these new craftsmen do not hamper their creative ideas by copying the historical as many of the other craftsmen do. Before long some of us will rise up and bring forth a wonderful new art from our craft that will astonish the world. America has produced names which will be strong before the public in the next few years.

The old metal craftsmen were artists as well as mechanics, either of which is conceded to be a life work. They were sculptors, draughtsmen and painters. Benvenuto Cellini (1500 A. D.) was renowned as a sculptor. In the sixteenth century, the name Pénicaud appears as a family of famous enamellers; they painted in enamel wonderful groups of figures from Bibical history. They were artist-craftsmen from childhood and from tradition.

In America the metal craft has been in existence about fifteen years. Very few have worked at it over five to ten years and few were reared in the art atmosphere. Great strides have been made in this time. A few of the workers are already developing styles of their own, which are distinctly American.

To the great number of people, jewellery means diamonds, pearls, and the precious stones set in stereotyped form by the big jewellery houses, with a good monetary value in the gems. The handicraftsmen are fast remedying this deplorable condition. They are bringing to the people a sense of value in artistic production. America is flooded with machine made "Arts and Crafts jewellery" of a very cheap variety, good in design, well made—and when real stones are used, the



SCARAB AND SHALE EGAPTIAN PENDENT
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY LILLA WHITCOMB DAVIS

result is fairly good. The craftsmen, however, have brought the necessity of making better jewellery to them and are exercising a strong influence on the manufacturing business as a whole. When it comes to the true artistic production of the crafts, only the man who conceived the production can create it.

Germany has a distinct type of work. France has gone to extravagance in very naturalistic forms. England has made great use of her museums for inspiration from antique jewellery. Italy produces dolphins and other reproductions of ancient forms.

In America we have not the opportunity to study the old forms. Our museums are void of European jewellery. The craftsmen have had to depend on their own resources and inspiration for their designs. The type of work produced comes from a clear brain, fresh in thought and new in ideals.

The spirit of the master craftsman, however, but always been the same. We, too, are building

into this art the old spirit in our own forms. The result has been that while we are not so skilful in handling filigree, the grapevine, the winged scarab or Saint George and the Dragon, we have attained brilliancy in execution in other lines.

Helen K. Mills has done important ecclesiastical work. She and Eleanor Deming in collaboration have just finished a remarkable series of twenty-three small plates $(1,\frac{1}{2}, \times 2)$ inches) in Champteré enamel, of the twelfth century period, by Durr Friedley of the Metropolitan Museum, eighteen to be placed on a tabernacle and four to go on a cross, in a small memorial church in Newport. These are done on copper and gilded; are of opaque enamel with the egg shell finish, which means rubbed down by hand to a dull finish

Twelve of these have one head each, six have two heads each. They are the twenty-four elders with long beards, jewelled crowns and sceptres, blue robes, black background, black stripes in the border; and some yellows, greens, and other colours give them life and vitality. Miss Mills also made the *ciborium* of silver gilt and jewels for the same chapel. This is a great achievement in craftsmanship.

Lilla Whitcomb Davis is distinguished for fine handling of the chasing tool. In the exhibition of her work, recently held at the National Society of Craftsmen, were fine examples of this. Miss Davis makes all her own chasing tools which gives a perfect sympathy between her ideals and the metal under the tool. She was one of the first to enter the craft when it was introduced at Pratt Institute. She had already a good basic knowledge of design. Her early jewellery training consisted in tool making and doing exercises for practice. In her studio is a beautiful flower done in repoussé, masterfully handled, each drawing of the tool exquisitely felt. This is in copper-it was an exercise. At home she has a garden and rose leaves which are one of her themes she understands them. Her work has a strong brilliancy -rich in colour and fearless.

Josephine Hartwell Shaw is one of our bestknown craftsmen. She, also, had fine training in design. But in spite of that, she has developed a splendid style of her own, beautiful and masterful in form and handling, interesting in arrangement and variety, skilful in modelling. The shapes are always simple and the exercise of a wonderful reserve plays brilliantly within the



GOLD CROSS, DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY FRANK GARDNER HALE



GOLD AND TOPAZ PENDENT DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY LILLA WHITCOMB DAVIS



GOLD AND CARVED IVORY, DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY CLARK-ELLIS STUDIO



PEARLS AND SILVER
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY ELVERHOJ COLONY



OF THE SEA, OPAL, GOLD, PLATINUM DISIGNED AND FXECUTED BY GRACE HAZEN

subtle bounds. Examples of this are very strong in some of the commissions executed for Julia Marlowe.

Herbert Kelly is a master in intricate, delicate workmanship. His productions are built up of exquisitely chased leaves, petals, and other forms. He has great skill in minute soldering. His understanding of form is as perfect as his

feeling for the bloom of delicate petal. His life is given over to this great beauty which we find in his work.

Marie Zimmermann is one of the few who introduces the figure in her jewellery. She is one of the older workers and has produced, besides jewellerv,abronze figure as a door knocker, dragons as lamp brackets. etc. Much of her work is first executed by first modelling in wax. casting and working the cast up to a finished piece. She is a fearless. independent worker.

Mr. Robert Dulk, well known as a teacher, has a most thorough knowledge of his

craft and may be considered an auth rity on methods and technique. Carl H. Johonnot reaches the last word in the combination of simple, beautiful forms with perfect workmanship.

Jane Copeland has put into her enamels her bearmost self. They are the interpretation of the old. Oriental soul in an entirely original form. These enamels which she sets into her boxes are scade and wonderful, made from her brain, not by accident. She, also, gives her life to her work.

Horace Potter of Cleveland has an ideal arrangement for carrying out his work. He has a house where a number of workers live together and carry out excellent pieces in jewellery and silverware.

In Minneapolis, there is Ida Pell Conklin, who does splendid work, a master of her tools and of her designs. All of her work shows her control, yet

it is free in spirit and beauty. The Elverhoj Colony up the Hudson has a number of jewellery workers who have gone in for Flora Americana designs, and have produced interesting floral form.

If the writer can be fortunate enough to be classed with this group, it is only because of Nature having distilled somewhat of itself through her magic hammer.

These are some of the many who are doing constructive, serious work, and who are devoting their lives to building in plastic form their ideals. Out from this effort will springan Art deep in significance.



TOURMELINE GOLD NECKLACE, DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY HERBERT KELLY

The craftsman instead of struggling to express something individual must realize that, to be great, he must struggle to tell in his work something universal, the big trend of the people, and build up a great national jewellery that will carry down to the future the history of our times.

Ante: March issue will have an article by Mr. Haswell C. Jeffrey on the exhibition of the Society.

Bela Lyon Pratt: An Appreciation



NATHAN HALE, YALE COLLEGE 5, BY BELA L. PRATT

ELA LYON PRATT AN APPRECIATION BY LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT

When the little Connecticut boy, Bela Lyon Pratt, with his playmate from school and a lunch-basket, sat by the stream among the hills and fashioned frogs and snakes from the soft mud, he was laying the foundation for the honour that was his in a special room at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco, 1915. So real were those crude animals to the two boys that it would have been no surprise to them as they clapped their hands in glee had the frogs jumped into the water or the snakes glided away. The golden legend is reality to the child

of creative mind and his faith so inspires his companions that they believe he holds the very secret of life itself. This early faith in his own creative power never lost its hold on the young sculptor. At sixteen he was admitted to the Yale School of Fine Arts and when at twenty he became the student of Augustus St.-Gaudens in the Art Student League of New York City, a goal was reached that gave a broad horizon to his whole future.

But the young sculptor, ever seeking the inspiration of master minds, left the studio of St.-Gaudens and the instruction of Edwin Elwell, William M. Chase and Kenyon Cox, to enter the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, and sit at the feet of Chapu and Falguière. It is needless to say that he won medals and prizes while in Paris, and that his countrymen greeted him with commissions at his home-coming in 1892.

We are particularly fortunate in our appreciation of Mr. Pratt that so many of his works were brought together at the exposition and that among them was a bust of his mother. A very intimate friend of the sculptor, Mr. Rutger Bleecker Jewett-the boy who played by the brookside with him-tells me that "like mother, like son" was never a truer saving than in the case of this strong, hopeful woman and her gifted son. What a power in the world such a woman exerts. She is no soap-box orator, but a woman whose calm dignity has progressively claimed her rights and will continue to claim them through her unborn sisters long after the women who are forcing their rights are forgotten. Men and women need more mothers of this type. Eighty-two! Who could think of measuring this woman's power by years? Her power is measured in human genius.

In the face and form of the young patriot, Nathan Hale, which stands in front of Connecticut Hall, where Hale roomed when at Yale, he has crystallised the tragedy of a life. Was ever the pathos of the inexorable bitterness of war more vividly pictured than in this youth just at his majority? Also note the splendid statue of Edward Everett Hale in the Public Gardens, Boston; no man ever stood for deeper love of humanity. And again the equestrian statue of Lord Amherst at Amherst College. These statues not only show the appreciation of the American people for the sculptor, but they illustrate the artist's grasp of the elements in mankind that make for true success.



ST, CHRISTOPHER BY BLLA L. PRATT



" ned h, the Worcester Art Mu-eum

YOUNG MOTHER BY BELAT. PRATE

Bela Lyon Pratt: An Appreciation

When the sculptor with the courage of a born genius takes an old theme, of which the artists of the past have left masterpieces, and strikes a new note, he proves his originality. Never in picture or statue has the nascent spirit of worship represented such child-like faith as Bela Pratt has portrayed in his group of St. Christopher and the Christ Child. Offero, a barbarian of gigantic proportions, has instinctive longings for a master who fears no one.

He first serves a great prince only to find him ruled by the devil and in turn the devil. trembling with fear at the road shrine. Offero finds a coward before the Man of the Cross. But Offero having refused topray was willing to work and, after forty years of carrying people over a swollen stream without losing a life, suddenly found himself perishing under the burden of a little child. Mr. Pratt has chosen the moment when Offero recognises in the little child the Divine Master and learns that

On ned by Mrs. A. C. Wheelwright, of Boston ECHO from henceforth he is to be Christ-Offero. Simple and childlike the story, but Mr. Pratt has made it the simplicity of a mind seeking truth and the childlike attitude of one whose reason gives place to faith.

In strong contrast to the rugged muscular development of St. Christopher is the elastic quality that permeates the body and limbs of the beautiful Echo. One suggests the strength of Michelangelo and the other shows that the artist has also worshipped at the feet of Praxiteles. Again an old theme, but a theme that is ever new, for Echo is still under the ban of Artemis and speaks only in answer, and yet womanlike has her revenge in the last word. Exquisitely beautiful is the warm, pliable flesh of this bewitching maiden; the arm pressed to the soft bosom, fairly quivers under the pulsing veins and arteries. How shy and expectant the face is? Perhaps she has just whispered her faint "Here!" in answer

> to the bold words of Narcissus. "Who's here?" It is the same old story-the woman waiting for the message. vet reluctant to give her answer. How well is interpretedthelaw of courtship, a law as old as the human race.

The love of nature is evidently inherent in Mr. Pratt and can be traced at least to his greatgrandfather. In proof of this we have his long years of patient toil that come to fruition in the ownership of the old estate in the heart of the Connecticut hills, once owned by his greatgrandfather but



BY BELY L. PRATT

since gone out of the family. And now again the boyhood sport is his of resting by the mountain stream-only now it is his pleasure to whip the stream for trout and cast a fly. His home in winter is in the suburbs of Boston, Lakeville Place, Jamaica Plain, but to find him at work we must seek him in his studio in the city.

His wholesome genius has produced an art free from the vagaries of the restless seeker for something new. It is the verities of life that

The Gospel of Jerome Myers

attract him and with a freshness of vision all his own. We look with increasing pleasure at his Mother and Child, recognising that only one whose heart is attune to mother-love-the great uplifting force in the world-could have created so satisfying a group. The curving lines are those of the round earth embracing all life. The mother has but one thought, the child's safety and warmth. Cradled close to the fountain that nourishes it and bound there with her own tresses she supplies its every want. The delicate curves of the baby's tender body are repeated in the firm sweep of the rounded shoulders, elbows and knees of the mother and all is bound together into a symmetrical whole. No detail is overlooked, but all detail is forgotten in the perfection of the group.

Mr. Pratt, now in the very prime of a successful career, possesses that rare sense of proportion that enables him to see the fitness of things. His works bear the mark of sane common sense, ever illustrating some fundamental truth but having an art that conceals any intention of pointing a moral. He is a careful workman, and yet his clear vision gives the finished product bigness of conception.



MY MOTHER AT 82

BY BELA L. PRACT



MOTHER AND CHILD (ETCHING)

BY JEROME MYERS

HE GOSPEL OF JEROME MYERS BY LLOYD R. MORRIS

THE art of Jerome Myers is unique in that it expresses both the spirit of modern life and the distinctive quality in our national life that distinguishes it from the life of other nations. To this extent his work is the art of a pioneer, as was that of Constantin Meunier or, in poetry, that of Whitman and of Verhaeren, and his point of view has much in common with theirs. He studied at a time when the art of America was reflective of the influence of Gerome

The Gospel of Jerome Myers



THE END OF THE WALK (OIL PAINTING)

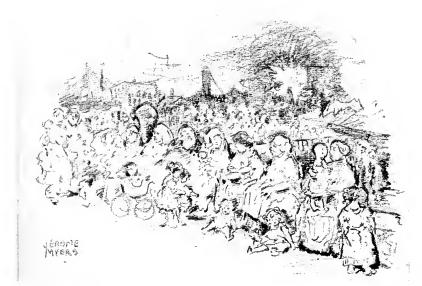
BY TEROME MYERS

and Cabanel, when the gospel of painting was concerned primarily in inculcating a superficial delicacy of manner and vacuity of material that bore no relation to life, and as a student he revolted from what he felt to be the impotent academicism of that teaching. Later he gravitated to the lower east side of New York City, and, although ignorant both of its language and of its customs, the immediate terms of its life appealed to him with a somewhat special emphasis. Intuitively he has given expression to the spiritual values of its people, and in his beautiful drawings, his paintings and the characteristic etchings that he has recently done, is to be found the soul of the countless millions in whom America discovers fresh material for the assimilation of a new order. In this Jerome Myers has approached the attitude of the old masters, particularly of Rembrandt, who unconsciously rendered immortal the phase of life with which he was most familiar, content to express in the simplicity of its own terms that which he cared for most. It was with this feeling at heart that Jerome Myers turned to the East Side and found there a wealth of material contemptuously overlooked by the formalists, whose interest was directed not to life but toward a style.

The need for a medium of expression in which he could attain freedom and fidelity led him to the use of the pure, fluid line, with which he was enabled to faithfully record his impressions of the simple and yet complex stream of life about him. In a period when the stress of art was upon the artificial, and the technique of expression was regarded as the ultimate reality to which the

material of art was forced to conform, he perceived that technique and expression are both implicit in the subject, and that an intense love of life itself is the surest progenitor of a sense of its beauty. Certain essential qualities in his art are the result of this point of view; an obvious freedom from mannerism, a deep sincerity that underlies the deft sureness of his line, a superb virility in its intensely objective force. He refuses to arrange life in the terms of the studio, but takes it as he has found it, without transposition, seeing in the very element of its commonplaceness the quality of its romance.

His choice of subject is in itself significant, especially since in point of temporal primacy he has been the prophet of democracy in our graphic art. The fundamental distinction between life in America and the life of any other country lies in our democracy, a force spiritual rather than political, conditioned inevitably by the economic pressure of traffic, which has attracted the millions who have come to our shores, led by the prospect of a finer, freer life, and the lure of greater gain. For the individual contemporary existence has substituted the mass, labouring, hoping, struggling to achieve a destiny that as yet is unrealized. This dynamic force has brought forth a new beauty, inchoate and formative, seeking expression in its own terms; it was in this that Whitman and Verhaeren found the inspiration of their poetry and Meunier that of his sculpture, and in the drawings and etchings of Jerome Myers it has had its finest rendition in the graphic art of America. In New York, pre-eminently the melting pot of all the races, the combat between the old



THE GLOW (DRAWING)

BY JEROME MYERS



LAWYER AND CLIENT (ETCHING)

BY JEROME MYERS

The Gospel of Jerome Myers

order and the new rages at his highest flame, and in its every phase there can be found the material of an art keenly aware of its social value, perfectly expressing the essence of our function as a period. It is to such a condition of objective interpretation that his graphic art and his painting aspire in their simple delineation of the component elements in which our life is firmly rooted. He has seen the struggle, intellectual and physical, in all its phases: its pathos, its quaint humour, the grim monotony of its task, the passionate cherishing of antique customs by the elders, the rare revelry of pleasure, and in these consists the material of his art.

He treats life with a simple seriousness and a rare humour that have been notably lacking in American art, for the conventional reaction in the realm of art to an age that is frankly materialistic has been a reversion to the influence of romanticism, dealing with a world that is different from that of our daily experience, weak because it reveals no relation to the spirit of our own day. The failure of much modern art can be attributed to the supposition that a way of looking at life can be identified with the life that it looks at. It is the result of a fallacy of thought peculiar to an age innately critical, a tendency to confuse an interpretation with a reality, and to substitute for the presentation of the reality an individual criticism. The language of art is largely governed by the changing interests of life: the paintings of Cimabue and Giotto are the natural expression of an age concerned primarily with the desire for an ultimate salvation through religion, in the same degree that the sculpture of Meunier and the graphic work of Jerome Myers are reflective of our own epoch, pre-occupied with labour and the struggle of the masses to achieve self-expression. The modern Christ is the inscrutable miner betrayed by deadly fire-damp, as Meunier has created him; the modern Holy Family is the benign and patriarchal Jew gathered with his wife and child before the portal of a synagogue in the slums, as they appear in a drawing by Jerome Myers, a little group imbued with the spirit of religion, a backwater in the flaming life of the modern city. In such art there can be present no consciousness of a complicated theory of aesthetics, there is only the realization of the immense significance of life as it is being lived, and a desire to faithfully record the beauty and the faith that it engenders, different in their superficial aspect from the conception of an older day, identical in the quality of their spirituality.

The fundamental importance of the work of Jerome Myers lies in the essential fidelity of his art to the spirit of contemporary life, and in his conviction of the dignity and the simplicity of life itself. His is an art that expresses the beauty, the idealism, the humour and the firm purpose of an age in which the majority see only a crass materialism. He has understood that underlying the labour of the masses there is an abiding spirituality, that behind the achievements of commerce the genius of our age is essentially religious, making for a new beauty and a new truth that seek the expression in art that they have already found in life. The critic of form will find much to comment on in his work; the tenderness and the virility of his line, his delicate sympathy with children, his abounding humour, his superb mastery of the medium. His significance in American art, however, may be measured by the fact that where others saw ugliness and degradation, he found poetry and beauty, and that in an age when life has concentrated its forces in the dynamic labour of the masses in the huge industrial cities, he sought no refuge in the past or in an unreal view of life, but courageously has striven to express the soul of the present.



OLD FRIENDS DRAWING

BY TEROME MYERS

Paul Cezanne



Courtesy Montross Galleries THE FRANÇOIS ZOLA DAM

BY PAUL CÉZANNE

AUL CÉZANNE BY WILLARD HUNTINGTON

ONE of the most important exhibitions of the season is the display of the watercolours and paintings of Paul Cézanne at the Montross Galleries. America is now nearer a true appreciation of the advanced esthétique of this colossus of modern art than it was at the time his work was brought to this country by Mr. Alfred Stieglitz. And the public has been brought in closer contact with the modern tendencies through the numerous galleries which have recently opened their doors to the younger and more radical men-galleries which a short time ago would have cried blasphemy at the mention of Matisse and the other "wild men" of Paris.

The fact that there has been an awakening of American appreciation for the sturdy, adventurous spirit of the new era is attested to by the large number of curious and interested people discussing and disputing before the Cézannes now on view. There is a sufficient number of fairly representative canvases to nurture a growing



Courtesy Montro Gallerie

STILL-LIFF WHILL FIGURE BY PAUL CÉZANNE

admiration and to keep the critic and the novice busy studying and thinking until a more comprehensive exhibition makes its appearance. And there are enough works to urge the serious seekers after great achievement on to renewed effort. Here should be the student's—not the pupil's—inspiration.

In the water-colours we have the essence of Cézanne. The virility of his organisation, the hardy surety of his lines, the justness of his colour-form juxtapositions are all set down, one might say, without adjectives, adverbs or participles. There is no apparent striving for photographic realism; and no one can accuse Cézanne of making illustration his objective. Lines which delimit volumes which, in turn, are colours, are drawn, not to give us a reproduction of the subject, but to make of that subject a theatre where vast volumnear forces balance and sway rhythmically, on the threshold of eternal action, in counter-balance with other poised masses, thus creating that movement which translates itself into our physical consciousness and causes what Lipps has termed Einfuehlung.

In these pictures one will notice that where a stone or tree trunk has been outlined against a hill or ravine, the colour is placed only along the contours of these objects, and that these thin strips of colour indicate the relative spatial relation between the picture's volumes. So accurately consistent are these colours that they "carry" for the entire mass which is left ninetenths white. Regard for instance the White Tree Trunks.

The truest test of Cézanne's formal depth is to visualise one of his pictures hours or days after it has actually been seen. It is impossible to remember the picture as flat, for subjectively we have experienced a qualitative depth. The experience has become part of us; and though our memory of an actual landscape may call up a tlat scene, our recollection of a Cézanne watercolour is always three-dimensional. This qualitative depth is brought about by the logical placing of lines and colours in an ordinance of extentional relations, and is as far removed from quantitative depth (which consists in painting mountains light lavender, in drawing receding roads to sharp points, in working out objective perspective, etc., as a drawing by Michelangelo is from a Holbein. Indeed, just as Michelangelo can, with a few lines, give us a complete sensation of a moving body, so can Cézanne, with four or five colours and a few lines, construct for us a complete landscape in which masses of rock, trees and foliage play the part of muscles and limbs. Cézanne has done many insignificant things. Nos. 16, 17, 18, 33 and 35 are unworthy of their author; and No. 15 is little better. On the other hand, one may mention such completely beautiful works as The Ditch, The Ravine (in which there is a continuous struggle of vast volumes), The Forest, Trees Amongst Rocks, Landscape (No. 30), and Rocky Ridge. When we stand for a moment before this last picture its seemingly abstract lines and colours take form little by little until finally they appear to possess all the solid and fantastically ordered beauty of an Indian temple.

The least interesting water-colour, from both the philosophical and aesthetic standpoint, happens to be the most finished and, I believe, the highest priced—The Watermelon. Here is the most superficially realistic picture in the show; it is inferior even to his early canvas, The Oil Mill. In this latter work, imitative as it undoubtedly is, are those painter-like qualities which later Cézanne was to develop to so superlative a degree. It recalls Courbet at his best, and is more competent than Manet whom, the reactionary critics insist, he copied.

The Portrait of a Man though a slight work, is worth more to the serious artist in search of information than a year at the art schools. Let him stand before this canvas and forget that he is looking at an objective portrait. Let him ignore the face and body as such, and look at it simply as a series of colour patterns. Fix the eye steadily on one spot-gradually those colour patterns will shift, contract and expand, ally themselves one to another in such a way that finally they will form a solid mass out of which will spring bumps and into which hollows will sink, all converging to make a face. With Cézanne this is the only possible method of approach. We cannot force realism from his colours at first glance, or experience his rhythm by a mental process; nor can we sense his impenetrable solidity by a recognition of natural objects. Appreciation of Cézanne is wholly a question of experiencing, passively and in spite of ourselves, the coming together of his colour planes (or coordinated forces) whose total result is reality.

The same process holds good for the oil, Still

Paul Cezanne



Courtesy Montross Galleries

BY PAUL CÉZANNE

Life with Figure of Cupid. Although this is an estimable piece of painting, and one which shows that Cézanne could handle paint even cleverly when he so desired, it cannot be ranked with many of his other works. Undoubtedly it is unfinished, and is about co-equal in merit with the No. 15 water-colour. When we compare the apples in this oil work with those in the little adamantine No. 1, we straightway feel the superior intensity of the latter.

The François Zola Dam is the most vitally composed oil painting shown. Earlier than L'Estaque and heavier in handling, it possesses that quality of linear depth which gives it synthetic movement. Céz nne, when sitting before nature, tried to penetrate to the motivating rhythm of his subject, irrespective of preconceived ideas as to what the rhythm should be. In some of his landscapes the generating line is like a corkscrew winding inward. In others, the line opens, flowerlike toward the top, as in an El Greco. In still others, certain curves bulge over hollows formed by other curves. In the present picture, the line starts at the lower left-hand corner and runs serpentinely toward the right to about half-way up the frame; then it swings back to the left and ends near the top. The line is a hollow made by trees, houses and hills; and farther back it is hemmed in by mountains.

The Road in a Forest is ingratiating and fluent, but it does not represent the later Cézanne—the Cézanne of L'Estaque for instance. In L'Estaque the trees on the left sweep outward from the right-hand lower corner to the sea, while another line comes forward and upward and curves over the branches of the extreme left-hand tree; and all are melted into an exquisite surface rhythm. On that rhythm is founded the movement of every branch and object in the canvas; each part, no matter how insignificant, is bent to this common end; each movement is concentrated toward this single compositional purpose.

Thus all great art is made. It is never a slavish imitation of nature with the *arrière pensée* of more profound motives. Like life itself, art is a bringing together of forces whose result is recognisable as a complete moving entity.



Courtesy Montross Galleries
PORTRAIT OF A MAN

BY PAUL CÉZANNE



French Section, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco BATHERS

BY MAURICE DENIS

DOOK REVIEW

IMPRESSIONS OF THE ART AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION. By

Christian Brinton. (John Lane Co.) 83.00. While this work fulfills its avowed purpose of setting forth the impressions which this critic has received from the art at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, it also embodies the sure and analytic criticism of a mind which reacts subtly and with intellectual and aesthetic accuracy to the beauties and shortcomings of the paintings and sculptures viewed.

The author's fund of academic learning is never a limitation of his appreciations, but a means whereby he approaches and understands those profounder concerns of painting which cannot be set down and learned by the purely scholastic writer. Herein does he distinguish himself from the critic of mere erudition who recites by conservative and accepted formulas an esthétique which is no longer relative to present conditions. New problems are constantly arising and being solved in the field of aesthetics. New media are being unearthed wherewith to express the older principles of form and composition; and these later methods, while intenser once they have been understood, are more difficult of intelligent comprehension than are the older and simpler ones.

The average critic, facing the difficulties of the towardgime, has cried blasphemy and refused to

adjust himself. But Doctor Brinton has shown no such reactionary and cowardly tendency. He has kept pace with the complex *progressus* of art, and has used his knowledge of the older painters to assist him in understanding the new. The result is that he views the diverse manifestations of art at the Panama-Pacific Exposition with that intellectual tolerance and precision of judgment which come only through a broad and deep understanding of aesthetic motives.

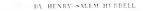
Superficially his book is a permanent and authoritative record of the great collection of art works which has recently been assembled on the Pacific Coast—one of the most extensive and varied exhibitions ever seen in America. The text is accompanied by eighty-two excellent reproductions of buildings, façades, towers, paintings and sculptures; and the printing and general physical appearance of the book combine in making it a uniquely beautiful work.

But it is far more than a mere record. It is a document of sound and significant criticism. Its opening essay, "The Modern Spirit in Contemporary Painting," is the best brief statement of the animating motives of the newer art that I have read in English. In this essay Doctor Brinton gets to the very heart of his subject, and puts into visible articulation a precise and muchneeded explanation of the feverish activities through which painting has passed during the past hundred years.

In the Galleries



Courtesy Folsom Gallerie
ICE ON THE WATER PITCHER





Courtes Kranshaar Galveries ANNIE AND DORA

BY GLORGE LUKS

N THE GALLERIES

Nothing so far in the art season has transpired of such interest as the dispersal of the Hugo Reisinger collection.

A feature of the sale was the high prices paid for the American pictures. J. H. Twachtman's Wild Cherry Tree brought a record auction price for works by that artist. M. Knoedler & Copaying 84,330. The same firm paid 83,300 for Twachtman's Water Fall. Vellocstone Park. Landscape, by J. Francis Murphy, went for 84,050 to Charles Lansing Baldwin. A collector represented by M. Rudert paid 83,225 for Childe Hassam's Brooklyn Bridge in Winter.

A display of choice Friesekes in the upper galleries and John F. Carlson below is a very creditable performance on the part of those great upholders of the best contemporary American art, the Macbeth Galleries. Carlson's Snowbound Stream reminds one in subject of Fritz Thaulow, but it is much freer and more solidly painted than anything we have seen by Thaulow.

In the Galleries



BY RUTH A. ANDERSON

Frieseke's toilet and garden pictures are better known here than his nudes. Two are on exhibition. One is a standing figure in a sun-splashed sylvan setting, the other is seated, with a somewhat colourless and monotonous setting of dunes. In each case the figure is delicately and solidly executed with great understanding.

Rolf Pielke is a young illustrator of much individuality in spite of the obvious leaning to the Beardsley tradition. His mind and pen run to sensuous images of the East.

A. G. Warshawsky has been showing at Ad. Braun et Cie Galleries. Some of his rich-toned impressionist canvases of Paris, but especially of Brittany, are very striking. Amongst his best canvases are Opal Sea Morbihan and The Sun H'orshippers, a group of lads on the rocks while bathing, and a half-length portrait of a young girl among the trees.

Ruth A. Anderson, a quondam pupil of Jonas Lie, but now for some years out of leading strings, is a more than ordinary success, as a glimpse at Betty will prove. Her work is high-keyed and extremely characteristic; nothing commonplace ever leaves her studio. We see a great future before her and Baltimore should be careful to guard her jealously.

Interesting and important is the exhibition of A DRAWING

Monets and Renoirs at the Durand-Ruel Galleries. Here can be seen the two most widely known painters of the impressionist movement. Monet represents the purely technical and sensitive side of an empiric advance in means, while Renoir's handling of those means has led to significant aesthetic expression. Although Monet was the first to carry the impressionist methods the farthest, Renoir was the greater workman and the better artist. In fact, he has carried his métier to a superlative height, and has proved himself the greatest technician since the Renaissance, even as great as Titian. Artistically, there can be no comparison between the work of these two men. Those who have always thought Monet the master and leader of his group can now see Renoir's superiority on Monet's own ground. Indeed, Monet's work seems negative alongside of Renoir's. His boasted light, in many instances, becomes mere pasty pigment; and his strips and spots appear like crude hachures of paint. Renoir's La Scine à Argenteuil is better than any Monet landscape; and a nude by Renoir, before



BY ROLF PIFLKE



Courtesy Mr . Arthur M Gran, Detroit

which we experience form to a greater degree than before nature, and which consequently has a life of its own, makes Monet's figure pieces seem cut from paper.

There are ten Renoirs exhibited at the Durand-Ruel Galleries; *Baigneuse s'Essuyant* and *Jeune Femme au Baleon*, *Cagnes* rank among his hundred best works. The eight Monets are representative; and one has an excellent opportunity of comparing these two painters.

The Newark Museum Association is holding an exhibition of the textile industries of New Jersey till March 18. It includes cloth making, knitting, embroidery, rug weaving and felt hat making. It is primarily commercial, but is so carefully arranged and classified as to be also of educational and artistic value. Processes as well as products are shown; pamphlets telling the story of weaving have been prepared, and museum instructors explain to classes of school children, club women and other groups, the several aspects of the industry.

Frank T. Hutchens, now exhibiting at the Reinhardt Galleries, is an amphibious artist dividing his time impartially between Trépied in the Pas de Calais and his delightful Old Mill House at Silvermine, Connecticut. His pictures are solidly painted and sufficiently detailed not to mar the big design which is his painter's compass. His work is joyously lined and massed, well constructed and always contained within an atmospheric envelope. Huckleberry Hill is a good instance of Hutchens at his present best. Bold rocks and encarnadined foliage vield in wellgraded tone to a vision of Long Island and the Sound in the background. The simplicity, bigness, and reserved but strong colour mark this canvas out as a very memorable achievement. A full-page illustration of another canvas, no longer the property of the artist, shews his direct methods and happy way of seeing nature in silhouette with grace of line and form.

It is interesting to note the little bands of artists who embrace each other, select a distinctive appellation, give a show and then disappear, as a body, into the Ewigkeit. The latest brand is the Eelectics. The Hectics, Epileptics and Antics may follow. The Eelectics: Theresa F. Bernstein, James Britton, Guy Pene DuBois, Philip L. Hale, C. Bertram Hartman, Henry Salem Hubbell, George Luks, Martha Walter, upported by Marie Apel, S. H. Borglum, John

Flanagan, opened up at the Folsom Galleries, 300 Fifth Avenue.

The chief ingredients of the exhibition were the works of Henry Salem Hubbell and C. Bertram Hartman, along with some clever things by Theresa F. Bernstein, especially her *Sunset on the Hudson*. That cynic in paint, Guy Pene DuBois, also showed to advantage, especially with a half-length study of a girl's back.

It has always been a matter of regret that we have been able to afford so little space to the more important activities of the National Society of Craftsmen. These earnest workers have for a long time entertained the wish to have real representation in the columns of the Interna-TIONAL STUDIO, rightly believing that their efforts and accomplishments have a far-reaching interest in the community, We decided to meet their wishes by reserving a certain amount of space in each issue and thus constituting ourselves their official organ. In the opening number of the new year, Mr. J. Charles Burdick, their president, wrote upon their ninth annual exhibition, whilst in the current issue, Miss Grace Hazen has reviewed the work of the jewellers. Every number throughout the year will be found to contain something of interest in this large field of endeavour.

The Life Membership Prize in the National Arts Club was awarded during the Annual Exhibition of the National Society of Craftsmen, held in December, 1015, to Dorothy Warren O'Hara. In making the award, the following statement was made:

"The decision of the committee is based not only upon the standard of Mrs. O'Hara's work, as shown in the present and former exhibitions of the society, but upon a scrutiny of her work as a whole and of what she has accomplished in the development of her particular craft, keramics,"

In response to an invitation from the American Federation of Arts, the National Society of Craftsmen has sent out a travelling exhibition, which was shown during the month of January in the galleries of the Newark Museum Association and from thence started on its circuit to the Pacific Coast, stopping en route at various art museums and galleries. The committee of selection have secured the work of master craftsmen for this exhibition and it is in every respect representative and, educational, covering jewellery, keramics, pottery, textiles and leather.

THE STUDIO

THE WATER-COLOURS OF ALFRED W. RICH.

On first studying the work of Mr. A. W. Rich we are inevitably tempted to draw a comparison between his water-colours and those of the Early English masters of the medium. Yet the further we carry our investigations the more are we impressed with the fact that he owes, in reality, but little to the example of these men, notwith-standing that, on earlier acquaintance, there seems to be a more than superficial affinity between their art and his. Indeed, Mr.

Rich has said that since he was quite a boy he has taken delight in the charmingly direct mode of expression of Peter de Wint, Girtin, Cotman, Varley, Müller, Tom Collier and men of the same school, and has accepted them as his mentors. But it is to nature herself that he invariably goes direct for inspiration; and he is not content, despite the admiration he acknowledges for the artists just mentioned, to view her through their vision. In short, while showing a full appreciation of the undoubted merits of the work of his predecessors. and a generous meed of admiration for the fine tradition their drawings embodied, he has adopted only those elements which enable him to interpret most adequately his ideas, and which harmonise with his own artistic impulse. His methods are the natural outcome of a temperament which is always seeking to give expression to emotions aroused by direct contact with nature, and it is this which gives to his art its freshness and individuality, and stimulates our interest.

Having thus briefly stated what we conceive to be the relationship between the work of Mr. Rich and that of the earlier water-colourists, let us now consider his art in its direct bearing upon modern practice and present-day ideals. First a word as to his technique, and here, perhaps, we touch upon the most absorbing side of our subject for artists. As a devout student of nature, practically all Mr. Rich's work has been done in



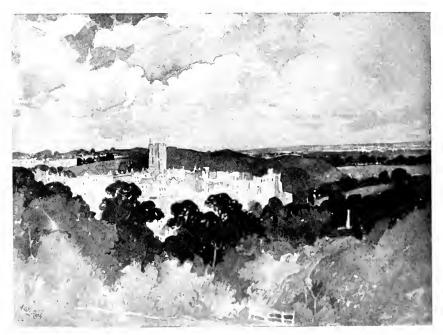
"NETTEY ABBLY, HAMPSHIKE"

BY ALEREN W. R

the open. We have only to look at his pictures as we see them at the various exhibitions (notably at the New English Art Club, of which he is one of the most loval supporters) to be convinced of this fact. His palette is distinguished by its modest range of colours which close study and long experience have proved to be sufficient for his purpose, with the result that in dealing with the most subtle exercise in light and shade his colour-scheme is invariably restrained and harmonious. In this respect he is not by any means alone amongst moderns: but it may truthfully be said that no other water-colourist of the present day has a keener appreciation of the possibilities of a carefully selected and limited palette, or uses it with more beautiful or more satisfying effect. While most of his drawings are executed solely in water-colour, Mr. Rich does not hesitate to employ mixed methods in order to achieve the effect he desires, and in some of his most notable works we find a combination of pen-work and wash, used in a manner reminiscent of the older men. The successful use of the pen with watercolour requires no mean skill and confidence,

while sound draughtsmanship is essential, for any lack of decision, or, on the other hand, any undue emphasis may prove fatal. Mr. Rich's unobtrusive manipulation of the pen is well displayed in the drawings South Creydon and Netley Abbey reproduced here, while in St. Peter's, Huntingdon, the lead pencil has been used with pleasing result. He never relies upon the adventitious use of bodycolour, maintaining that it has nothing to do with his medium; and if a high light is required he does not hesitate to employ the pen-knife.

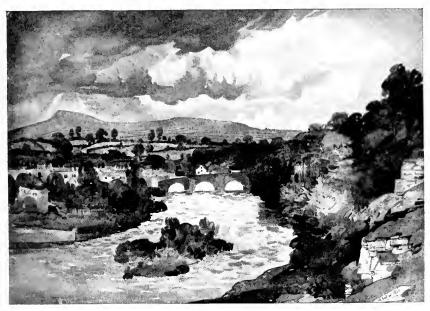
With Mr. Rich the actual features of the scene are not the most important factors. It is the subtle effects of light and shade, atmosphere, and tone gradation which appeal to his keen and comprehensive vision and arouse his interest. That he has a marked predilection for certain subjects in landscape is obvious. Mountainous country has never appealed to him, for he possesses an innate desire to look right away into the distance, to where the sky and earth meet and mingle in delicate tones of atmospheric colour. Thus we see him in such drawings as Near Stevenage, Hertfordshire (p. 10), a typical example of his art, in which the











"THE OLD BRIDGE, LUDLOW"

BY ALFRED W. RICH

eye is carried from plane to plane towards the far distance, while a great expanse of rolling clouds dominates the composition. This preference for the flat country may account for his admiration for the old Dutch landscapists, and it is somewhat surprising to find that he has not, as far as we know, painted amidst the low-lying scenery of Holland which inspired the masterpieces of Hobbema, and in more recent times of Maris and Mauve. The reason, one would venture to think, is to be found in the essentially English character of his work, and, looking at his drawings, it is not difficult to understand that so sincere and sympathetic a student of his native countryside should find all the inspiration he required in scenes which lie near to hand.

His broad outlook enables Mr. Rich to note at once the essential characteristics of a landscape, and in water-colour he finds the most sympathetic and adaptable medium for rendering them. "Water-colour," he says, "has from my carliest memory appealed to me, by reason of its delicate quality, as being particularly suited to landscape work, and I think it is good for nothing else. The actual labour should be in the acquiring of how to use it. I feel there is no limit to the detail that

can be introduced into a picture, but it must all be done without the evidence of toil, otherwise the beauty of ease is lost." Mr. Rich does not ignore details, but he judges them only in relation to the more absorbing elements of colour and tone. Here we have impressionism logically developed. He is more concerned with the spirit and romance of a scene than with considerations of topographical accuracy, believing that landscape painting is something greater than mere copying of nature. His unusual gift of selection, his power of realising and understanding the varied aspects of nature, unaffected by any consideration for the thoughts of others, give to his art an independence and distinction which are stimulating and refreshing. The particular methods he employs are spontancously governed by the qualities and nature of the theme he has chosen, and it is this gift of adaptation, together with a power to retain and visualise the first freshness of an impression, which gives to his work its artistic significance.

It is worthy of note that Mr. Rich but rarely introduces the human element into his composition, a fact of some interest when we consider his art in its relation to that of the earlier men. In the drawings of Constable and Cox, for instance, the

human figure often plays an important rôle, and its omission may detract considerably from the value of the colour scheme or the balance of the composition. Yet in most of Mr. Rich's landscapes its presence would almost seem an intrusion. We would ask our readers carefully to examine any of the drawings reproduced here (with the exception of that on page 9, to which reference will be made later), and we venture to think they will agree with this opinion. May it not be that in this particular aspect of Mr. Rich's art we have yet another proof of his individuality, and also of his deep reverence for and sympathy with nature?

The reproductions which accompany these notes represent some of Mr. Rich's most recent work and have been selected, not only on account of their intrinsic merit as examples of water-colour painting, but also because they show fairly adequately the different sides of his art. In Ludlow Castle, which forms one of our supplements in colours, the fine atmospheric qualities, clever management of light and shade, pleasing and harmonious colour-scheme, and vigorous cloud-painting show the artist at his best. This beautiful English scene is rendered with a happy freedom, yet all its essential features

have been carefully preserved. Even more interesting in composition The Old Bridge at Ludlow (p. 7) is yet not quite so expressive. The treatment of the water, especially near the bridge, falling, we venture to think, a little short of the artist's usual accomplishment. But the drawing possesses many admirable qualities, notably in the effect of the heavy clouds upon the landscape, a problem which only the ablest of landscape painters have mastered satisfactorily. The third Ludlow subject (p. 8) has been drawn from a more elevated position. It is a spacious composition, pleasing in general tone, to which the coarse texture of the paper has given an agreeable effect. Both these drawings have been executed in the artist's broadest and most vigorous style.

The beautiful country around Richmond in Yorkshire has inspired Mr Rich in many of his most successful works, but seldom with such happy results as in the *Richmond Castle* shown on page 4. This drawing is almost dramatic in the effect of the contrast between the remarkable light in the centre and the dark trees in the foreground. The general treatment is masterly in its simplicity, and as an example of the wonderful possibilities of the medium



...



"RICHMOND, YORKSHIKE"

BY ALFRED W. RICH

the work is intensely interesting. Especially fine, too, is the way in which the artist, with the simplest touches, has suggested the landscape to the right of the composition receding into the distance to the far horizon. A second Richmond drawing (p. 9) is very different in character and strangely unlike any other of our illustrations as regards composition and general treatment, both of which are engaging. The varied colours of the roofs are exceedingly agreeable: but the introduction of one or two figures might, perhaps, have added interest to the composition. A feeling of "the deserted village" is not altogether absent.

Reference has already been made to the drawing Near Stevenage, Hertfordshire (p. 10), a typical and very beautiful example of Mr. Rich's art. The fine open sky and spacious landscape are put in with a liquid touch, giving an effect of spontaneity and freedom. It is a direct transcript from nature in which the artist has succeeded in conveying a remarkable sense of the open countryside. In the same category should be placed Huntingdon (p. 15) with its fine rolling sky in which the original treatment of the clouds is worthy of careful study. It is

a fresh, breezy landscape, broadly and vigorously handled.

Conceived in the spirit of true romanticism is the drawing entitled In an English Park (p. 12), noble in its repose and grandeur. The colour harmony is exquisite, while the painting of the rich shadows, thrown upon the water by the trees, could hardly be surpassed. The artist has rendered the scene with the fervour of the poet, informing it with a lyrical and appealing beauty.

As an example of the dexterous use of mixed mediums (pen and water-colour) *South Croydon* (p. 16) is interesting. It is a dark and sombre composition in which the heavy sky and murky atmosphere are cleverly rendered. It represents a phase of Mr. Rich's art with which we are not very familiar and one offering considerable possibilities. The merits of this drawing are indisputable and the suggestion of busy industrialism is subtly conveyed.

As a second plate in colours we illustrate a study of trees, in which the treatment of the foliage is distinctly personal. To artists this reproduction will appeal as giving an insight into Mr. Rich's methods. And finally we show two drawings of

architectural subjects, Netley Abbey, Hampshire (p. 3), and St. Peter's, Huntingdon (p. 11). Both show originality in treatment, the latter being particularly successful. Here, as we have already said, the lead pencil has been employed with good effect. The texture of time-worn stone is admirably suggested, while the greenish tone of the building harmonises agreeably with the sky. Admirable is the rendering of the tower, which reveals sound and expressive draughtsmanship.

Mr. Rich was born at Scaynes Hill, Sussex, in 1856, and very early in life developed a craving to express visibly his ideas of what appealed to him as beautiful in nature. "I remember now," he recently told the writer, "looking from the garden where I lived as a child and noticing the white tower of an old Gothic church, brilliantly contrasted with a shapely mass of dark trees in the foreground. I was seven years old, yet I know the effect would strike me now as it did then." This early desire to interpret the varied manifestations of nature steadily grew, the innate artistic spirit developed, until the medium of water-colour came as a natural means of expression.

But it was many years before he was able to devote himself to landscape painting. From 1871 he was occupied entirely in designing and heraldic painting, work which, in the light of his later development, must have been exceedingly irksome to him. It was not till 1890, when he was thirty-four years of age, that he entered as a student at the Slade School under Professor Alphonse Legros, and later Professor Fred Brown. He remained at the Slade until 1806, exhibiting at the New English Art Club the following year for the first time. He was elected a member shortly afterwards and it will be generally admitted that the numerous drawings he has shown at the Club have added distinction to its exhibitions. In 1914 he became a member of the International Society of Painters, Sculptors, and Gravers. His drawings have been hung in exhibitions of the Royal Scottish Academy, the Royal Hibernian Academy, at Liverpool, Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, Huddersfield, Hull, Oldham, Derby, Bath, and Brighton, besides many foreign and colonial galleries including St. Louis, Berlin, Rome, Venice, and New Zealand. permanent collections which contain examples of



THE RESIDENCE OF PERSONS ASSESSED.



his art are the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum, the Fitzwilliam Museum. Cambridge, the Johannesburg Gallery, the Pietermaritzburg Gallery, the Luxembourg, the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, and the Oldham and Dudley Corporation Galleries. It is a matter for surprise that he is not represented at the Tate Gallery, and it is to be hoped that this omission may soon be remedied. For, in addition to the unquestionable merits of his work, Mr. Rich's art is, as we have already said, so essentially English in character, that no British artist living at the present time has a stronger claim to representation in a gallery devoted to the contemporary art of his own country.

Of the various districts of England in which Mr. Rich has worked during recent years, that of Richmond in Yorkshire has already been mentioned. In the exhibition of his works held in London last year figured drawings of Amersham, Chenies Park, Rickmansworth, Hertford, Walberswick, Colchester, Hindhead, Guildford, Godalming, Chichester, Selsey, Shoreham, Lewes Castle, Corte Castle, Rochester, Chatham, Knowle Park, Ludlow, Bolton Abbey, and Knaresborough Castle.

Mr. Rich devotes some of his time to teaching,

an occupation which affords him considerable pleasure, and each year he holds a sketching class in some part of England. That his tuition is often attended with excellent results may be gathered from the work of his pupils which figures from time to time in exhibitions. It is evident, too. that he has had considerable influence on certain water-colourists, for there are quite a number of the vounger artists painting in the "Rich" style. Nevertheless we are inclined to think that mere attempts to copy his methods would not by any means meet with Mr. Rich's approval. Imitation of others is, as we have endeavoured to show in the earlier part of this article, entirely opposed to the spirit in which he works. We feel sure he will agree that the true artist is he who, while accepting what he believes to be a right tradition, endeavours, to the best of his ability, not only to maintain that tradition, but to amplify, adapt, and develop it in accordance with his own artistic impulse, and to impress upon his work the stamp of his own personality. This, we maintain, is what Mr. Rich has achieved, and it is the principal reason why his work is so highly considered at the present time.

ERNEST G. HALTON.



" A F . H ! + F.

BY MIRLD W. RICH







The Lament of the Nude



"HUNTINGDON"

BY ALERLIE V. RICH

HE LAMENT OF THE NUDE.

I have always been part of art's stock-in-trade, and I know my job from long experience. I learned all about it ever so long ago, and by this time it would come quite easy, if only I were let alone to do things quietly, in my own way. That is just what I complain of. I never am let alone or allowed to go about my work in the way I am used to. It's a great shame. It really is, and it gets worse every year. There's no rest for me, nowadays. I am for ever being expected to learn something new, or to use some queer thing I never saw before, and I m sick and tired of it all. Artists have no consideration nowadays. It's centuries since I had any peace.

Long ago, in the good old days, when I was at home in Greece, it used to be a very different story. One knew what to be at then. The rules were as simple as simple could be, and when once you'd learned them, there was an end. I had a girdle and sandals and a mirror, and I don't see what more any one need want, for my part. One

learned to do exactly the right things with them. I soon knew it perfectly, and then I only had to go on doins, it over and over again, with slight variations. It was so restful and satisfactory, and no one seemed even to think of asking me to do anything else. Now that is what I call a good plan.

The only pity was, that by degrees, as the een turies passed, my appearance began to go off. It happened by very slow degrees, the change coming by little and by little, so that I did not notice at for a long time, but the truth was that I was growing quite heavy and stupid looking. I was living in Rome then and I think the climate disagreed with me. So in the end I was rather glad to find I was less called for, and finally that they had arranged a complete rest-cure for me. It was evidently what I needed.

It was a very long rest-cure that, almost too long, I was fired of it before it came to an end. On the very few occasions when I did make an appearance, I was all wrapped up in long hair, down to my teet, and was so dreadfully thin that I hardly knew myself. I believe I was a Saint really. The rest

The Lament of the Nude



" SOUTH CROYDON"

(The property of Miss Helen R. Lock)

BY ALFRED W. RICH

did me no end of good anyhow, and I am sure it was very wise and considerate of those who decided I ought to have it, but in the end, as I say, I was very glad to emerge again. And ever since I am sure I have been busy enough.

I was sent for to Italy at once, and one of my first appearances then was also one of the best I have ever made. It was quite in the spirit of the old days, and yet was a pleasant variety too. I had to stand quite still and quiet on a shell which floated on the sea, and the loveliest soft pink roses came drifting and dropping round me, blown on nice little soft winds. It was just the sort of arrangement that suits me. But taking it all round my work was much harder from that time on. Sometimes I had to be violent and athletic, struggling and sprawling all over the place, and that I simply detest. Sometimes they called me Charity, and gave me a perfect tribe of fat, heavy children to take care of, perfect little muisances they were, never still for a moment, and always running their elbows into one's tenderest points. It must have been about the same time, I think, that I stayed awhile in France, and found a most uncomfortable fashion reigning there, for I had to sit in a crescent moon several times. Now, nothing could possibly

make a worse seat than a crescent moon, I do assure you. I just wish the artists who made me do it had to try it themselves, that's all. Of course, if you take an interest in your work, and try to do it conscientiously, you make the best of these things but it gives me a pain still, in quite a number of places, only to think of what I suffered then.

After that, I had a most trying time. I found myself getting so dreadfully stout. I can't imagine why, unless the Dutch climate had something to say to it. I stayed in Holland for a good while, and a great deal of beer is drunk there, which is fattening they say, and may have caused it. Whatever the reason was, I was greatly put about. I seemed to get fatter and fatter, and coarser and coarser, whatever I did. My ankles grew so thick too. I took a great deal of exercise, but it never seemed to reduce me a bit, only to form horrid muscles, fit for a Hercules, that positively stuck out all over me.

I happened to meet a very old aquaintance, about that time, called Paris, and really I didn't know which way to look. He must have seen such a dreadful change in me. However, he had grown rather stout and middle aged himself, which was one comfort, and he seemed to admire me as much as

ever, which was another, so 1 plucked up heart, and managed to look as if 1 were positively proud of weighing sixteen stone or so. But life was a great effort. I couldn't get used to it.

After a while I moved to Paris. I think the name must have attracted me, it sounded so friendly and like old times, and I liked the place, for gradually I began to get my weight down and to feel more like myself. My headquarters have been there ever since, though of course I go touring into various countries from time to time, as my work calls me.

Dear me, how many fashions I have seen come and go, since I lived there. I remember when mixed bathing came in—"fêtes galantes" they used to call it at first. I never cared about that. Give me a nice quiet bathe to myself. But I remember it, especially, because it was the beginning of a very serious trouble of mine. Somehow people took to the notion of a cold-water cure for me, and ever since then, the amount of bathing and washing I have been expected to do has been a very serious thing, a constant trial and an anxiety to me, I can assure you.

It is not that I ever objected to taking baths. I believe I originated the idea. But people will go to such extremes. I did the thing in a reasonable, moderate way, at intervals, and then I was represented emerging from the bath, as often as you like afterwards. That's what I call sense. But the actual taking of one's bath is a thing that can't go on all day long. I believe it destroys the natural oil of the skin, if you overdo it, or so they say. We used oil long ago, I remember, even when we only took a reasonable number of baths. Now I am at it all day long, and nobody thinks of offering me a rub afterwards. Indeed I don't know when there is an afterwards, I'm always at it. And no one kind of bath is considered enough. Sometimes, to be sure, they give me a marble tank, with lions heads to spurt the water, and sponges and things all properly provided. Then it's not half bad. But quite as often I am turned out into the forest, and any sort of pool or stream that may turn up is supposed to do.

Now I dare say a great many people have never thought out the question of what one may call picnic baths. Unfortunately for me I have had to consider it very carefully, and from all points of view, and I should like to bring the result of my experiences and observations before the public.

The hour—to begin with. For a proper house bath, morning and evening seem the natural times. But don't imagine that's so when you're in a

romantic forest. In the morning it's always rather raw and chilly, and the water has a nip in it. In the evening, on the other hand, all the slugs and frogs and beetles are abroad, and on the prowl, and if once you put your bare foot on a slug—ugh! you will be sorry for poor me. I've had to do it, scores of times. And when it's dark, you can't find your things when you come out of the water again, and even if you haven't much to find, only a string of beads, say, it's awkward not to be able to lay hands on it.

Then the place. It used to be the sea in my early days, but I rarely seem to get a chance of that now—it's always pools or streams. One with a nice sandy margin is the ideal, of course, but I hardly ever meet that, I have really given up hoping for it. Fresh-water pools are apt to be slimy round the edge, and streams are generally rough and stony, and nettles and thistles are dreadful things to meet when you're having a picnic bath, and tadpoles and waterbeetles are distracting. As to getting clean, of course it's a mere farce, even if they do happen to provide soap and a sponge. And then quite as often as not they forget to give me any towel, and you may just imagine what it feels like to take a romantic woodland bath in a pool by moonlight, and then find no sign of a towel when you come out No, believe me, that sort of miscellaneous bathing is a delusion. If you have a proper set bath with taps and a bowl of soap, and a hot rail for your towels, be thankful for your mercies, that's my advice to you.

But then the fashion changed, and really I think it was for the worse, if possible. I still must wash incessantly. Never an hour off from that plague, but instead of the picnic washes I had begun to get accustomed to, they began to treat me to what I can only call back-kitchen washes. They set out horrid little tin baths for me, in nasty, squalid, untidy rooms. Sometimes I was expected to use a mere wash-hand basin, and even to share it with several other people, and I do draw the line at that. How would they like it themselves, that's all I want to ask the artists who make such arrangements for me? And instead of my cestus and my sandals that I learned to use so gracefully long ago, they gave me the queerest things. Nasty, soft, down-at-licel sort of slippers, without anything to hold them on to one's foot, for instance, and one year I remember, I never was seen without a pair of stockings. I hated that. Stupid, tight, ugly things, good for nothing but to stop one's circulation. And about the same time they made me come down to breakfast, a thing I never had to do before, and indeed, to all sorts of meals, and sit down to modern tables, all laid out with mustard-pots and fish-knives, and all manner of things I don't pretend to know the use of. I believe they did it on purpose to make me look foolish, and show my ignorance. It was a perfect shame.

Latterly, even stranger things have been happening to me. I hated being thin and long, and it was very bad to grow fat and lumpy, and that incessant washing was undermining my constitution, but lately---- Stay! I do believe it must be all caused by that horrid over-washing. I never thought of that before, but no doubt it is the true explanation. Rheumatism, some awful, inflammatory kind of rheumatism, caused by too much washing. That is what is wrong. I always said harm would come of it and nobody would pay me the least attention. Now I understand why, of late, I have gone into the oddest condition. Nothing in all my age-long experience has ever been the least like it. I am the strangest shapes, all sharp, hardly a curve left in my whole composition. There are slices, as it were, taken off me in every direction, and I run to points wherever I use to be round. Even that isn't the worst. Sometimes I am all separated into

bits, a leg here, and an arm there, so that I must be pieced together like a puzzle. Then I am coloured all in stripes, or in patches, and have perhaps purple shoulders and green shins. It all shows, 1 suppose, how frightfully my constitution has suffered. Oh, that intolerable washing! It really is too bad. I am becoming unrecognisable. People don't know me when they see me, now, I have heard them mistaking me for the most unlikely objects, a kitchen chair, or a ship at sea. Just lately there has been less washing, but I fear the mischief is done. The gods send it may not be irre-

My only hope is that I may perhaps have a rest. People have been busy fussing about battles and things lately, and it seems just possible that I may be entering on another period of unemployment. It is the one chance for me. After that I might start fair again, and with a reinvigorated constitution, and be quite myself.

But I hope it will be a lesson to those reckless artists to be more considerate of me when they want me again, so I wish to make my complaint public, for their sake as well as my own, and I hope and trust they'll pay me some attention.

H. G.

LBERT TOFT: SCULPTOR.

INSULARITY, for geographical reasons naturally an English tendency, has to some extent degenerated, so we are often told, into an English vice. How far the present great upheaval of affairs, with its inevitable readjustment of perspectives, is going to alter, has, indeed, already altered that aspect of our national character, only a survey in retrospect of these years of war will enable one to judge. But there is one direction in which our characteristic insularity has been somewhat conspicuous by its absence, and that is with regard to the outlook of the public upon certain forms of art. It had for long been a



 $^{\rm G}$ peace, $^{\prime}$; detail of the king edward memorial at birmingham (bronzl). By albert toly



WELSH NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL AT CARDIFF. BY ALBERT TOFT

Albert Toft, Sculptor

standing, reproach to us, as a nation, that the musician with a foreign sounding name stood a better chance of a hearing than one with a plain British patronymic; and this notwithstanding that we possessed in this country a highly interesting school of modern composers and many talented performers. Things have been, however, gradually changing, and we are now no longer content to submit to being told that "we are not a musical nation," that "we are not an artistic nation," by those would-be superior folks, whose attitude toward things in general W. S. Gilbert humorously summed up in the Lord High Executioner's song in "The Mikado":

"The idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone, All centuries but this, and ev'ry country but his own."

In the region of the plastic arts this tendency has not been entirely unnoticed, and in particular with regard to the work of our native sculptors there has been some lack of appreciation and encouragement. When our artists have shown their works in foreign exhibitions the British Section has always been accorded a full meed of praise. Yet, at home!—but what need to em-

broider further upon the wellworn theme of the "Prophet without bonour..."?

Alfred Stevens, Onslow Ford, Swan, and Alfred Gilbert are names to be proud of; and besides these and a number of others whose achievements have contributed greatly to the advancement of plastic art in this country during the past half-century, we are fortunate in possessing a considerable school of contemporary sculptors whose work is unquestionably worthy of serious regard. The Royal Academy which relegates the sculptures to two rather small and invariably much overcrowded galleries is to some extent responsible for the apathy on the part of the public. Even to a greater degree than pictures do glyptic works suffer from close proximity to one another, but in this country the proper exhibiting of

sculpture is not sufficiently studied, and its importance is not appreciated to the extent it deserves.

The task of the sculptor is no light one. What can be more dead than a lump of clay? What more inert and lifeless than a mass of stone? The art of the sculptor lies in not merely fashioning the raw material into a semblance of natural form, not merely in achieving the outward representation of the subject, but his work, if it is to possess any vital significance, must convey an idea, must enshrine a thought: the artist must, in truth, breathe a soul into his clay and make the marble pulsate with life. He can put not! ing into his art that does not spring from within inself, and is only able to express adequately his inward emotion if his knowledge and command of his craft are profound and sincere.

The keynote of Mr. Toft's work is a deep searching after truth; and first of all after truth to nature, for it is only thus that he can achieve ultimately truth to his ideal. To be constantly studying, to be ever adding to his appreciation and understanding of natural forms upon which, as he says, all the finest design is based, this is his watchword. So the essence of his work is a close



"EDUCATION": DETAIL OF THE KING LOWARD MEMORIAL AT BIRMING-HAM. BY ALEERT TOLL



SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MEMORIAL IN CANNON HILL PARK, BIRMINGHAM. BY ALBERT TOFT



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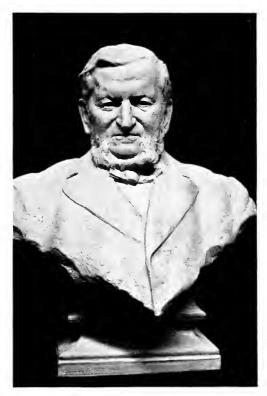
and penetrating Realism (he has been criticised for being too much a realist) as the basis for the gradual development of his Ideals. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his "Discourses on Art," said: "Invention, strictly speaking, is little more than a new combination of those images which have been previously gathered and deposited in the memory: nothing can come of nothing: he who has laid up no materials can produce no combinations." Here is a truism which has been lately in certain quarters noisily derided; the notion of a small short-sighted section of ultra-modern artists (with more ist than art in their composition), being that the works of God should have no influence upon, and can easily be surpassed by the works of man. In fact, logically, their creed would seem to suggest that the greatest artist might be he who, born blind, was consequently troubled by no visual impressions of the material world.

Realism is the scaffolding whereby Mr. Toft erects the building of his Ideal. Too often the young artist of to-day discards the scaffolding before the building is complete.

Nascitur non fit is to some extent true of the sculptor, as of the poet, and Mr. Toft may be cited as a case in point of the value and significance of inherited tendencies. Born in 1862, in a suburb of Birmingham, he comes of an old family of artists for long connected with the Staffordshire potteries. His father, the late Charles Toft, a man of talent not only as artworker, but also as an inventor, was for many years chief modeller and designer at Birmingham for the firm of Elkington & Co., afterwards leaving them to work for Messrs. Josiah Wedgwood and Sons of Etruria. It was here that Albert Toft was apprenticed as a modeller for pottery. His evenings were spent in the artschools at Hanley and Newcastleunder-Lyme, and when eighteen years old a National Scholarship, gained at the latter school, took him to London for two years at the Royal College of Art. Scholarships were not then of such lengthy tenure as they are today, and at the expiration of his time at South Kensington, spent for the most part studying from the life under Professor Lanteri, young Toft,

fired with the ambition to devote his energies to sculpture, set out upon what proved a very hard road and an uphill struggle. Notwithstanding that he had many tempting inducements to return to his modelling for pottery he never wavered from his decision.

Like many another artist who has risen to an enviable position in his profession, Mr. Toft passed through lean and trying years, and much might be written concerning his struggles. But, to him as to others, through eating the bread of adversity has come a deep knowledge of life, and broad sympathies; his hard experiences proved him, and have gone towards the formation of character, have purged his artistic outlook of all traces of æsthetic dilettantism, while a warm and genial temperament saved him from loss of enthusiasm, and from the bitterness and sourness which are sometimes left,



BUST OF THE RT. HON, JESSE COLLINGS, M.P. (MARRIE)
BY ALBERT TOFT



STUDY OF A HEAD IN MARBLE BY ALBERT TOFT

like a scar from a wound, in a young artist by his struggles with adverse circumstances.

Since 1885, in which year Mr. Toft first made his appearance in the Royal Academy exhibitions, he has continued, with only two exceptions, to exhibit annually at Burlington House.

The several reproductions of his works here given form, of course, only a small selection from his considerable aware, but they will serve to give an idea of the various phases of his art. He has been responsible for many fine and dignified memorials; and of the thoroughness, the care for detail, which gives such unity and comprehensiveness to his commemorative work, the two reproductions of the figures symbolising Peace and Education from the King Edward Memorial at Birmingham afford interesting evidence. The Welsh National Memorial, erected at Cardiff to the

memory of the Welshmen who fell in South Africa 1899-1902, is one of the best Mr. Toft has executed. Readers of The Studio will remember that reproductions of details of this were shown in the number for January 1910. Another memorial, not so majestic but, to my thinking, more graceful in design, is the South African War Memorial at Cannon Hill Park. Birmingham; while, among other commissions of the kind, Mr. Toft has executed memorials to Queen Victoria at Leamington, Nottingham, and South Shields, also to King Edward VII at Leamington, the East Suffolk War Memorial at Ipswich, and the Warwickshire War Memorial in the Parish Church, Warwick.

Mr. Toft's sympathy and close study of nature have developed in him great ability in portrait-sculpture. The robust and finely modelled Sir George Frampton (Royal Academy, 1915) and the excellently characterised bust of the Right Hon. Iesse Collings, M.P. (Royal Academy, 1914), appear among the illustrations; and among other interesting sitters may be mentioned Mr. Gladstone (an admirable bust of whom Mr. Toft executed at Hawarden Castle, George Jacob Holyoake, R. B.

Cunninghame-Graham, Mrs. Cyril Maude, Sir Henry Irving, David Christie Murray, Sir William Pearce, Prof. Leschetizky, Mark Hambourg, Sir William Treloar, and Sir Charles Mark Palmer.

Lastly, we come to those works in which the inward inspiration of the artist has been the sole and individual motive. Look first at the graceful Spring (in the Birmingham Art Gallery), with its youthfulness, its warm life, tender curves, and its feeling of wonderment before the recurring miracle of the birth of leaves and flowers, and compare it with the dispassionate but even more beautifully modelled Spirit of Contemplation, in which the body lies inert and subservient as the temple of the mind. This work, now in the Newcastle Art Gallery, is one of those by which the artist was represented at the Franco-British Exhibition in 1908 and at the International Art Exhibition at



BUST OF SIR GEORGE FRAMPTON, R.A. (BRONZE). BY ALBERT TOFT



Albert Toft, Sculptor



"THE METAL POURER" BRONZE STATUETTE BY ALBERT TOFT

Rome in 1911. Beautiful, too, and very characteristic is the marble head, reproduced on p. 24. Simplicity of form, graceful poise of the head, the light and delicate suggestion of the hair-all is in keeping with the beauty of the material. and we do not think we exaggerate in saying that here, indeed, in this pensive head Mr. Toft has made the marble live. One of his most important figures (illustrated in The Studio, June 1915) is the large marble Bather, subtly yet powerfully modelled, despite its suavity, which was one of the purchases of the Chantrey Fund from this year's Royal Academy. The little bronze study of a recumbent female figure is a work full

of inspiration; and in The Metal Pourer (Royal Academy, 1915) and Mother and Child the sculptor shows his sympathy with those who toil, a feeling akin to that which prompted the noble works of Millet, and which finds its expression in the art of the Belgian Meunier and Brangwyn. To the latter such a powerful sketch as this little Metal Pourer would surely appeal, and it is not surprising to learn that he, as well as other brother artists, has purchased a replica. The sculptor must have been keenly conscious as he vigorously modelled this tensely straining figure, of the heat, the sweat, and the toil of the whole life of this workman, which is so fervently epitomised in his momentary action. It is a work of pure inspiration, wrought, one imagines, rapidly in the white heat of enthusiasm, and, to quote Mr. Toft's own words from his excellent manual for students, "Modelling and Sculpture," it reminds us that "there is in all creative art a pleasure, almost a rapture, which is in itself one of the most exquisite delights given to man, the sense of having accomplished worthy work."

One cannot do better, in concluding this brief notice, than quote a further passage from the same source, for here may be found summed up what



STUDY IN BRONZE

BY ALBERT TOFT



"A MOTHER AND CHILD" (BRONZE). BY ALBERT TOFT

has formed the mainspring of his art: "Inspiration is indisputably the supremest gift any artist can possess, but without hard work it must necessarily remain useless, because until it finds expression there is no realisable result of his imaginative power. Thought is indispensable to creation, but labour alone gives thought expression." Mr. Toft, it may fairly be claimed, has perfected his means of expression to the point of being able, sincerely, and beautifully to convey the thoughts and ideals which, to the eye that can comprehend them, reveal themselves in his art.

Arthur Reddie.

The Serbian Government has presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum the marble torso of Strabinic Ban, by Ivan Mestrović, in proof of their appreciation of the interest shown by the British public in the recent exhibition of the artist's work at the Museum. The torso is on view in the Central Hall.

THE WOOD-CUTS OF T. STURGE MOORE. BY ALEXANDER J. FINBERG

I FIRST met Sturge Moore towards the end of the 'eighties when we were both students at the Lambeth School of Art. Looking back now over the twenty-five years and more which have passed since those days, I must say that the students at that school were probably as rowdy and unpleasant a body of young ruffians as ever disgraced a school of art with their presence. Yet the turbulent atmosphere seems to have been peculiarly suited to the growth and development of the students' abilities, for an unusually large proportion of the men of that time have since distinguished themselves. Charles Hazlewood Shannon, A.R.A., Charles Ricketts and Sturge Moore, L. Raven-Hill and F. H. Townsend, whose names are now so prominent in the pages of "Punch," Arthur Rackham and Reginald Savage, are a few of the names of those students which come most readily to my mind.

The school at that time was under the direction of Mr. John Sparkes, who was also the Principal of the National Art Training School at South Kensington, but the teaching of drawing and painting was in the hands of an eccentric artist of the name of Smith. (I should think it probable that Smith had at least one Christian name, but I'm sure none of us knew what it was.) Between Sparkes, Smith, and the students an open and undisguised feud was always raging. Sparkes's ideal of a life-study was something like those Academy studies in red and black chalk by Mulready which used to be displayed - and probably still are—in a circular hanging frame in what was then known as the South Kensington Museum. He liked a neat and pleasing general effect in a drawing, and he loved carefully rounded contours and subtle curves. Smith's tastes were exactly the reverse. He hated curves, and made us draw every form in a series of short straight lines. He also talked enthusiastically about "values," and instead of letting us treat all the lighter planes of an object as a generalised mass, equivalent for practical purposes to the tone of the white paper we were drawing upon, he insisted on our trying to give the full difference between the highest light and the next lightest plane. The consequence was that the range of the charcoal with which we drew was very soon exhausted, and the larger part of the white flesh of a nude model standing in a glare of light was represented in

most of our life-studies by the blackest black of which charcoal was capable. Imagine, then, the mingled feelings of horror, shame and indignation

with which Sparkes, when he dropped in on one of his very rare visits of inspection, would contemplate a roomful of about forty drawings all blacker than ink, with jagged contours as though the forms had been hastily chopped out of wood! Imagine the expression on his handsome face as he compared our



"BABY GIANTS." DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY T. STURGE MOORE

sombre and hideous representations with the gleaming white forms of the pretty model who posed on the "throne" in the centre of the room.

He seldom stayed long with us. He couldn't, for

our uncouth drawings evidently got on his nerves. Sometimes he would try the effect of gentle suasion on one of the more harmless-looking students, patiently arguing that the contour of a rounded shoulder was actually a series of delicate curves, and not a lot of jerky straight jabs. He also pointed out that our models were white men and women, and

not negroes and negresses. But all his entreaties

and arguments were lost on us, for none of us liked the man, and I really think we took malicious pleasure in exaggerating Smith's mannerisms

because we enjoyed Sparkes's disapproval. On one occasion, when all our drawings were even blacker and smudgier than usual, I remember that

> Sparkes, after a brief, hurried look round. had fled incontinently from the room, murmuring under his breath, "If only charcoal were a guinea a stick!" That night we all went home to our suppers in a state of hilarious happiness.

But if we generally worked according to Smith's precepts.

chiefly because it "riled Sparkes," we also sometimes worked against them, expressly to annoy Smith. Some dainty Mulready-cum-Raphaelesque drawings done in this way by one of the most bril-

liant students so delighted Sparkes that they brought a just punishment on the head of their clever perpe-He trator. was awarded a silver or gold medal—I forget which-at the next National Competition at South Kensington, a tribunal for whose judgments this particular student had always expressed the most withering contempt. He really regarded the intended



"DILIGENCE TAMING THE PASSIONS," BOOK-PLATE DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY T. STURGE MOORE (By permission of Campbell Dodgson, Esq.)

honour as an insult, and felt heartily ashamed of his joke. His fellow-students made the most of their opportunity and subjected him to a merciless stream of chaff.

In addition to the classes for painting and drawing, a class for wood-engraving was conducted by Mr. Charles Roberts, an engraver whose work often appeared in the "Graphic" and "Illustrated London News" of those days. Moore, as well as Ricketts, Shannon, Raven-Hill, and Townsend, worked in this class. Ricketts was certainly the most intellectually precocious of all the students; he had, even in those days, a wonderful knowledge of all the various forms of art: he had travelled more than any of us, had read more, and was familiar not only with the works of the older masters but also with those of the modern Continental artists. Moore, like the rest of us, soon came under the influence of Ricketts's dominant personality, and I think he paid much more attention to Ricketts's criticisms and suggestions than to those of any of the masters.

Though we nearly all admired Ricketts, we feared him, I think, still more, for he had a bitter tongue and a capricious temper. On the other hand we had a real liking for Moore: he was so modest, simple-minded and straightforward. I



" FLAU D AND EATHING DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY T. STUTGE MOORE

till remember the quiet and quaint little smile with which he told me, after I had been admiring one of his poems, that he couldn't spell, that he didn't know anything about grammar, and that in fact he was quite includated. I was surprised at this confession, because I knew that his brother was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and that his sisters had had unusually distinguished academic careers. But Moore explained with his usual directness and simplicity that he was the



"THE YOUNG MOTHER." DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY T. STURGE MOORE

stupid one of the family, and that the family council had decided that the educational advantages to which his brothers and sisters were properly entitled would have been wasted on him. That was why, he added, he was allowed to go to an art school to amuse himself, and encouraged to try to learn wood-engraving. As a matter of fact Moore, even at that time, was quite as well educated as the majority of his fellow art-students, but he knew, from the experience of his brothers and sisters, what a thorough-going academic education meant, and he realised his own deficiencies better than we

realised our own. And, I may add, he has since done everything in his power to remedy any initial shortcomings by sedulous and systematic reading. No reader of his searching studies of Flaubert's and Blake's works could regard him as anything









SIGNED AND EN-GRAVED BY T STURGE MOORE

but an exceptionally well-read and welleducated person.

I do not think any of us took Moore's artistic studies very seriously. He was what is called "clumsy-fisted." He never seemed able to put a touch exactly where he wanted it to go. His drawings and paintings always lacked delicacy and finish.

They had that kind of childish uncouthness which we now associate with the term Post-Impressionism. When we heard that several of Moore's poems had earned the approval of Ricketts, who was as hard to please in literary as in artistic matters, we assumed that Moore would devote himself mainly to a literary life and that he would soon abandon the graphic arts for which we

thought he was not naturally adapted. We were right in thinking that he would achieve literary distinction—he is now a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, his poems, like "The Rout of the Amazons" and "The Vinedresser," have placed him in the first rank of living English poets, and his critical studies of the works of Durer, Correggio, and William Blake stand out conspicuously, as Mr. Laurence Binyon has well said, from the current criticism of art by their penetrative power and grasp of fundamental ideas ; but we were quite wrong in thinking that Moore would not also achieve distinction as an artist. We were mistaken because we overvalued manual dexterity and accomplishment as most students and nearly all artists always do, and we took too little account of the purely intellectual and imaginative side of creative art.

The wood-engraving class at Lambeth was intended to train students in the work of reproductive engraving. Ricketts, with an intuitive sense of the innate possibilities of every medium

he worked in which amounted to genius, was the first to rebel against this subordination of engraving to reproductive and commercial purposes. He was the first in our generation to see that wood-engraving could stand in its own right as an independent medium of artistic expression: that it might be as autonomous as oil or water-colour painting or etching, provided that the designer and engraver should work in the terms of their own art, and not in those of any of its friendly or inimical neighbours. He saw clearly the advantages of combining the designer and engraver in one person, so that the design should be conceived from the first in terms of the wood-block, and that the woodcutter should be sufficiently intimate with the designer's mind and intentions to work freely within the capacities of his medium. It is true that neither Durer, Holbein, Titian nor Rubens, and, to come down to more recent times, neither Rossetti, Millais, nor Sandys, had cut their own blocks. But sufficient had been done in this direction by Blake, Calvert, and Bewick to confirm Ricketts in his idea that the most perfect artistic conditions were that the engraver should make his own designs, and that the designer should be his own engraver. But such ideas were heretical to the editors



"THE CENTAUR'S FIRST LOVE" DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY T. STURGE MOORE

and publishers of those days, so Ricketts, ably supported by his friend and fellow-student, Charles Hazlewood Shannon, decided to become his own editor and publisher. In the summer of 1889 these two bold adventurers launched the first number of "The Dial," to the horror and amazement of "The Saturday Review" and "Magazine

of Art," and soon afterwards issued an edition of " Daphnis and Chloe," illustrated with thirty-six woodcuts and decorated with numerous initial letters designed and engraved by themselves the first of what they called the Vale Publications.

I hope on another occasion to be able to write more in detail of the wood-cuts of these two great and original artists, but no article on Sturge Moore's engraving s

"THE CENTAUR'S FIRST LOVE." (AN UNPUBLISHED WOOD-CUT). DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY T. STURGE MOORE

would be complete without some acknowledgment of the stimulus and guidance his work had received from their bold initiative. It is a great pleasure to me to be able to add, for the credit of artists in general, who are not usually supposed to abound in humility or gratitude, that Moore himself is always the first to acknowledge with the utmost generosity and unselfishness how much he owes to the encouragement, teaching, and criticism of Ricketts and Shannon.

An announcement made in 1893 shows that it was proposed that Moore should make his first bow to the public in the double guise of poet and artist. A volume of "First Poems and Woodcuts" was announced for publication early in March 1894, but it was never issued. It was decided to

keep the two arts separate. A portfolio entitled "Metamorphoses of Pan and other Woodcuts," containing ten original engravings, was published in June 1895. The edition was limited to twelve portfolios, but even this small edition was too large for the immediate public demand, for I believe only two copies were sold in the first ten years of

its publication. The apathy of the public towards this first harvest of Moore's gifted and original work is amazing, and I should have treated it as incredible if I had not myself witnessed it. But the public is so much at the beck and call of interested middlemen, that an artist who does not go out of his way to advertise and puff his wares. who is content, as Sturge Moore is, to launch his work silently on the stream

of time, can even nowadays almost completely avoid the notice of the public.

But in spite of the coldness with which Moore's portfolio of woodcuts was received on its first appearance, I believe that in time it will take its place among the finest products of graphic art in this country. The designs have something of the imaginative fervour and sweep of Blake's best work, but they have a grace, tenderness, and delicate sense of humour of which we find no trace in Blake's artistic work. As an artist Blake dwelt ever in an iovisible world of his own, peopled mainly with memories of bad line engravings of the works of Michael Angelo. His art very seldom came in contact with the visible world, with the men and women and natural objects which we







The Wood-Cuts of T. Sturge Moore

know, and see and touch. He complained that the visible world "put him out." Hence a certain amount of dryness, abstractness, and cold remoteness in most of his work, although it has a splendour and significance of its own, especially in such magnificent designs as Elijah in the Fiery

Chariot and Pity like a Naked Newborn Babe striding the Blast. But Moore's mind and art are of a different kind. He is essentially lover of all living and moving things -a lover of the brown.



ILLUSTRATION TO WORDSWORTH'S "AS IN A GROVE I SAT RECLINED."
DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY T. STURGE MOORE

sweet-smelling earth, of the worms which wriggle in it, of the plants and trees which grow upon it, of the funny heasts which dwell amongst their shadows, and of the rocks which burst through the earth's yielding

surface and tower up into snow-capped mountains; he loves the rivers and the little waves playing on the flat shore or throwing themselves against the jagged rocks. He is too much of a poet and too little of an artist, in the modern popular sense of the word, to want to sit

down and draw or paint one little scene or any one particular concatenation of objects. If he tried to do such a thing he would feel that all the other scenes and objects in this rich and beautiful world were gently reproaching him with his neglect of their charms. Moore does not "study Nature." He simply watches her with the patient affection of a mother watching her child. And then, somehow —I cannot tell how, for I am not a creative genius —all that the patient watcher has seen and felt and thought seems to project itself into an image which can be drawn and cut upon a wood-block of

> a few square inches, a triumphant synthesis of things seen and the mood in which they have been received.

Pan, a Cloud, is a magnificent design of this kind. It is full of the happiness of a glorious summer's noon. The clouds

hanging down over the hillside on which the sheep browse and sleep are like the spirit of the creator of the scene conscious of and rejoicing in the happiness of all its creatures. Pan Mountain is

the incarnation of the high mountains rejoicing in the freshness and light of their height, and enjoying the rugged and gnarled forms of their own limbs and the friendly shelter of the verdure that nestles round their feet. This superb and perfect design was first published in the



ILLUSTRATION TO "THE CENTAUR AND THE BACCHANTE" BY DE GUÉRIN.

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY T. STURGE MOORE

third number of "The Dial" in 1893. In Pan Island we see the genial god sitting on a small rock listening to the lapping of the clear green waves and watching the free traffic of the clouds and the waters. The reproduction here given of this design is taken from the first and unpublished

The Wood-Cuts of T. Sturge Moore

state of the block. This was subsequently altered by the addition of a number of small figures which the god was made to hold in his left arm, an afterthought which I am not at all sure was an improvement. Pan and Echo is a gracious and delightful fantasy. The dark, rugged, vigorous figure of the god holds and sustains the white limbs of the nymph, while one of his hands caresses her golden hair. The Limit of the Land is another of these bold and striking images. We seem to be at the very ends of the earth. The waves in the foreground dash themselves against the gaunt and immensely high cliffs. A tiny human figure crouching in one of the crevices of the rocks gazes full of wonder and awe out at the beyond. The Young Mother and some designs of laughing, romping children—Baby Giants and Childhood complete the contents of this portfolio.

It is hard—nay, impossible—to describe works like these in which the substance and form are merged in such indissoluble unity. The only adequate way of praising work of this kind is to show it, and this can only be done imperfectly in reproductions which have to be printed in large numbers by machinery. The illustrations which accompany this article have been printed in most cases from electrotypes made direct from the original wood-blocks. These are excellent specimens of modern reproductive processes, but of course, to appreciate fully the delicacy, sweetness, and absolute beauty of Moore's work one must look

only at the hand-printed impressions taken by himself from the original wood-blocks.

After the publication of the Portfolio of 1895, Moore's chief work was done to illustrate books published by the Vale, Unicorn, and Eragny Presses. His subjects ranged from Wagner's opera of "Siegfried" to Wordsworth's reflective poems. One of the illustrations to "The Centaur and the Bacchante," here reproduced, accompanied the translation made by Moore of Maurice de Guérin's delightful poem. It was published in 1899. In 1902 Moore illustrated Perrault's "Peau-d'Ane," issued by the Eragny Press. The design of Peaud'Âne Bathing, here reproduced, is taken from that volume. A fire in a warehouse unfortunately destroyed a number of blocks prepared for a Vale edition of Wordsworth's poems, so the volume was never issued. Some of these blocks, like the tailpiece to "Dion," of a dving swan on a wave, are on so small a scale and so full of delicate and intricate work that it is impossible to reproduce them here, but the beautiful little block, As in a grove I sat reclined, gives some idea of the wealth of invention lavished in vain on what would have been probably the first satisfactory attempt to illustrate Wordsworth.

The winding-up of the affairs of the Vale Press in 1903 left Moore free to return to work on a larger scale than the illustration of small books permitted, and also free to follow the suggestions of his own restless imagination. Theseus Finding the Body of



"HORST - AND SHIE

BOOK-PLATE DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY T. STURGE MOORE (By fermi sum of George II. Milsted, E.g.)

The Wood-Cuts of T. Sturge Moore



"GO WASH"

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY T. STURGE MOORE



"THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT"

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY T. STURGE MOORE

Phædra, which was exhibited with the Society of Twelve in 1908, is one of the most deeply tragic of all his designs. The Centuar's First-Love was exhibited in 1909. It took the place of an earlier version of the same subject which was condemned by an artist for whom Moore has the greatest affection and respect. As both versions are here reproduced, the published and the condemned, our readers can amuse themselves by comparing the two efforts. Personally I think I should vote for

the earlier and condemned version, in spite of a certain weakness of draughtsmanship in the centaur's upraised arm. But Moore would sooner spoil a design than hurt the feelings of a friend. He has a genius for friendship, an I the number of bookplates he has made for his friends shows how ready he is to use his talents for their pleasure. Two of these are here reproduced: the beautiful design made for Mr. Campbell Dodgson, and the romantic Horses and Ships for Mr. G. H. Milsted.

Two others of the blocks included in this article-Go Wash and The Sermon on the Mount -were originally published in the second number of "The Art Engraver," a quarterly magazine which set out gallantly and unsuccessfully in 1904, with the laudable object of popularizing original engraving of all kinds. These two beautiful designs seem to me to offer a most delightful and suggestive development of the earlier series of the Metamorphoses of Pan. The teacher of cleanliness in Go Wash is not so very far removed from the grotesque but benign god who found happiness in watching the life of old Mother Earth, the sea and the sky. But he is older, by many centuries, and his sympathies have broadened. We might call him a christianized Pan. And the teacher in The Sermon on the Mount is still further humanized. but it is still to the children-to the young in heart -that he addresses his message of love; love, the melody of old Pan's pipings, the burden of our poets' best songs, the inspiration of all the best images painted and graven by our artists.

I will bring these inadequate remarks to a

close with an expression of gratitude to the Editor of The STUDIO for having given me permission to introduce Moore's work to the wider public which his excellent review reaches, though I fear I have not made as much of my opportunity as a more eloquent writer would have made, But Moore's work, I feel confident, has only to be seen to gain the admiration and applause it deserves. The designs we show you here give some idea of the work he has done in years of coldness and neglect. He does not ask for your applause, and he has shown that he can do without it. He is more concerned to deserve it. But he is still young, and his industry and the force of his imagination are unimpaired. Poets and artists and Moore is both thrive best in an atmosphere of praise and affection. I should like to see the splendid things. Moore has done applauded as warmly as they deserve, and the affectionate admiration of the many who can now appreciate really fine work urging him on to more strenuous efforts and greater triumphs in the future.

ECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

Mr. E. C. Bewlay, F.R.I.B.A., has built for his own occupation the house shown below and opposite. It is situated within a mile and a half of the centre of Birmingham, a fact scarcely indicated by the apparently rural surroundings. Simplicity inside and out was the aim of the architect. The external walls are covered with cement rough cast, the roof being of dark coloured, hand-made tiles. The skylight seen from the garden front is for the purpose of lighting a large studio. An archway was made through the existing high brick wall by the roadside and one of the views of the house is taken through this entrance. Most of the internal woodwork is stained and dullvarnished a very dark brown, the door architraves being enamelled white. The plaster walls are finished with a rough surface and are distempered white or grey. There are no picture rails, the architect preferring to hang pictures direct to supports in the walls. He also chose sash



HOUSE AT EDGBASION, BIRMINGHAM ERNEST C. BEWLAY, L.R.L.B.A., ARCHITECT



HOUSE AT EDGBASTON, BIRMINGHAM ERN

windows rather than casements.

The southern half of Surrey, with its fine ranges of hills and beautiful pinewood scenery, was discovered many years ago as an unrivalled residential district within easy access of London. Recent building activity, not including the temporary structures erected everywhere by the War Department, have

shown that the various neighbourhoods have grown in favour, and new houses of all descriptions appear on the heights and on the verdant plains. The motor-car is responsible to some extent for this development and it is natural that many of the buildings should be provided with extensive garage accommodation for the use of the owner and his visitors. In spite of all human intrusions, however, this part of Surrey retains much of its pristine beauty and charm.



Witley, like other places in Surrey, has long been famous for its artistic associations—J. C. Hook, Birket Foster, Arthur Melville, Mrs. Allingham, Mr. Graham Robertson, being among the painters, and "George Eliot" among the writers, who have lived there. It is not surprising to find, therefore, that in one of the latest homes crected there, a music-room should be the dominating feature. The house is called "Great Roke," and it was designed by the well-known Birmingham architects,

Messrs. Herbert T. Buckland, F.R.I.B.A., and E. Haywood-Farmer, F.R.I.B.A., now Messrs. Buckland, Haywood, and Farmer. The large music-room, as will be seen from the plan below, is on the northern side, with a bay to the west overlooking the drive and the main entrance to the house. The hall has a corner fireplace of stone and leading from this part of the building is a staircase in English oak. The smoking-room and drawing-room adjoin, the latter having two outlooks to the south, one being from the bay.

servants' hall, being on the south. The upstairs accommodation includes a private suite consisting of two bedrooms, bathroom, and a sitting-room which opens on to a wide balcony; on the first floor are also four other bedrooms, a dressing-room, schoolroom, bathroom, etc. The servants' bed and bathrooms are on the second floor.

"Great Roke" is on the top of a hill and is built externally with the local Bargate stone, with window and other dressings of Doulting stone. The walls

The dining-room has an exit to the loggia and garden. Surrounding the kitchen court are various rooms and receptacles arranged conveniently for storage and service purposes, the kitchen itself, with scullery and

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F AT 7 B.L. OF HELY, O'RIPLY: NORTH FRONT

H. L. EU (KLAND AND L. HAYWOOD FARMER, TERLERA., ARCHITECTS





"GREAT ROKE," WITLEY, SURREY: SOUTH FRONT
H. T. BUCKLAND AND E. HAYWOOD-LARMER, FERGLEA. ARCHITECTS
12

are built in random rubble with a cavity and then a brick lining 9 in. thick. Oak is used for many of the doors and for the panelling in the dining-room, deal being employed elsewhere. The decorative plaster-work which adorns the hall, dining-room, drawing-room and other parts of the house, was carried out by Mr. R. M. Catterson-Smith, of Birmingham. The grounds have been laid out appropriately.

Another residence completed recently from the design of Messrs. Buckland and Haywood-Farmer is "Blyth Court," Edgbaston, the private house of Dr. Barling. It is of brick, with thick white mortar joints, and the roof is covered with old tiles. The relative positions of the important rooms are shown on the plan (p. 45). An interesting feature is the single apartment at one end, shaded partly by the arched loggia. This is called the home room, a title adopted in preference to living-room. It is the general rendezvous of the house, the drawing-room being used only for purposes of entertainment. The accommodation on the first floor includes six bedrooms, two dressing-rooms, two bathrooms and a sewing-room. There is some notable decorative plaster-work in the hall, the overmantel being also in this material; the artists

engaged were Mr. R. M. Catterson-Smith and Mr. George Cox.

A new house on the outskirts of London is that crected on the Nasthyde Estate, Hatfield, from the design of Mr. S. W. Cranfield, A.R.I.B.A. (p. 46). The walls are of brick, rough-cast, and the roof is covered with red tiles. The half-timber gables give an element of picturesqueness to the exterior: otherwise it is built without elaboration. The kitchen annexe is a useful feature and is not unimportant in the design of the house. The chief rooms are placed naturally round the central hall and the arrangement of the bedrooms is equally convenient.

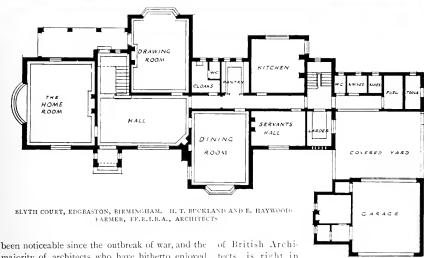
"Dalbeathie," the hall of which is illustrated on page 47, was built for the late E. E. Briggs, R.I. amidst delightful Highland scenery on the north bank of the Tay, near Dunkeld. The architects were Messrs. Mills and Shepherd, FF.R.I.B.A., of Dundee. Designed as an artist's home, with a view to showing many personal belongings, decorations and curiosities, the house has many interesting features. The hall, with its beam ceiling, oak floors and oak furnishings, is a pleasant lounge entirely suitable for its purpose.

Prodigality in private building enterprise has not



BUVIH OFT, EDGEA-TON, BIEMINGHAM
H. L. BUCKLAND AND E. HAYWOOD-LARMER, LERGLEGA, ARCHITECTS





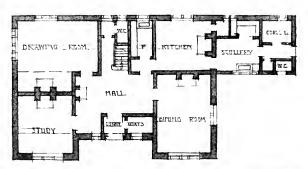
majority of architects who have hitherto enjoyed comfortable practices in domestic architecture have seen few new clients. The injunction of the Parliamentary War Savings Committee, that no one should build a house for himself at this time, seems rather ironical to those who are in touch with the realities of the day. Still, there is a certain amount of work going on and Mr. Ernest Newton, A.R.A., President of the Royal Institute tects, is right in pointing out that

if all such expenditure on building and decoration were to cease, a large number of men engaged in this branch of industry in one way or another would be deprived of their only means of earning a bare living without contributing to the military strength of the country. Building in strict moderation should meet the situation in the best possible way

for all concerned. If architects who are more or less idle and are unable to divert their powers to national purposes can evolve economies to be practised by their clients in future, they will be doing good work. The abolition of the chimney is one of the innovations already proposed. The dea is to popularise central heating-for cheapness in house construction, for more even distribution of warmth, and for less cost in fuel and cleaning. To carry this proposal into effect building operations are involved and the matter must be left till after the war, but the possibilities of this scheme are worth consideration. The use of peat for fuel will be more common, probably, during the coming winter. Some wonderful facts have been recorded

to prove the value of this substance, and Sir Herbert Maxwell has stated recently that he once saw a peat fire which had been burning or smouldering for twenty-seven vears without going out. With peat and wood fires the grate and chimney must be of a certain type if the most pleasant and efficient heat is to be obtained, but some arrangements may be adapted for the purpose.

A cordial welcome may be given to any means by which architects and artists may be employed in the difficult days which are casting their shadows on offices and studios. Much may be done by combination and efficient organisation to bring about good results for the benefit of workers and the community. One of the objects of the newly formed Civic Arts Association is to ensure the artistic importance of the war memorials which are in contemplation and which will be needed more and more as the ravages of the conflict are felt to the full extent. Throughout the country such permanent tributes, large and small, private and public, will be desired, and those responsible will do well to obtain professional advice before putting





TAR HAILIELL, HERIS 46

(See t. 11)



HALL, "DALBEATHE," SCOTLAND (See f. 44) J. D. MILLS AND G. D. B. SHEPHERD, IF.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECTS

work in hand. Even a simple inscription can gain in reverence and sentiment if the lettering is good: and many a humble record, executed in good taste and well placed, is better than an ill-conceived though imposing monument. Perhaps there is no more difficult problem than to perpetuate worthily the brave deeds of kinsmen and local heroes. is necessary that such matters should be settled without undue haste so that the right artists should be engaged on the work. The Civic Arts Association desire to formulate the correct principles to be observed and to guide public opinion. Prizes will be offered for suitable designs and an exhibition will be held. The Association may extend its programme by presenting gifts to the Allies for preservation in ruined districts on the Continent. Those in sympathy with these objects are asked to subscribe five shillings annually or to make donations. Communications may be addressed to the Hon. Rachel Kay-Shuttleworth, 28 Prince's Gardens, S.W. The list of supporters already includes the names of eminent architects, sculptors,

and craftsmen, together with other influential workers in other spheres.

An important addition to the treasures of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square was made in August by the presentation of M. Egide Rombaux's statue, Le Premier Matin, which was one of the most notable exhibits at the recent summer exhibition of the Royal Academy. The gift of this work to the National Collection is due to the action of Sir Edward Poynter, the President, and various Members and Associates of the Academy, including Sir Thomas Brock, Sir W. Goscombe John, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. Hughes-Stanton, Mr. W. B. Richmond, Mr. John Lavery, Sir Aston Webb, and Sir E. A. Waterlow, who decided to raise a fund to enable the statue to be retained in England, and the needful sum (£.800) having been raised by subscription, the formal presentation of the work to the Trustees of the National Gallery took place on August 12 in the Sculpture Gallery at Burlington House.

Miniatures in the Pierpont Morgan Collection

MINIATURES IN THE PIER-PONT MORGAN COLLECTION.* —III. SAMUEL COOPER'S "LODOWICH MUGGLETON."

The middle of the seventeenth century was in England a time of great revival of religious thought, and was responsible for the creation of numerous strange and mysterious sects, the leaders of which entertained strong and definite opinions respecting one another, and did not fail to express them, both by word of mouth and in their writings, in a forcible manner mingled with much personal abuse.

Of the various bodies which arose in this time of tempestuous movement and of the Commonwealth sects two only now survive—the Society of Friends and the exceedingly small and obscure body known as Muggletonians. In their time there were no men more bitterly opposed to one another than were the two Founders of these bodies, William Penn and Lodowich Muggleton.

It is a portrait of the latter person that is reproduced on the opposite page. The miniature is by Samuel Cooper (1600–1672), the greatest of all English miniature painters, and the portrait sets forth with excellent skill the character and features of a very remarkable man.

Few people are even aware of the continued existence of his followers. The Muggletonians exclude from their meetings the usual exercises of public worship, and are in consequence omitted from the schedules of religious bodies issued by the Registrar General. They have no preacher or leader, but there is still a group of persons who meet together in East London in a building which practically covers the site of the birthplace of their leader, and who read his works and hold his name in high repute.

Macaulay refers to Muggleton in his "History of England," but almost every piece of information in his long sentence is inaccurate. There are few correct allusions to the Muggletonians in current history, and this is not the place in which one can never at length to their theological position or musual opinions, but the writer intends presently to put into permanent form an accurate account of their procedure.

Maggleton was born in London in July 1600, and came at an old Northamptonshire family. He

* The first and second articles in this series appeared in our allies for Nolvember and December 1914 respectively.

lost his mother when only three years of age, and as his father married again was brought up away from home. In his early youth he was a tailor, and attracted by the preaching of the Puritans, whose religious movement he joined. About 1650 he came under the influence, through his writings, of Jacob Behmen, the mystic of Gorlitz in Silesia, and two years later came forward into the turmoil of religious controversy, declaring himself the prophet of a new dispensation. Of course he was charged with blasphemy and imprisoned, and this happened more than once, but he had a strong following, and his opinions were accepted by many people. He prepared a third Testament, which his followers accept as possessing equal authority with the other two; he also compiled a volume of religious songs and issued numerous theological tracts, many of which were bitter attacks upon Penn the Quaker, his strong opponent, and all his followers. Like the Quakers, however, the Muggletonians attached no importance to forms and ceremonies, refused to bear arms or to take an oath, and believed that salvation was wholly spiritual and had nothing to do with professions or creeds, but, unlike them, they would not accept the doctrine of prayer; they opposed the whole modern system of astronomy, insisted on the negation of outward worship, and gave mystical explanations for many of the ordinary facts of creation.

Muggleton himself underwent much persecution, was fined heavily, put in the pillory, imprisoned again and again, but so persistent was his teaching that, though he died in 1698, there are still a substantial number of persons who firmly believe in his inspiration; they keep as a holy day the anniversary of his release from imprisonment, read his letters and his books at their meetings, and frame their lives upon the principles he laid down. They possess in their reading-room a fine portrait of him, also his death mask, many of his books and his correspondence, and, thanks to their extreme courtesy, I have learned that Muggleton was, with all his eccentricities, a person of an attractive character, a very stalwart Englishman, and a forcible writer. The portrait reproduced had been preserved for some generations as a sacred treasure in the possession of a family whose members had supported him, and its discovery was a source of great satisfaction to the Muggle tonians of the present day, and to them Mr. Morgan was good enough to present an excellent copy of this interesting miniature.

GLORGE C. WILLIAMSON,



LUDOWICH MUGGLETON, FOUNDER OF THE SECT OF "MUGGLETONIANS" FROM THE MINIATURE BY SAMUEL COOPER.

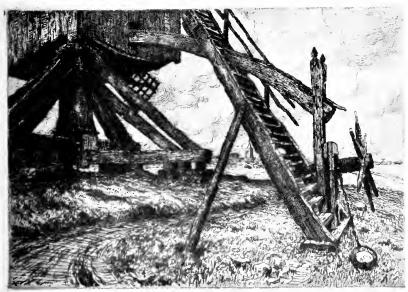
Etchings of Flanders

TCHINGS OF FLANDERS BY VICTOR GILSOUL.

BORN at Brussels in 1867, M. Victor Gilsoul rapidly, and at an early age, made for himself a great reputation among artists of the Belgian School. A member of a Brussels commercial family of small means, he entered, at the age of fifteen, the Academy of Antwerp, and the following year sent to the triennial exhibition at Brussels a Moulin en Flandre which did not pass unnoticed. Domiciled in his native town he became a pupil of the sea painter Louis Artan, whose delicate pictures carry on the tradition of Jongkind and of Lépine; and at the same period was also one of the favourite disciples of Franz Courtens, whose numerous and radiant landscapes have long been familiar to our readers. About 1883 it was possible to recognise in the paintings of M. Victor Gilsoul the influence of Courtens; but certain personal qualities, destined to become more pronounced, invested these youthful works with a particular character which accounts for their rapid success-primarily, a great vivacity of expression in these landscapes of the outskirts of

Brussels—mills, canals, railway embankments, bargemen's cottages, skaters on the frozen marshes, nocturnal skies, carts loaded with sand, and houses in course of construction; further, an extreme freedom of touch giving a sensation of richness and brilliance even in passages of sombre colouring; and, finally, a real originality of composition which attracts the cyes, and arrests the attention of the spectator.

To such pictures as these, based upon direct observation and forming practically literal copies of nature, there succeeded during a period of six or seven years, that is to say almost up to the painter's thirtieth year, some landscapes in which interpretation played the greater, and at times even the preponderant role. For instead of executing the picture entirely in the presence of the motif, the artist no longer made more than studies and drawings from nature, re-entering his studio to compose with greater freedom works which, often picturesque, are at times dramatic and occasionally even romantic. Paintings of this period are those which may be found in the galleries of Brussels, Antwerp, Namur, Louvain, of the Musée du Luxense



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Etchings of Flanders



" L'YSLE DEVANT MEUPORT (SOIR)

BY VICTOR GILSOUL

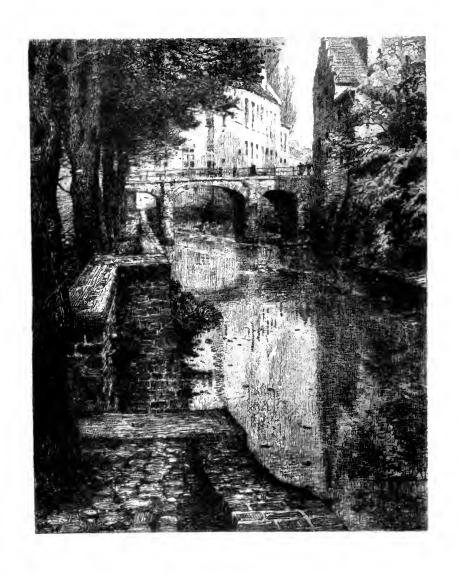
bourg in Paris and at Crefeld in Germany. A need for sincerity, an impulse towards scrupulous accuracy and desirable truth led the artist back again to direct study of nature and to copying reality. Works such as those by which he is represented in the gallery at Barcelona, Spain and at Buenos Avies afford proof of a tempered but undeniable realism.

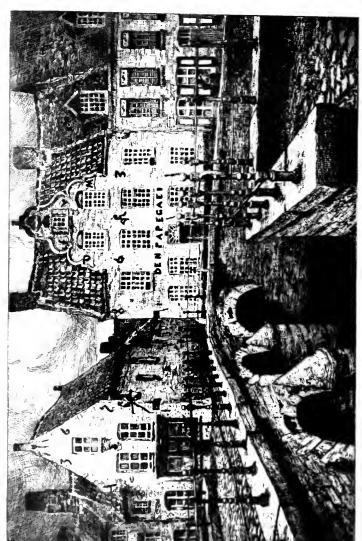
The recent work of the artist is the outcome of a perfect equilibrium maintained between the demands of objective truth and the inward emotion which discriminates, which selects from the natural data, and modifies the relationships between different parts in order to give greater intensity to the cancal character.

In the etchings which we reproduce this equiabrium is apparer. Here are characteristic land

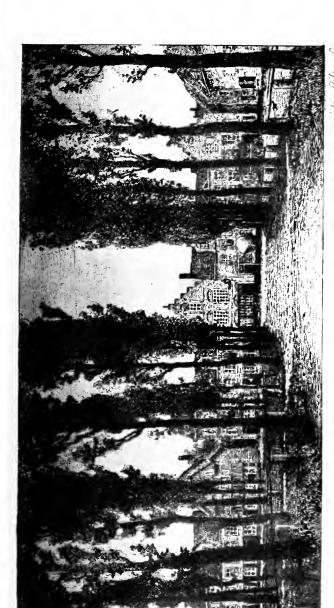
scapes of that unhappy country Belgium, to-day delivered over to devastation. From one point of view nothing could be more accurate than this Béguinage de Dixmude, this Pont sur l'Yser à Dixmide, or the Yser canal at Nicuport, the Vieille place à Ypres, this landscape and old bridge at Dixmude, or again Les Halles at Ypres now destroyed. But this exactitude is nothing. What gives a peculiar value to these plates is the filial sentiment, full of tenderness and respect, which this Belgian painter bears for his native land, the aesthetic sense which selects, under all circumstances. the most characteristic and the most touching aspects, and, finally, the sobriety, the energy, and the simple beauty of execution which makes of this excellent painter a very great etcher.

ACHIEF SEGARD.





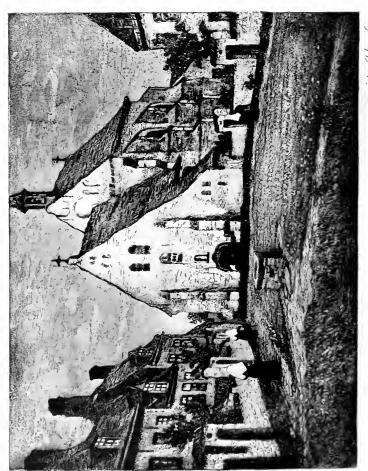
inty Julsons



"VIELLE PLACE À YPRES" BY VICTOR GILSOUL

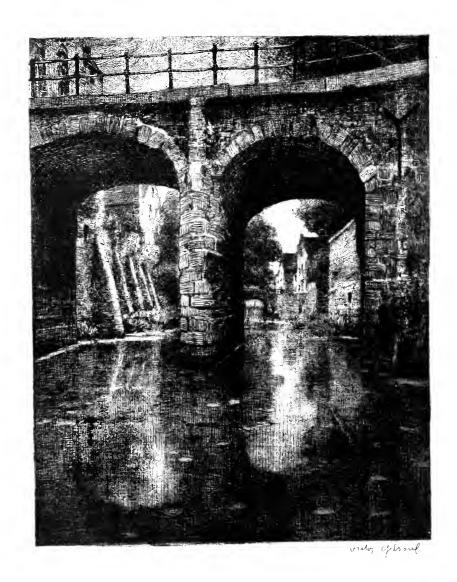
"LE BÉGUINAGE DE DIXMUDE" BY VICTOR GILSOUL

view Getsoul





"LES HALLES DYPRES INCENDIÉES" BY VICTOR GILSOUL



MEEX PONLA DIXMUDE BY METOR GILSOUT

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correstandents.)

ONDON .- The portrait of H.I.M. the Emperor of Russia, which we reproduce as our frontispiece this month, was one of I the outstanding pictures in the recent exhibition of Military Paintings at the Guildhall Art Gallery, and for permission to include this illustration we have to express our indebtedness to the Officer Commanding the Royal Scots Greys, who communicated his consent from the headquarters of that distinguished regiment "somewhere in France." The richly colouristic portrait, dated 1902, shows the Emperor in the full-dress uniform of the Royal Scots Grevs, of which he is the Colonel-in-Chief. The painter, Valentine Alexandrovitch Seroff, was born in Petrograd, January 1865, and by his early decease in December 1911 Russian art suffered a serious loss. Reproductions of his pictures have appeared from time to time in these pages, and his robust and markedly characterised portraits gained him a high reputation in his own country and abroad. He was one of the most interesting among the painters

of the modern Russian school, and while his forte was portraiture, he also achieved distinction as a painter of historical subjects, of which notable examples are to be seen in the Alexander III Museum. Petrograd, and the Tretiakoff Gallery, Moscow. As a landscape painter also be displayed marked ability and a sympathetic vision.

The death of Mr. Frank Bramley, R.A., which took place in London on August 10, after a long and painful illness, is a loss not only to the Royal Academy, with which he had been associated for upwards of twenty years, but also to a wide circle of art-lovers to whom his pictures made a powerful appeal, and especially to the Newlyn Colony, among whom he lived and worked for some ten years at the outset of his distinguished career. It was from Newlyn that he sent to the Academy of 1888 the picture which brought him prominently before the world—A Hopeless Daten. The canvas was singled out for purchase under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. Six years later he was elected Associate of the Royal Academy, of which he became a full member in 1911. Besides his numerous subjectpictures, which owed as much of their interest to



"THE POND"

the technical qualities displayed in them as to the theme itself. Mr. Bramley had painted a considerable vogue of portraits.

We regret also to record the death at Kragujevatz in Serbia early in July of Mrs. Dearmer, the talented wife of the Rev. Dr. Percy Dearmer, Vicar of St. Mary. Primrose Hill. who fell a victim to the epidemic of enteric which has been raging in Serbia, where she was working as a member of the Stobart Hospital Mission. Mrs. Dearmer was a woman of remarkable gifts. She was one of the founders of the Children's Theatre and the author of numerous plays, while as an artist her talent expressed itself in many charming drawings. One of these was reproduced as a supplement in an early number of this magazine (September 1807).

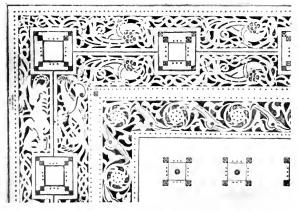
In the series of articles on "Belgian Artists in England" readers have been made familiar with the work of many of the artists who have sought refuge in this country, and now as an addition to the list we give on the preceding page a reproduction of a landscape by Mons. Charles Jacquet of Brussels. He was among the exhibitors in the water-colour room at the Royal Academy during the past summer, but as long ago as 1900 he became known to the English public by an exhibition at the Graves Gallery in Pall Mall. Examples of his work have been acquired by H.R.H. The Countess of Flanders and the Belgian Government.

The illustration on this page of Miss Mignon Evans's cut-linen work was unavoidably omitted from our article on the National Competition of Schools of Art last month.

IVERPOOL.-The Annual Autumn Exhibition-the most important general exhibition after that of the Royal Academy —is being held this year, although a strong effort was made by war-time economists to prevent In January the Arts Committee of the City Council decided in its favour, but the opposition emerged again some months later, and eventually it was decided by the Committee to abandon all the preparations made. Before the matter came up for a final decision in the City Council, where those in favour of continuing the exhibition intended to make a last fight for it, a gentlemen offered to bear the whole cost of the exhibition, provided all money paid at the door or for season tickets were given to the Red Cross Society and all commissions on sales were spent in purchases of art works for the permanent collection. This generous proposal ended the controversy and saved the exhibition. It would have been unfortunate had the question been decided otherwise, for the exhibition has a distinguished history. A Corporation committee has controlled it for forty-five years, and it is a continuation of the old exhibition of the Liverpool Academy instituted in 1810 and held annually with two or three short intermissions. Last year, owing to the war, there was a small loss, but previously

the balance has always been on the right side, and to such a substantial extent that the greater part of the notable collection in the Walker Art Gallery has been paid for out of the profits.

An outstanding feature of the programme of this year's exhibition is a Belgian section selected from recent exhibitions at Brighton, Oxford, Cardiff, the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, &c., supplemented by pictures from private collections to illustrate the most notable men of the immediate past; and another special feature is a "one man"



MITE STANDORAWN BIRLAD, AV MIGNON L EVANS
MITE STANDOR OF ART, DURING

(Automa, 1987es, an et 8 hoo, et Art, 1918)



ALTAR CROSS IN LOCKINGTON CHURCH, LEICESTER-SHIRE. DESIGNED BY ARTHUR MARSHALL, A. K.L. E.A., NOTTINGHAM, AND EXECUTED IN SILVER AND OAK BY JOSEPH PHILLIPS

collection of work, chiefly Burmese subjects, by Mr. Gerald Festus Kelly. Black and white art is, as usual, represented by an important selection, and Mr. Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., has contributed a fine poster design. A sister art is to be called in to supplement the attractions of painting and sculpture. Afternoon recitals of music, chiefly instrumental, are to be given weekly, following a plan which was tried very successfully at the end of last season. All the leading local performers on the pianoforte, violin, 'cello, &c., are to appear in turn, and the programmes are to be chosen chiefly from the works of British, French, Russian, Italian and Belgian composers. The Art Union, which has been especially helpful to local artists, having succeeded last year in spite of the war depression, will be held for the fifth time, and ten per cent. of its takings will be added to the handsome sum to be given to the

funds of the Red Cross Society. The name of the friend of art and artists who has saved the exhibition is not officially stated, but rumour says it is Councillor Frederick C. Bowring, J.P. T. N.

OTTINGHAM.— The Cross illustrated on this page was designed by Mr. Arthur Marshall, A.R.I.B.A., for the altar of Lockington Church, Leicestershire. The motif for the design consists of a conventional treatment of the vine, amongst the foliage of which the symbols of the four evangelists are introduced. At the intersection of the arms there is an old type of Celtic cross in slight relief. The whole of the ornament of the Cross is beaten out of sheet silver and left as from the pitch. The base, which is richly carved also with the vine, and the foundation of the Cross itself, are of English oak slightly darkened by fuming. Mr. Marshall's design has been skilfully executed by Mr. Joseph Phillips.



OAK LEUTERN. DESIGNED FOR ST. GABRIEL'S CHURCH, RISHOPWEARMOUTH, BY C. A. CLAYTON GREENE, F.R.L.B.A., ARCHITECT (See Sunderland Studio-Talk, next page)

UNDERLAND. — The lectern illustrated on page 61 forms part of the equipment of the Church of St. Gabriel, Bishopwearmouth, and, together with the rest of the furniture, was specially designed by the architect of the building. Mr. Clayton Greene, of this town. The church is a recent structure, and the whole of the furniture is of oak.

XETER.—Among the artists of the West Country who have essayed to record the manifold and varied beauties with which Nature has so lavishly endowed this part of England, the name of Mr. F. J. Widgery has for some years occupied a prominent position. A native of this city and the son of an artist, who was also well known throughout the West of England as well as the Midlands, there is scarcely a nook or corner of the South-Western Shires which he has not explored, and the periodical exhibitions of work by West Country artists in this city invariably contain numerous results of his explorations. It

is, however, more particularly the rugged scenery for which those shires are noted, that has stimulated his brush and pencil-the craggy tors and boulderstrewn rivers and rivulets of Dartmoor, and the majestic cliffs, which along mile after mile of the coast bid defiance to the onslaught of the Atlantic billows, and these he has portrayed in innumerable drawings under all sorts of conditions. Mr. Widgery in early years was a student of the City School of Art, over which he now presides as Chairman; he also studied under Verlat at Antwerp and he was one of the first group of students to gather round Herkomer at Bushey, but apart from these temporary excursions, practically his whole life has been spent in this region. He has closely identified himself with the public life of his native city, and besides being Chairman of the Public Art Gallery and a magistrate of the City, he has held the important position of Mayor. We reproduce two of his black and white drawings which perhaps are less familiar to the general public than his watercolours.



"WEST MILL TOR, CORNISH HILLS IN THE DISTANCE."

"IN NEWQUAY BAY, CORNWALL" CHALK DRAWING BY F.J. WIDGERY



■ HEFF1ELD.—The present-day difficulties which beset those who have in hand the organisation of art exhibitions-notably the difficulty of transit and uncertainty of sales-make any successful enterprise in the art world a thing of note just now: the more so when new ground is broken or local difficulties present themselves only to be successfully overcome. Such circumstances as these-the war, the impossibility of securing a suitable hall, and the fact that the projected scheme was something of a novelty to the district-faced the organisers of an Arts and Crafts exhibition recently held at the Howard Street Club, Sheffield, which brought together not merely a comprehensive display of many phases of modern arts and crafts, but also a daily crowd of visitors not likely to be excelled even in times of peace. The exhibition had a three-fold objective: to familiarise the public with British craftwork as

opposed to foreign productions, to preach the æsthetics of Plato in regard to the educational value of beautiful things, and lastly, to assist the funds of the Work-girls' Club, the existence of the premises of which made the venture possible.

Paintings, drawings, sculpture, jewellery, embroidery, examples of old Sheffield plate, writing and illuminating and bookbinding, made up the principal items of the catalogue. The promoters of the exhibition were particularly fortunate in being able to secure a portion of the collection of Indian drawings, which was shown at South Kensington last year. These delicately handled works, along with jade scent-bottles, Japanese ivory carvings and Chinese red lacquer work, helped to form a collection of Eastern work which was in its small way remarkable. The embroidery section could hardly have been more comprehensive, containing as it did both modern and ancient work of all kinds. Several cases of jewellery showed that, as in all the other departments of the exhibition, an artistically keen and discerning judgment had been at work in the process of selecting.

writing, and illuminating was a particularly strong one, and the examples of writing and printing by Mr. W. F. Northend—who is now on active service—claim special attention. His complete production of Lord Dunsany's "The Fortress Unvanquishable, save for Sacnoth," shows excellence alike in typographical arrangement, border design, and pictorial interpretation. Miss Madelyn Walker's exhibits of quill-penmanship may also be highly appraised, and a small and chaste item from the hand of the guide of so many of our present-day exponents of the writer's craft—Mr. Edward Johnson— must also be acknowledged as something quite above the ordinary level.

These, however, are but a few of the exhibits, the large number of which, perhaps, suggests a word of criticism of the exhibition as a whole. For whilst one cannot complain of quality, the quantity so



HIUSTRATION TO LORD DUNSANY'S "THE FORTRESS UNVANQUISH-ARLE, SAVE LOR SACNOTH," BY W. L. NORTHEND, A.R.C.A.



"A WET DAY AT CONCARNEAU" FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY JAMES STOUPE



"BALLERSEA BRIDGE"

TROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY J. MCA. SMILEY

severely overtaxed the space that the arrangement had, in some respects, to suffer. Next time a larger hall ought to be secured.

B. J. C.

UBLIN.—A course of lectures in practical lithegraphy has recently been delivered at the Dublin Metropolitan School of Art by Mr. F. Ernest Jackson, one of the founders of the Senefelder Club. These lectures the second set given by Mr. Jackson at the Schools—were arranged with the object of encouraging the teaching of lithegraphy in the various art and technical schools in Ireland, and were attended by a number of Art Masters from all parts of the country. Interesting work has been done by several of these men, amongst whom may be specially mentioned Mr. J. M. A. Smiley, Mr. A. K. Baker, and Mr. James Stoupe, all of Belfast, and Mr. William Whelan of Dublin, who

has recently made a special study of some of the picturesque old courtways of Dublin now rapidly disappearing under the pressure of the sanitary authority. It is hoped that the Irish printers will take advantage of the very promising work now being produced in several of the Irish schools, notably in Dublin and Belfast.

E. D.

OME. The National Gallery of Modern Art has now been reopened to the public in the new building erected in the Valle Giulia from the designs of the architect Cesate Bazzani. The Gallery was in stituted in the year 1883 primarily for the purpose of Lainging together the works of modern art acquired from time to time by the Ministry of Public Instruction, which had hitherto been distributed in the contidors at the Ministry itself or grouped together in the Aula Magna of the Collegio



"THE FOUNTAIN"

FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY W. WHELAN

Romano. Thereafter until 1913 the Gallery was housed in the Via Nazionale, but in course of time the number of works for which accommodation had to be provided, including from 1906 onwards works by foreign artists, grew so large that more commodious quarters became necessary. At the end of the art season of 1913 the Gallery was closed to permit of the transfer of its contents to the new Palazzo, under the supervision of a sub-committee consisting of Sgr. Ugo Fleres, the Director, and two well known artists. Certain works have been weeded out from the collection as having no particular interest in relation to its aims; and in the arrangement of the Gallery as so far accomplished (some of the rooms still remain to be completed)a more systematic grouping has been followed than was carried out at the old quarters. Of especial interest are the rooms assigned to the

works of non-Italian artists, furnishing as they do, in conjuction with those containing native productions, ample material for a comparative study of artistic activity in the various countries of Europe.

In connection with the Italian Art Section at the Panama Pacific Exposition the following awards have been announced. The Grand Prix for painting has been bestowed on Ettore Tito: medals of honour have been awarded to Onoato Carlandi and Camillo Innocenti; gold medals to L. Bazzaro, Italico Brass, Guglielmo, Beppo and Emma Ciardi, Ugo Coromaldi, Visconti Ferraguti, V. Irolli, Enrico Lionne, G. Mentessi, Plinio Nomellini, and F. Scattola; and silver medals to G. Belloni, A. Bosia, A. Busi, P. Chiesa, C. Corsi, Arturo Noci, M. Piacentini, and C. Rho. The awards for

sculpture include the names of Arturo Dazzi, Giuseppe Graziosi, and Maria Antonietta Pogliani. The section contained 159 works exhibited by 122 artists, and was arranged in five saloons of ample dimensions. The adverse conditions prevailing in Europe have, happily, not extended to the Pacific coast, and this display of Italian art in the Far West has been a great success.

T. GALL, SWITZERLAND.—It is gratifying to learn from THE STUDIO that in the dreadful times through which Europe is passing, when every day brings its tale of slaughter and destruction, art has not been wholly submerged, but, as one is glad to infer, continues to exercise a refining influence on human thought and feeling. War is horrible enough in all conscience, but how much more horrible would it be if, as one of its consequences, all those agencies which make for true civilisation were to cease entirely? Art and War are things apart: the one is constructive, the other destructive in more senses than one; and bitter as are the animosities inevitably engendered by war, they ought not to be allowed to obtrude in the domain of art. In the ranks of the armies now arrayed against one another in mortal combat there must be

thousands of artists of many nationalities, but it is as citizens and not as artists that they are fighting, and I cannot believe that there is any antagonism between the artists of one country and those even of an enemy country as such. And that is the conviction which has impressed itself on me from what has happened in Vienna, where I have spent many months since the beginning of this terrible conflict.

In Vienna the conditions in regard to art have not been materially different from those prevailing in London, though of course the legal obligation on all the younger men to serve in the army has been responsible for a large diminution in the ranks of artists of various denominations. Many of those who have been called up for active service are still busy with brush and pencil whenever opportunities arise; others have been wounded, and some have fallen, including Hofer, the most important of the younger school of etchers in Austria, and Hugo Kühnelt, a sculptor of whose work I have had occasion to speak. But in Vienna, as elsewhere, there are many artists who are not qualified to serve in the army, and immediately after war broke out, it was recognised by the authorities that assistance would be required



"THE HIGH TALKS MOUSTAINS"



"FEAST OF JORDAN, BLESSING OF THE WATERS (GALICIA)"

GOUACHE BY TEODOR AXENTOWICZ

by those whose circumstances were materially affected by the war, and that steps should be taken to meet the situation. One of the steps proposed was the opening of a permanent gallery where artists could exhibit their work, and through the joint efforts of the Ministry of Fine Arts and Education and others interested in art the needful arrangements were quickly made. The gallery was thrown open to artists of every creed, and the results have been highly successful.

The artists themselves also started a Self-Help Society which has met with excellent results. In this, too, the State has aided materially; rents for studios have been paid and monetary help given not only in the capital but also to artists residing in the provinces, regardless of sex or nationality. This arrangement is to remain in force till such time, after peace is restored, as the artists are again able to help themselves. How important such an action is and what it means to the struggling artist whose studio is also his home will readily be understood, especially when it is remembered that by far the larger number of the men have been called up for

war and that very many of the women artists have volunteered their services in various causes connected with the war. Those forced by age or weakness to remain at home will be enabled by this assistance to tide over a time of storm and stress. The whole thing has been well managed from the first, the funds available are in no way niggardly, and the entire scheme is founded on a firm economic basis.

What has been done in Vienna for the painters and sculptors of both sexes and for architects by the Ministry of Fine Arts has been done for the decorative and applied artists by the Ministry of Public Works under whose cognisance they normally fall. Several exhibitions have been held and numerous money prizes have been awarded by way of encouraging the inventiveness of the workers. Among other things, prizes, amounting to some thousands of pounds, have been awarded for the best designs for crosses, gravestones, and other monuments to mark the resting-places of those who have fallen on the field of battle, and the results have justified the expenditure, for the



"LADY IN BLACK

BY TOZEF MEHOFIER

designs sent in are remarkable for their simplicity, intrinsic beauty and deep earnestness; not only do they reveal a full sense of the grave solemnity of the occasion, but they are also in keeping with the landscape and other surroundings in which the memorials are to be erected. One of the most interesting of the exhibitions of Applied Art consisted of war mementoes, the objects being chiefly such as could be put to daily use; the exhibits were sold at moderate prices and the results were considered very satisfactory. The designing of costumes and other details of teninine attire has given occupation to a number of art workers, and here again the prevailing characteristic is simplicity and an absence of superfluities.

There have been rumerous exhibitions of the Eure Arts. The two chief buildings available for these-the Kunstlerhaus and the Secession-were handed over to the Red Cross early in the war and transformed into hospitals for the wounded, but the upper chambers of the former were turned to account, and the Commune lent the old Hagenbund Gallery for exhibition purposes. At the latter place members of all the leading art societies -the Künstlergenossenschaft, the Secession, the Hagenbund, and the group headed by Gustav Klimt-have exhibited side by side, and the exhibition seems to have been a great success from the pecuniary, as well as from the artistic, point of view, as most of the exhibits were sold. But perhaps the event of chief importance, so far as fine art is concerned, has been the exhibition of pictures, sculptures, drawings, &c., by Polish artists held in the upper rooms of the Künstlerhaus.



"TADA WITH TAN"
PASILI BY TLODOR ANIATOWICA

Studio-Talk



PORTRAIT (PLASTER)

BY KSAWERY DUNIKOWSKI

The exhibition was retrospective, comprising, besides examples of the work of nearly all the leading artists of Poland now living, a large number representing deceased artists and in particular the pioneers of the modern school of Polish art.

The first of these was a Frenchman, Jean Pierre Norblin de la Gourdaine, better known by a series of etchings which was not published until after his death. This artist was induced by Prince A. Czartoryski to settle in Warsaw, where he became Court painter and founded the first school of art in 1774. Among his pupils, over whom he exercised much influence of a beneficial kind, were A. O. Orlovski, a poor imkeeper's son, who became in time a member of the Academy at St. Petersburg.

and Michael Plonski, who in subsequent years was Keeper of the National Print Collection in Paris. Among the artists of the succeeding generation were Julius Kossak, an aquarellist deservedly known for his drawings of Napoleonic subjects, Franz Tepa, Leopolski, Suchodolski, Brodowski, and Peter Michalowski, who studied in Paris under Charlet and won renown for his equestrian drawings and genre pictures. But the best known of the Polish painters are undoubtedly Jan Matejko and Artur Grottger, the former a great historical painter and idealist whose works tell of the stories of Cracow, whose child he so truly was, and the latter a dreamer who in the short span of thirty years allotted to him won fame by his epos, a series of drawings entitled "Polonia," "Lithuania," and "War." Contemporary with these two was H. Rodakowski (1823-1894), who was a pupil of Cogniets, and is often mentioned by Delacroix in his Memoirs, in which he is referred to as "a painter of pictures as beautiful as they can be "-this was apropos of Rodakowksi's Portrait of Mr Mother and A Young Man at Breakfast. Then coming down almost to our own days we have Stanislawski (1860-1906), painter of charming miniature landscapes, Wyspiánski (1869-1907), poet, painter, dramatist, and



" WOODEN CHURCH IN GALICIA" (PASTEL)

BY JULIAN FALAT

Studio-Talk

decorative artist, whose devotion to his peasant compatriots is writ so large in his works, and Josef Chelmónski, who, born in 1850, died as recently as April 1014, and became famous for his landscapes, which were a familiar feature of the Paris Salons and other Continental exhibitions. These were but a few of the Polish painters who were represented in the retrospective section of the exhibition at the Künstlerhaus.

Owing to the restricted accommodation available the pictures by living Polish artists were relatively few in number, though in point of quality the selection was excellent. A notable portrait was that of the great Polish writer Henryk Sienkiewicz, by Olga Boznanska, and the various examples of portraiture by Professors Pochwalski and Mehoffer,

Wojciech Weiss, Alfons Karpinski, and Janina Grossman showed that in this branch of art Polish painters of the present day have attained a very high standard. Then there was Prof. Teodor Axentowicz. whose work is well known in France and England: he paints excellent portraits, in the treatment of which French influences are apparent, but in the large works he has painted, descriptive of the village customs of his native country, he is purely national, and his pictures of this character will, when "civilisation" has swept these customs away, be of importance as historical tecords. One of them exhibited at the Kunstlerhaus, The Feast of Jordan: Blessing of the Waters, the scene of which is Galicia. is remarkable for its bold ness of manipulation and striking colour.

Village life plays a conpicuous rôle in the work of Polish painters. Vlatimil Hofmann, who has painted many village madonnas, does not confine his attention to such beatific types, and in two works of his shown at the Kunstlerhaus, The Drunkard and The Beggar, the pathetic side of rural life was his theme. Sichulski's Huzul Wedding, a subject culled from the Carpathians but not so well painted as his pictures usually are, Wyczolkowski's Gathering Beetroots, admirable for its tonal harmonies, and Tetmajer's After the Fair and Evening Praver afforded glimpses of peasant life in times of peace. Poland boasts, too, of not a few talented landscape painters, prominent among whom is Professor Julian Falat, noted chiefly for his admirable snow scenes and his water-colour and pastel pictures of these ancient wooden churches of Galicia upon which time has bestowed a delightful patina that is always feelingly rendered by him.



"MOTHER AND CHILD" (PASTELL)



"GATHERING BEETROOTS"

BY LEON WYCZOLKOWSKI

Stephan Filipkiewicz is another who excels in snowy landscape and he is especially fond of depicting it with a mountainous background as in the picture of the High Tatra, a region in which the scenery is very varied. Henryk Uziemblo, too, besides being a decorative artist and designer of interiors, is a landscape painter of merit, with considerable talent in rendering trees, as was shown by a study of *Oak Trees in Ukraine*. Ferdinand Ruszczye, Stanislaw Kamoci, Josef Pankiewicz, whose landscapes of Brittany show him to be a true lover of nature, Jan Talaga and E. Zak are other painters who do credit to the Polish school of to-day.

Then there are a few Polish artists to be named whose work does not fall within the categories mentioned. Such is Jacek Malczewski who, passionately inspired by the history and trials of his native land, passes his days in the silence of his studio studying Polish literature when not occupied with his painting.

Besides his genre pictures in which Poland is the theme, he is also a painter of mystic or symbolical subjects, but whatever his subject, his paintings, always strong and virile, bear the impress of a remarkable personality. Witold Woitkiewicz is a dreamy phantasist; Artur Markowicz, a painter of Jewish types in the rendering of which he displays considerable retrospection: Adalbert Kossak has inherited a talent for painting historical subjects, and his war pictures, realistically treated, betray close study of horses and riders; and Ignacz Pienkowski is an able depictor of the human figure in motion. The number of Polish sculptors of the first rank is not large, but among others Ksawery Dunikowski deserves to be mentioned as an artist of decided A. S. L. originality.



STUDY FOR MURAL DECORATION. By A. S. COVEY (See New York Studio-Taik, 7, 74)

Reviews and Notices



PART OF MURAL DECORATION FOR THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, WICHITA, KANSAS, U.S.A.

BY ARTHUR S. COVEY

EW YORK .- The panel of which the reproduction figures on this and the opposite page forms the centre one of a set of three which the artist, Mr. Arthur Sinclair Covey, has designed for the decoration of the public library of Wichita, Kansas, of which State he is a native, and was recently exhibited, together with a considerable number of preliminary sketches and studies for all three of the panels, at the Baron de Hirsch Trade School in East Sixty-fourth Street in this City. The motive of the panel is best explained in the painter's own words. In considering a subject for this central panel, he told a representative gathering of the citizens of Wichita, "I asked myself the question, What thing is it that the people of Kansas have the greatest amount of reverence for? . . . The education of the children seemed to me the thing for which there was the greatest reverence and for which the people would make the greatest self-sacrifice. So I make the education of the youth of Kansas the main thought. In seeking a symbol to suggest the thought, the old Italian globe with its pink and gold, presented itself as the most fitting, and with the blue it makes the colour note. Then I knew that Kansas is primarily an agricultural state, so I put in the wheat, the corn and the vegetables," Mr. Covey's name is not unfamiliar to readers of this magazine; some drawings be made while a student at Munich, whither he migrated from the Art Institute at Chicago, were reproduced in it rather over ten years ago; but perhaps he will be best remembered as a writer of articles contributed during his sojourn in Europe, and especially of several concerned with the work of Mr. Brangwyn.

The following awards to British artists whose works have been exhibited at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, are announced. Medal of Honour, Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A.: Gold Medals, Harold Knight, Laura Knight, Julius Olsson, A.R.A., H. Hughes-Stanton, A.R.A., George Sauter, C. W. Simpson, Harold Speed; Silver Medals, W. G. von Glehn, and R. Gwelo Goodman (also awarded a gold medal for water-colour): Bronze Medals, Mrs. Dods Withers, Herbert Draper, Mrs. von Glehn, J. Kerr Lawson.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Individuality. By Charles Francis Annesley Voysey. (London: Chapman and Hall.) 3s. 6d. net. -- Mr. Voysev is a thoroughgoing individualist, and in this little book, written, as he tells us, "in the earnest hope of encouraging my fellow-men to believe and feel the creative spirit within each and every one," he states his convictions with a sincerity and candour which, whether we agree with him or not, cannot but ensure respect for them. He views with alarm the increasing tendency to collectivism. "The State," he says, "has degenerated into a machine for producing armies of officials, with volumes of rules and regulations stereotyped and settled to suit given conditions, which, by the laws of Nature, must be for ever changing and developing." It is hardly necessary to say that he is hostile to the proposal to establish a Ministry of Fine Arts in the United Kingdom; and in the

Reviews and Notices



PART OF MURAL DECORATION FOR THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, WICHITA, KANSAS, U.S.A.

BY ARTHUR S. COVEY

practice of art also he discerns the collectivist spirit at work. "The artist's talents," he remarks in one place, "are cramped and confined by the collectivist banding and branding. Do not painters get branded as painters of cows or clouds, sea or subject. . . . ? It is time the artist set himself to stimulate the layman by showing a keener interest in objects of daily use. And let him come off his pedestal and make his coal-scuttle beautiful." But it is in architecture that he sees the tendency most powerfully at work. "It is inconceivable that so many of our leading architects at the present time should be reviving these samples of ancient sin," he says, apropos of the cry now being raised for the so-called "English Renaissance" style. "Collectivism and conformity have made them mimic the manners of those they looked up to." There is, as may be inferred, much matter of a controversial nature in this volume, but on the other hand there is also a good deal which will claim general assent, as when he observes that "Healthy individuality does not tend to self-righteousness. On the contrary it helps to eradicate those faults while selfish thoughtlessness is practised by blind obedience to custom."

A second and revised edition of the popular handbook *How to Appreciate Prints* by Mr. Frank Weitenkamp, Chief of the Print division of the New York Public Library, has just been published by Grant Richards (7s. 6d. net). The plan of the book has undergone no change, but each chapter has been revised where necessary. The book covers the whole ground of what is nowadays comprised in the term "Graphic Art"—etching, line engraving, mezzotint, aquatint and kindred methods, wood engraving, lithography, colour printing, and photo mechanical processes, and there is a chapter with good advice on the care of prints. The book contains numerous reproductions of prints referred to in the text.

The Committee of the Vasari Society, which has for its object the publication of reproductions of select drawings by the Old Masters. have, notwithstanding the increasing difficulty they have encountered in finding unpublished drawings in English private collections of a really high artistic standard, been able to place in the hands of their subscribers a very interesting collection of reproductions forming the society's ninth volume. Twenty-eight examples are included in this volume, and the principal source apart from public collections is the collection of Mr. Henry Oppenheimer. Leonardo, Michelangelo, del Sarto, Carpaccio, Titian, and Canaletto, among the Italians, Rubens, Goltzius, Rembrandt and Jacob Koninck among the masters of the Low Countries, Albrecht Durer the German, and Jean Fouquet, Jacques Callot, and Antoine Watteau of the French School are all represented by interested drawings reproduced by the Oxford Press with remarkable fidelity, the tints of the originals being rendered as nearly perfectly as possible. The distribution of the society's volumes is restricted to members subscribing one guinea per annum. Communications respecting the society should be addressed to Mr. A. M. Hind at the British Museum, London, W.C.

THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE ARTISTIC INSPIRATION OF THE WAR.

"WILL this war inspire any great art, do you think?" asked the Art Critic. "Will it produce artists with high ideals and noble aims or will it degrade and brutalise the artistic point of view? It seems to me that either result is possible."

"It all depends, I fancy, upon the view the artists take," replied the Man with the Red Tie. "War is a tragedy, monumentally grim and solemn, but it has its sordid side too. The artist who can feel the tragedy should find in it inspiration for art of the highest type: the man who can see only its sordid aspect will give you nothing but brutalities."

"There is another side of war which you seem to be forgetting," broke in the Idealist; "I mean the spectacular and theatrical. That is what most artists will seize upon because it is the most obvious and the easiest to handle."

"Yes, I believe you are right there," agreed the Critic. "The tendency to reduce art to mere illustration is common, and in war there are many incidents which lend themselves to illustrative treatment: so artists are rather apt to choose as subjects motives which can be made effective without much mental effort."

"And which, because the mental effort is lacking, become trivial and unconvincing," added the Idealist. "The artist who is merely illustrating some episode in a war must always miss the inspiration of war as a tragedy; he gives so much attention to the details of his subject that its larger possibilities escape him."

"That is why the majority of battle pictures are either so dull or so stagey," said the Man with the Red Tie. "Men paint prettily the commonplaces of war but not its spirit; they show us the soldier but they suggest nothing of the sentiment that makes him fight."

"Precisely: they look at the surface of things and miss the great activities which are stirring beneath," declared the Idealist. "The military pageant satisfies them and they make up an attractive arrangement of gay uniforms and warlike accessories: but they rouse no emotion."

"The military pageant!" commented the Critic, "Where will you find that in the present war? It seems to me that modern fighting conditions have made the old type of battle picture impossible. War is no longer picturesque."

"Then let us choose its spirit as the motive for the pictures we are going to paint," cried the Idealist. "Let us recognise that it is a tragedy and raise our treatment of it to the tragic level. There is opportunity enough for great conceptions, Heaven knows: why should we not make the most of it?"

"Because, I imagine, the number of artists who can grasp and develop a great idea is infinitesimal," returned the Man with the Red Tie. "It takes a genius to make a tragedy intelligible through the medium of art."

"But great causes produce great effects," argued the Critic; "and I have much hope that the vastness of the war will find its full response in the minds of the artists. At present, perhaps, we have not grasped the immensity of the conflict; when we do, when we realise what it means and how it affects us all, shall we not show our realisation in the character of our art?"

"Perhaps we shall," replied the Man with the Red Tie; "but I think the realisation is slow in coming."

"Oh, it will come," asserted the Idealist, "I have faith in the future. When you consider the self-sacrifice, the devotion to duty, the cheerful and uncomplaining endurance, and the earnest patriotism that are being displayed by all classes of the community in this struggle for national existence, it seems impossible that art should remain untouched. After all, art reflects the spirit of the nation by which it is produced, and the influences which change the character of the people do not pass the artists by. The change will be all the more marked, I believe, because it will not be hastily made."

"Is then the character of the people to be permanently changed?" asked the Man with the Red Tie.

"I think it must be," replied the Idealist. "We cannot go back to the trivialities which amused us before the war; and when the war is over we shall not be able to take up our old life again as if nothing had happened. New responsibilities and new obligations will be laid upon us; we shall have to think more seriously and we shall have many saddening memories to steady our minds."

"And all this, which will purify and strengthen the national sentiment, will purge and develop our art?" interrupted the Critic. "Surely that must be. The two things necessarily go together."

"Then out of evil good will come," declared the Man with the Red Tie. "The inspiration of the war will be of benefit to us all."

THE LAY FIGURE.

Emile Claus

MILE CLAUS, PAINTER OF SUNSHINE.

"He has been conscious of the great intoxication of the world, he has felt organically the life of light." Thus, with so much truth, wrote Camille Lemonnier of Emile Claus, the greatest of the modern school of Belgian landscape painters, whose career it is proposed briefly to recapitulate in this artic'e. One dare assert, indeed, that no other painter of modern times has arrived at a more complete understanding, at a more sincere interpretation of what we may describe as the soul of the sanlight; for no other has loved it more fervently, because no other has striven with more tenacious pertinacity to penetrate its mysteries, to express its beauty at all moments of the day, at all stages of the seasons.

Nevertheless, Claus did not by any means feel all at once this attraction towards light. Like those of Claude Lorrain, the earliest years of our artist were spent in the country, and if the French master was not distinguished from other boys of his age save by a dreamy taciturnity, the while he filled his eyes and stored his memory with the beauties of Nature which in after years he translated in immortal works—Emile Claus, son of humble

folk dealing in pottery at Vive St. Eloi, a village of East Flanders, was an urchin always game to play truant, to go off bird's-nesting, and to mimic with a comic perfection the gestures and speech of all whom he encountered.

But even at the early age of twelve little Claus had begun to marvel at the green tonalities of woods and meadows and the golden glory of the cornfields, at the transparent greys of waves and the multiple colours of the flowers. He was enraptured at the beauties of nature, and attracted by the varied scenes of life; and one day, having possessed himself of paints and brushes, he set himself to paint upon the four walls of the family parlour a hunting scene, a village fair, a shipwreck, and the landscape in the neighbourhood of his home. His sympathetic and far-seeing mother, hard-working and sweet-tempered, was very proud of the first attempt of her youngest born. But father knit his brows; it pleased him not at all to see his boy attracted towards so very unlucrative a profession.

Nevertheless, the tendencies of the young lad continued to manifest themselves yet more and more; each Sunday he traversed many miles on foot to go and follow a course of drawing in the school at Waereghem. At length the father, in



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OIL PAINTING BY EMILE OF AUS

Emile Clans

order once and for all to turn his boy from art, decided to place him with a pastrycook; and here, like Claude Lorrain, who also was a journeyman baker, he distinguished himself by becoming absorbed in the beauties of the landscape and neglecting his business-so much so that ofttimes he was heedless of the stealthy abstraction of his wares by young rascals, enticed thereto by the tempting dainties of his basket. Dismissed by his employer, young Claus got work on the railway; but fortunately Providence watches over those whom she has impressed with the divine seal of art, and it so happened that the famous musician, Peter Benoit, being come to spend a few days of his holidays with his father, a lock-keeper at Vive St. Eloi, expressed his astonishment at finding such an intelligent young man thwarted of his proper vocation. He urged upon Emile's father that he should send his son to the Antwerp Academy, persuading him that, apart from the hours devoted to study, the lad might be able to earn a little money. The father yielded to this persuasion, and young Claus, having entered as a student at the Academy, helped to maintain himself by working for a maker of devotional images. As a student he made rapid progress, but despite his academic successes, he became dissatisfied with the usual routine, and finding a greater attraction in the busy scenes at the waterside soon came to forsake the conventional subjects of the Academy for those of everyday life. Ere long he held an exhibition at Ghent, comprising genre pictures, landscapes and a portrait of the sculptor Joris, which aroused much comment.

By what curious coincidence can it have come about that Emile Claus should have gone and installed himself in the aforetime studio of Henri de Braeckeleere, the father of modern luminists, and this at an epoch when he had, as yet, not been subjugated by the mysterious and powerful life of light? Was it by reason of having dwelt within those four walls wherein, as Camille Lemonnier has said, Henri de Braekeleere "smote upon the anvil the burning gold which spattered out in rosy motes in the glowing atmosphere of Ehomme à la fenêre, and Ehomme assis," that Claus, later on,



PROFFE OF TALES







conceived the ardent desire to capture light and with it to illumine his pictures? No one can tell what inspiration his artistic soul may have received in that environment, but it was from thence that he set out to visit those lands of sunshine - Spain, Morocco, and Algeria. The brilliance of the Peninsula, however, seemed to him as dry as bar-gold; and the luminosity of the African coasts, permeating the turquoise sky equally with the sands of the deserts, pleased him not at all. Without, perhaps, being conscious of it, he had begun to feel already a longing for the light of his own land, of that mysterious luminousness which, filtering through the atmosphere-saturated, as most often it is, with haze-ends by being refracted in wondrous rainbows on the earth.

So Claus betook himself back to East Flanders, where, after a very short time, he depicted upon the canvas one of its local customs, *Un combat de cogs*, in which the physiognomy of each of the spectators is portrayed with astounding veracity. The picture was exhibited at Antwerp and also in Paris, which later was "to set its approval upon the art of Emile Claus, esteeming it as one of the most original expressions of contemporary Flemish painting." But soon the poesy of Nature in all her fresh

beauty tempted the artist to give us further works of deep significance. It was now the life of the peasant, participating in that of the countryside in which he dwells and whence he springs, that Claus showed us in paintings all steeped in what Camille Lemonnier would describe as "the heroism of daily life." So we see gangs of labourers, men and women, young and old, sowing, cultivating, and garnering the fruits of the earth made fertile by their toil and sweat-as, for instance, in La récolte des betteraves, a noble work in which, amid the rude November gusts, man is seen toiling, and the soil is stained with the ruddy juice of which the earth has drunk its fill ere it yields up to him the fruits of his exertions; or again, Les sarcleuses de lin (see The Studio, vol. xvii, p. 155), in which the expression of each visage is truly that of the working classes-a faithful mirror of their souls, ardent or careless, melancholy or cheerful, borne down by lassitude, or filled to exuberance with the joy of life.

And it was not the travail alone, but also the simple joys of humble folk, that the artist loved to depict for us in his works. In *Le Pique-nique*, for example, they have come out from the town in their pleasure skiff, these picnickers upon the



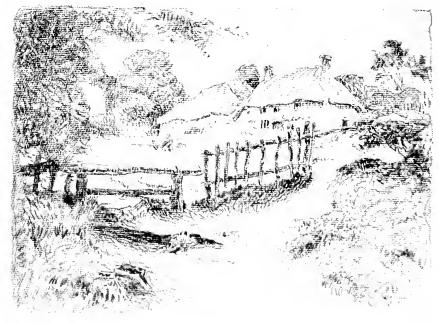
" LA BARRIÉRE "

grass, and from the opposite bank the local rustics gaze across at them. It is the children and the old folks that the spectacle interests chiefly,—those who are just embarking upon life and those whose time draws near to leave it,—while the fellow in the prime of manhood and the young fresh-complexioned girl seated behind them converse tranquilly without looking round. What, indeed, matters it to them? What is there apart from their two selves—do they not possess all the fulness of life?

The works of Claus soon earned for the artist a well-deserved renown. "By one great effort, at a single stroke," says Camille Lemonnier, "he raised himself to the rank of the great portrayers of Humanity and Nature." All the same, Claus was conscious that something was still lacking from the accomplishment of his destiny—he knew that his art had not yet discovered the road along which to extend itself to the full. It so happened that Claude Monet, Renoir, and Pissarro were then coming to the front, and attracted by the luminosity of their canvases, Claus set out for Paris, where throughout several months he studied

their pictures and attended the discussions of those who expounded the theory of Light. But their words only half satisfied him. He felt the necessity, so he said, of going to consult the great master, that is to say, Nature, and in particular Nature in his own fatherland. Camille Lemonnier, who had presaged Claus's true vocation, encouraged him in his search, and invited him to stay at his country house at La Hulpe in Brabant, where, as the artist loves to tell, "Camille Lemonnier and I used to walk, arm in arm, in the sunlight."

Lemonnier urged Claus to paint out in the open, in full communion with Nature, and to clear his colours so as to give the effect as of the very life of the sunlight. With this the artist struggled and wrestled, now shunning this light which beckoned to him, now reapproaching, now fleeing from it again, till at last the day arrived when he captured and flung it, all palpitating with loveliness, into his pictures. Well might Lemonnier then say: "Henceforth Light will be the life of his paintings and of his own existence too"; and high up on the front of the little white house with its border of bright green like the hue of spring-time, shaded

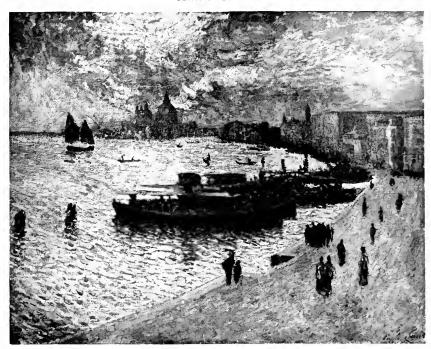


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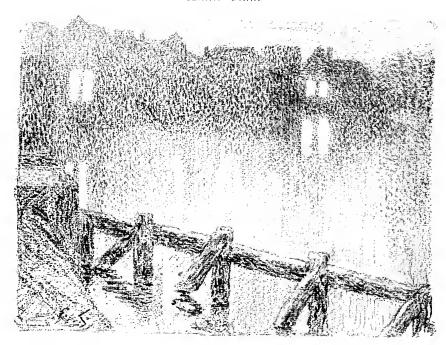


"LA SALUTE AU COUCHANT, VENISE"

OIL PAINTING BY EMILE CLAUS

by the ruddy foliage of the beeches and the chestnut with its gnarled trunk-high up upon this cool dwelling where from 1886 onwards he made his home hard by the Lys—Claus could inscribe in letters of gold in the centre of a round window framed with roses the word ZONNESCHAN (Sunshine) -that word which might thenceforth be said to sum up his art and his life. Zonneschyn! Light dazzling and magnificent: a mysterious and subtle clarity: a sparkle of life among the shadows—all this did the old Flemish word signify to the artist. And it was this he meant to put into his pictures, for Claus had found his road; Light had claimed its painter, and never was artist more enamoured of his model! At this period he painted Ponton d'Afné (reproduced in The Studio, vol. xvii, p. 150) and Les Premières Communiantes. In the latter the whole road, along which pass the children coming out of church, is bathed in the rays with which the sun illuminates everything, as though to envelop with a nimbus the white veils of the pure souls in whom dwells He who is the Light. And across the path, resplendent with brightness, fall only the shadows of those whose First Communion is already made, and of the children who watch the procession pass.

Yet other works succeeded these: Le Déclin du Jour, Le Givre, Le Retour du Marché, Les Faucheurs, Matinée d'Octobre, La Berge ensoleillée, Zonneschyn (the home of the painter), which Leonce Bénedite bought for the Musée du Luxembourg, and many more pictures still, revealing already in 1805, when they were shown at the Cercle Artistique at Brussels, the new era upon which the courageous artist was embarking. Four years later Le Passage des Vaches (see The Sittoro, xxi, 135), purchased originally by an English collector, and subsequently acquired for Belgium by the Musée de Bruxelles, attested the maturity of Claus's talent in this art of Luminism of which he has become a past master. Numerous are the disciples and pupils who, while preserving their own individuality, have proved by their works that they belong to that school whose supreme rule it is "no longer to transpose light into the picture, but to compose it directly of the light itself."



"ECLUSE (ZEELAND)"

LITHOGRAPH BY EMILE CLAUS

Henceforward Claus did not leave "Zonneschyn." What need for him to go elsewhere? "An art such as his," says Camille Lemonnier in the superb volume which he has dedicated to his friend, "finds all its cravings satisfied wherever there is wind and sun: it needs nought besides; a vast expanse could add nothing to all the infinitude of life contained for him in the little space where a cow grazes, a bird sings, and a soul is moved to wonderment." He did, as a matter of fact, however, make a stay in Holland, and a visit was paid also to Venice, the humid luminosity of whose atmosphere is similar to ours at home in Flanders.

But if Claus did not stir from "Zonneschyn," his pictures did. They came out to take up their abode in the Palace of the King of the Belgians, and the museums and private galleries of our own and foreign countries; for many aspired to possess works thus impregnated with beauty and the joy of life.

Though he paints at all seasons, it is not the dour days of winter that attract the brush of Emile Claus, but rather those on which the noonday sun

sprinkles golden kisses upon the snow-spangled houses; it is not the melancholy of autumn that he loves, but the cool fresh October mornings, when every blade of grass on the paths, each little blossom of the heather, basks in the sun's rays as they sparkle in every dew drop of the dawn. It is the joyous awakening of spring which inspires him, and the full sunlight of high summer; the air that one breathes in his landscapes, with their farstretching perspectives, with their fields covered with the abundant barvests, is healthy and vivifying; the people with whom he animates such scenes, similarly with the models for his portraits, are exuberant with health and good spirits, the joy of life in the sunlight such is the sentiment which emanates from the work of Emile Claus, and this same joy he communicates even to those who seem to stand upon the threshold of death.

I know of nothing more affecting than the story of the *Vicux Sapin*, as told by the artist himself. Claus had painted his own portrait, that of Madame Claus, of Camille Lemounict, of his own pupils, of his gardener. He had even sketched in the

MATINÉE DE SEPTEMBRE LITHOGRAPH BY EMILE CLAUS

Emile Claus

silhouette of the distinguished Constantin Meunier, at a moment when the latter was putting the finishing touches to a drawing in his studio; he had caused his own home, "Zonneschyn," with its garden, to live upon the canvas, and with it a copper beech and venerable oak; but it had never occurred to him to paint the portrait of his old fir-tree, daily becoming more withered up by age. However, as he passed by one day he seemed to hear the old tree sigh: "Claus, my friend, how much longer are you going to forget me?" And Claus ended by being moved by the plaint of the Vicux Sapin, and at length determined to paint its portrait too. Lovingly he enwrapped the old trunk in the last rays of a glorious sunset, and while the bare branches stretched upwards with an imploring gesture the green buds at their extremities seemed to hold out the promise of a renewal of life. Here was a masterpiece in which one felt the resurrection of the aged tree in and by the sunlight.

For many years Claus continued to live happily at "Zonneschyn," where the wind and the sun, the river, the fields and the flowers, the cows in the meadows and the little cottages of the hamlets, bathed in turn in the stilly sunlight of the dawn, in the veiled refulgence of the twilight, or in the intoxicating ardour of the midday sun, sufficed to satisfy his artistic soul, until one day they came

to tell him that the army of the enemy was close at hand and the time was come for him to fly . . . And so with hardly a moment's preparation he came across to the land of that wonderful painter whom he worships almost as a god Turner, that magician of light, that superb rival of our great Rubens, who himself illumined the tair skin of his women with the brilliant light with which Turner transfigured his sca pieces and landscapes.

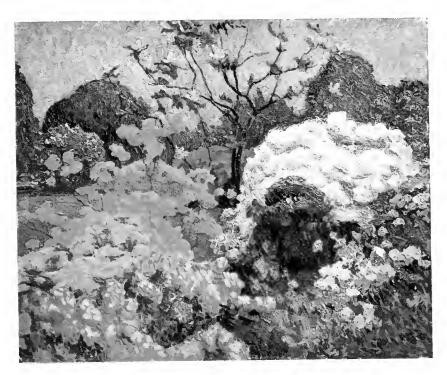
Claus has tried to drown his sorrows by striving to capture, also, the light of this country of mists: to express it in those little pastels, so rich and harmonious in colour, which he howed at the International Society's exhibition last spring, and in the pictures he has painted in and around London, such as March Sunshine, Leicester Square, and in Hampshire, whence came The Village Pond, Upton Grey, and A Wooded Hillside. One finds this same light in the artist's portrait of himself (reproduced in The Studio, July 1915), as it falls through the window upon his forehead, while in his keen piercing eye we recognise the whole will of the painter bent upon the search for beauty, and the pre-occupation of expressing it in his works. At the same time, too, can we not perceive the shadow of that sorrow which veils his anguished heart, as it does our own, with the mournful tragedy of these present days?

Exile, far from altering the art of Emile Claus, has opened new fields to him, and he will have a harvest of *chefs-dwavee* to carry back with him to his beloved fatherland—that fertile Flanders every pulsation of whose life he loves; and where the sunlight has in it none of that imperiousness such as is characteristic of the Orient, but rather is sweet and gracious, for it does not swallow up the shadows, but lightens them; it never burns up the soil, but renders it fruitful; it revivifies and only dissipates the dew over meadows bathed in cloudy vapours, in order again to adorn the earth with glistening opals.

Makia Biekmé.



COLLYSIA CRION GRIV"







MODERN BRITISH SCULPTORS: W. ROBERT COLTON, A R A.

When in years to come the record of British art is dealt with by the dispassionate historian a chapter will certainly be devoted to the revival in sculpture which was brought about during the latter half of the nineteenth century. The earlier part of the Victorian era was a period in which our sculptors can hardly be said to have sufficiently justified themselves; overweighted by the classic tradition, they sacrificed spontaneity and vitality to attain a sort of cold perfection which was strangely lifeless and wanting in character. Their art was formal, precise, and deliberate, limited by fixed rules and subject to conventions which allowed them little scope for the display of individuality either in outlook or in manner of treatment. That it was based on a mis-

understanding of the practice of the Greeks and observed the letter of the Greek tradition without any appreciation of its spirit did not occur to them; they formed themselves on the classic model and permitted no divergence from what they conceived to be the classic principles.

The result was, as might have been expected, singularly unfortunate. British sculpture became a sort of pale reflection of the antique, a dead thing unrelated to the life of the times in which it was produced. It ceased to inspire any interest, and it lost all hold upon the attention of the people, who wanted something less pedantic and less abstract. The sculptors saw themselves neglected and their appeal for consideration disregarded; they had put themselves out of touch with their contemporaries and had to pay the penalty for their mistake-half a century ago the profession of sculpture had come to be lamentably unprofitable.

But that this unsatisfactory condition of affairs was the fault of the sculptors themselves and not due to any popular dislike of sculpture as an art was proved very plainly only a few years later. Before the nine-teenth century had come to an end a new generation of sculptors had sprung up who had emancipated

themselves from the slavish tradition of their predecessors and whose work had its full share of the modern spirit. They sought for personal methods of expression, and each one aimed at the development of his own individual conviction, choosing the direction in which by temperament and natural inclination he was best fitted to travel. The earlier conventions disappeared, and in their place grew up real breadth of view and independence of effort.

And this new school of sculptors had not long to wait for recognition. People were quick to appreciate its vigorous vitality and its soundness of purpose, and they welcomed the sincerity with which each member of it strove, each in his own way, to raise the standard of his art. Sculpture ceased to be neglected by the public, and the sculptors found themselves in favour and their work in demand.

Certainly they deserve the fullest credit for this



" MOTHERHOOD "

BY W. ROBERT COLTON, A.R.A.

revival; the popularity of sculpture to-day is due to them, and to them only. For one thing, they have taken the only line which could lead them to definitely important achievement; for another, they have increased remarkably the technical merit of their work. Our modern sculptors are as notable for the quality of their craftsmanship as they are for their intelligent application of artistic principles and for their freedom from the domination of

obsolete tradition. What they are producing now is better in many ways than anything this country has seen before, more alive, more original, and more accomplished; and what they are doing to advance the interests of British art is more significant and more helpful than anything that is recorded in our history.

Among the men who are playing prominent parts as leaders of the revival there are many whose distinction is beyond dispute and whose work takes high rank in the art worldsome of mature years with a long list of achievements to their credit, others younger who have done much, but from whom even more is to be expected. With the best of these younger sculptors must cer-

tainly be counted Mr. W. Robert Colton, the subject of this article, for he is a typical exponent of the modern spirit and his craftsmanship is beyond reproach. The place he occupies in the British school and it is a place of no little importance—he has

and it is a place of no little importance—he has gained by sheer strength of artistic personality, by the clear expression of a well-considered conviction which has guided him consistently through all the developments of his practice. His success has been no a cident, he has carned it by more than twenty-five years of continuous effort, during which he has had experience of most of the possible applications of sculpture and has matured his powers by constant self-discipline.

Mr. Colton was born in 1867, and was trained first at the Lambeth School of Art and afterwards in the Royal Academy Schools and in Paris. He began to exhibit in 1889, and ten years later his statue, *The Girdle*, shown at Burlington House, was

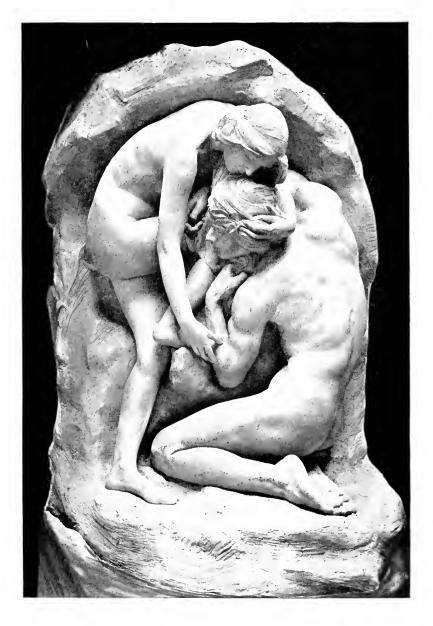
purchased by the Chantrey Fund Trustees; and in 1903 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy—these are the more salient biographical facts in his career. His early training and the influences under which he came in his youth cannot, however, be said to have had any deciding influence upon his art; that he has shaped and determined for himself. profiting, no doubt, by his study of the work of other men, but using his own temperament and his own æsthetic preferences to fix definitely the manner of his artistic growth.

It is by his performances during the last few years that he can best be judged; not, indeed, because they suggest any finality in his conviction, but rather

because they show how ready he is to adapt himself to the conditions and inspiration of the moment. The increased command over technical devices which comes with years of practice has not made him less receptive of new impressions; the acquisition of executive facility has not induced in him any inclination to repeat himself or to stereotype his work; he uses his skill as a craftsman to enable him to express himself better as an artist.



"THE SPRINGTIDE OF LIFE." BY W. R. COLTON, A.R.A. (Tate Gallery)



"THE CROWN OF LOVE," BY W. ROBERT COLTON, A.R.A.

IV. Robert Colton, A.R.A.

But it is in his later productions that the fullest revelation is afforded of his mental attitude towards his art and that the best hint is given of what will be his tendencies in the future. There is apparent in them all a certain love of picturesqueness-of a sort of pictorial freedom as opposed to sculptural severity-which influences both the character of his main design and the management of the details by which this design is amplified and completed. He has a liking for free and flowing line, for compositions which are complicated and elaborate, and for form arrangements which can be made sumptuous without becoming unduly involved. This liking is evident all through his work; it gives a specific character to everything he does and it affects both his choice of subjects and his interpretation of them.

It is seen very plainly in his South African War Memorial, for example—a vigorous composition which achieves the rather difficult feat of being

dramatic without seeming theatrical. It appears definitely, too, in his finely conceived group, The Crown of Love, a tangle of lines in which, however, there is no confusion and no lack of right relation; and it is not less marked in his charmingly imagined Springtide of Life, another notable exercise in interlacing line. In these three pieces of work most of the better characteristics of his art are effectively summarised and the qualities which distinguish his practice can be clearly perceived; all three are stamped throughout with the mark of his personality, and bear the full impress of his temperament.

Exceedingly characteristic, again, is the group which surmounts the Royal Artillery Memorial in the Mall. It differs from the three already noted in manner of treatment, for it is more deliberately decorative and therefore more simple and

formal in design. But in making his line composition less complex he has merely taken into consideration the particular destination of this work; he has not really modified his artistic conviction. The sumptuousness of form arrangement remains, and the desire for picturesqueness of general effect is as obvious as in any of his other works; but both the sumptuousness and the picturesqueness are restrained and kept under control by a true instinct for decorative appropriateness; they make the design richer and more attractive without diminishing its dignity or detracting from its monumental quality.

This capacity to suit himself to circumstances without sacrificing the principles in which he believes is one of the best things in Mr. Colton's equipment as an artist. It enables him to handle successfully the most diverse types of work, and to be himself in them all. It helps him, too, to choose with certainty the way in which any given



MEMORIAL TO OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ROYAL ARTHITERY, IN THE MALL, St. JAMES'S PARK, LONDON. BY W. ROBERT COLTON, A.R.A.



GROUP SURMOUNTING THE ROYAL ARTHLERY MEMORIAL IN ST. JAMES'S PARK, BY W. ROBERT COLTON, A.R.A.

II. Robert Colton, A.R.A.

subject can best be treated, to decide what kind of technical method is most appropriate, and to settle how he can consistently carry through the conception he has formed of the motive presented to him. In this connection a comparison can usefully be made between his admirable bust of Lord Roberts and his charming marble group of a mother and child—in the one the rugged reality of old age has been his inspiration: in the other the subtlety of a symbolical abstraction which needed no insistence upon detailed actuality to point its meaning. Yet both are entirely persuasive, and in both he has been wholly true to his æsthetic creed.

And it is essentially part of this creed that the duty of the artist is to do what he has to do with the fullest measure of executive distinction. He

recognises completely that without finely sensitive modelling a wellintended piece of sculpture must lose much of its significance and must fail to be convincing. So he has trained himself to use his materials with a certainty and confidence which can be unhesitatingly commended, and he has acquired a control over the mechanism of his work which is exceptionally valuable. Few of our sculptors rival him in their treatment of flesh textures or in feeling for refinements of surface form; fewer still can express in so skilful a manner the structure of the human body or give so intimate a suggestion of the underlying modellings of bone and muscle. Not many men who follow this walk of art can achieve so much exactness of realistic statement without descending into merely faithful imitation of the living model without forgetting, that is to say, how the pursuit of fact must be kept within bounds by delicate and sensitive fancy. He has learned well how nature should be studied by the artist who has ideas of his own that he desires to express, and how what the eye perceives should be used to make intelligible a mental vision which is an abstract Inspiration rather than a recollection of something actually seen. This balance of judgment it is that gives to his work its special distinction and that makes his executive facility—which might be dangerous to any one with a less clear appreciation of the duty which an artist owes to his art—serve so admirably the purposes of his practice. But, then, Mr. Colton ranks among our modern masters, and it is by surpassing his competitors that the master's position is gained.

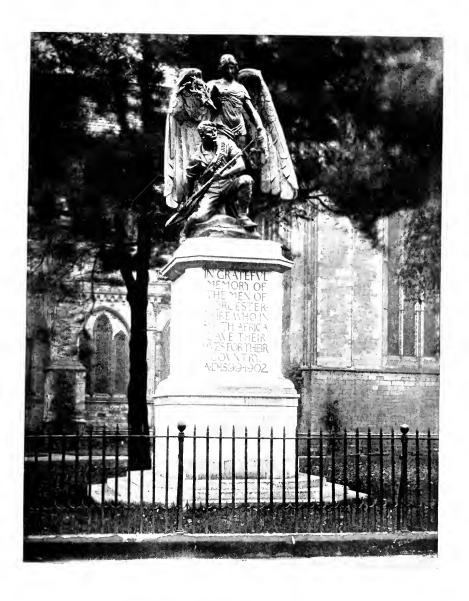
A. L. BALDRY.

THE collection of bronzes by Auguste Rodin, presented by the sculptor to the Victoria and Albert Museum, have been returned from Edinburgh, where they were exhibited on loan by the Royal Scottish Academy during the past summer, and have been replaced in the West Hall of the Museum, where they are now on view.



BUST OF LORD ROBERTS

BY W. R. COLION, A.R.A.



SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MEMORIAL ERECTED AT WORCESTER BY W. ROBERT COLTON, A.R.A.

THE FIFTY-FOURTH EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

HAD Glasgow, absorbed in war concerns, been tempted to defer for a season consideration of art it would not have been matter for surprise, if for regret. But a centre that cradled a virile school of painters would not forsake art because military necessity rides rough-shod over its most sacred traditions. Hence, the long sequence of annual exhibitions under the auspices of the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts is maintained unbroken; the fifty-fourth is now being held, and it would have been a pity to have missed the collection of loaned pictures brought together by an assiduous and discriminating Committee, and the year's harvest of work sent in from sketching-ground and studio far and near-particularly the efforts by some of the younger men, marking, in some cases, surprising advancement.

Amongst the many loaned works, which include Gainsborough's Master Heathcote; a seascape

and landscape by McTaggart; IVounded, the Lavery canvas around which such interest gathered at Burlington House during the past summer, and Mr. Augustus John's most arresting study, The Smiling Woman, there is for many reasons no more interesting work than the Sir Isumbras at the Ford, by Millais. It is in the manner adopted, then discarded by the artist. When exhibited in the year 1857 at the Royal Academy and later at the Glasgow Institute it was assailed with fierce criticism. It has passed through many hands; it just missed being purchased by Glasgow Corporation for the Kelvingrove Gallery; and finally it finds a resting-place in the collection of Sir W. H. Lever, Bart. To-day, by his courtesy, it hangs at the Institute, intrinsically as well as historically important, so rich, so refulgent, so reposeful, a striking legacy from a brief phase of art over which men violently differ, yet agree concerning its creative interest.

In a necessarily brief notice, it is possible only to touch on a few aspects of the exhibition, selected here and there, for no arbitrary reason, except that they have some particular significance; and



"TURNING THE PLOUGH"

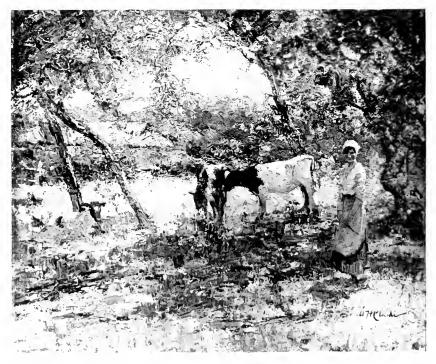


if many of the exhibits have to be passed over, it is not because of non-appreciation.

Though in regard to portraiture the display is not particularly striking, there are yet personal presentments of more than passing interest. Suzanne, the work of Miss Alexina MacRitchie, is distinguished by great unity and charm: a Portrait, eminently decorative, is that by Miss Norah Nelson Gray, R.S.W.; and Finishing the Patchwork Quilt, by Miss Sara M'Gregor (Mrs. Holroyd), a decorative figure study, is masterly and pleasing in modelling and tonal subtlety. Why the hanging committee, unless moved thereto by exigencies of space, should have placed this delicate symphony of colour adjacent to John Hassall's aggressively toned commemorative Bannockburn picture, commissioned in an excess of patriotic fervour by the Glasgow Corporation, is difficult to determine. Notable portraits are also contributed by Mr. E. A. Walton, R.S.A.: Mr. George Henry, A.R.A., R.S.A.; Mr. Fiddes Watt, A.R.S.A.; Mr. W. M. Petrie; Mr. William Findlay; and Mr. J. B. Anderson.

The Fen Reeve, by Mr. Fra. H. Newbery, dominates a whole room, in its robust handling and strength of characterisation. The Director of the Glasgow School of Art has revelled in this masterful composition. And as if to emphasise the extreme versatility of the modern artist, he sends The Garden, an antithesis to The Fen Reeve in almost every quality but that of convincingness. Natural, fresh, and radiant, it veritably scintillates with daylight: it fulfils the expectation encouraged by Mr. Newbery, of new interest on every canvas.

Three contributions by Mr. E. A. Hornel are in the unique style of this master of matchless colour harmonies. *The Estuary*, a glimpse of sea and sky through a tracery of branches, with headland and wild hyacinth patch in middle distance and foreground, is attractive, yet bewildering; the little nymphs are absent—are on holiday the artist says —and the theme seems deficient in consequence.



STILL MENTER "



But here they are in *The Enchanted Wood* and by the *Water Lilies*, mid tall tree trunks, and a riot of blossom, with radiant complexions, in dainty frocks, true complement of the environment. Hornel's art bewitches and it will continue to captivate. There are no imitators to counterfeit it, no pupils to arouse disputes over authenticity.

Forward amongst the new men stands Mr. A. R. W. Allan, an earnest student of country life and incident. He has learnt early the lesson of restraint and concentration, the essentiality of one picture on one canvas; he has a firm grasp of tonal values in relation to distance; he absorbs his subject and the local colour of it, then makes a gripping picture that calls one back again and again, each time to discover fresh interest in idea, composition, or technique. Mr. Allan's art is no mere pictorialism, instigated by whim or necessity; it is a living passion, an impelling purpose, and in pursuit of it he lives the outdoor life, mixes with the husbandman, and has the fields for a rendezvous. Turning the Plough is a study approached with purpose, handled with insight, worked out with sincerity. The subject is the team; the accessories, brown earth tinged with green, distant landscape, a receding sky, and in a degree the ploughman, are all subordinate, as they would be with mind and eye concentrated on the horses. Every other consideration is lost in the bold sympathetic treatment, the successful working out of a problem teeming with difficulty and temptation to a young painter.

Mr. D. Forrester Wilson is an essentially decorative artist, conscious of the value of big, almost unbroken spaces around a well-modelled figure. His Faggots is striking tonally, in reticence pronunced, in massed monochromism startling. The canvas, except for grey tones in the figure, faint green in the tree trunks, and the deferential note in the extreme background, is a mass of golden brown fallen leaves, yet the effect is naturalistic, pleasing, actual; the faggot woman is a reality. A further glimpse of sky might have helped the composition, but this did not come within the mind or eye of the artist, and his must be the clearer vision.



"WINTLE MOENING IN THE HIGHLAND



"FAGGOTS"

BY D. FORRESTER WILSON

Winter Morning in the Highlands, by Mr. A. K. Brown, R.S.A., is one of those transcriptions of highland grandeur and solitude this artist renders so poetically. Not alone by literature has the world discovered the character of the north countrie; art—and of course Scottish art especially—has laid bare its charms. This is a big canvas, in low tones, instinct with the spirit of the highlands, almost oppressive in its loneliness and austerity.

When an artist changes his outlook his art ofttimes undergoes a complete transition. It has been so in the case of Mr. David Gauld, whose subjects are mainly bovine in character. It may be that association with the most idealistic of painters, in the atmospheric mysticalness of Picardy, has greatly influenced his new manner and method, of which Early Summer, Picardy, is a charming example. But the ravages of war have banished the artist from this lovely corner of France, and he remains disconsolate.

Three charming expressions in oil by Mr. W. H. Clarke are in no danger of being overlooked; they stand out both in freshness and promise. His sketching ground, Kirkcudbright, is a modern Mecca to the artist; it abounds in subject and interest; it fascinates, it holds few distractions to the whole-hearted pursuit of art, and even weans the artist from the bondage of convention. Sunlit Meadows, is a direct, natural, exhilarating transcription of the charm that lurks in outdoor colour to an artist with a clear outlook.

The Green, Richmond, is a sympathetic, well-phrased, scholarly expression by a thoughtful artist, Mr. J. Whitelaw Hamilton, A.R.S.A. Beginning to paint when the Glasgow School had become firmly established, happy coincidences threw him into close association with the charmed group. But with all the benefit that comes from consorting with genius, our young artist struck out an independent course, travelled along individual



"THE GREEN, RICHMOND"

BY J. WHITELAW HAMILTON, A.R.S.A.

istic lines. His work suggests contemplation, refinement, character; it makes for itself a position in any company. In the work under review, the composition, the play of light on the sloping green, under the old Castle wall, on the red-tiled roofs, on the roadway in front of the Inn, the massed, low-toned architecture silhouetted against the grey-like Yorkshire sky, are unmistakably convincing.

It would serve small purpose to enumerate the many other interesting pictures in an exhibition worthy of careful attention. It must suffice to say that in the Water-Colour room there are two characteristic studies of feathered life by Joseph Crawhall, separated by a drawing of rare sensitiveness and charm by the late H. S. Hopwood, R.W.S., that inspires regret at death's lack of discrimination. There is clever work by Mr. A. B. M'Kechnie, R.S.W., by Mr. John Keppie, F.R.L.B.A., who also has been honoured by the Corporation selecting one of his pictures, by Mr. R. B. Nisbet, R.S.A., and two capital drawings of trench warfare in France by Mr. E. A. Taylor.

The black-and-white section, for the first time in sympathetic environment, is distinguished by etchings contributed by Mr. D. V. Cameron, A.R. A., Mr. Muirhead Bone, Mr. James M'Bey, and others. Then there are some book-plate illustrations by Mr. Munro S. Orr, a war drawing in charcoal by Mr. Jack Orr, and an etched "Roll of Honour" by Mr. J. Hamilton McKenzie, R.S.W., A.R.E., displaying the arms and emblems of the constituent countries of the British Empire and those of its allies.

In the Sculpture Gallery the feature is examples of Serbian art by Ivan Mestrović, and there is bronze and other sculpture by Mr. Kellock Brown, Mr. John Tweed, Mr. F. Derwent Wood, A.R.A., Mr. Percy Portsmouth, A.R.S.A., Mr. Alex. Proudfoot, and Mr. James Gray.

The exhibition as a whole is a striking repudiation of the assertion that our national virility has become decadent, and should give way to the ruthless march of relentless force that is contemptuously intolerant of art, of bonour, and of peace.

J. Taylor. HE NEW SPELL OF VENICE.
BY WILLY G. R. BENEDICTUS.

In Italy one is sorely tempted to forget the war in the delight provided for senses and taste by nature and art. The traveller has to pinch himself at every turning to make sure that the war with all it implies is not a dream. Temptation and forgetfulness, smiling, lurk in every corner-in the lovely classical face of a girl one meets in the street, or the features, more lovely still, of a madonna seen in a museum; in a quaint vinegarlanded doorway, a fountain possibly planned by Cellini or some other genius. Through the voices of landscape, breeze, lake, and sea nature calls upon you to resign all thoughts that are not of her, to stop reading the paper, to cease troubling about passing events, and dive into oblivion in her peaceful depths. Nature and art, the monuments of God and man, have seen worse conflicts, and will outlive this one too.

But all at once, like a man who is awakened from a pleasant dream by having a bucket of cold water thrown over him, we are shaken out of our philosophical reverie by the mere reading of the words: "Yesterday enemy aviators bombarded the arsenal of Venice," or by seeing the words, "Venice, War Zone" heading a passport. After which no more pleasant dreams of fancy, and our minds shall know no rest. The facts stare us in the face, and won't be denied. The impossible war is but too true, and there is nothing impossible on earth, as long as Venice—the unreal city built upon a dream, the chosen home of lovers and poets—belongs to a war zone.

Venice was never, so to speak, of this earth: only bound to it with golden chains. Each time we kissed her good-bye it was in fear lest we should not find her again: we half believed she would some day break her bonds and roam on the oceans, erring island of ever-fair renown; or sink and vanish under water with her unspoken spell. Now, of all things prosaic, Venice is subject to military regulations, liable to be attacked and destroyed, she, the Eternal One. Queen of cities, at whose feet lay the world, she is only a unit in the great strife that takes no heed of beauty.

Wishing to see my old revered friend in this her new garb, I arrived there one fine autumn morning, when the dazzling lagoon mixing mother-of-pearls with gold, irresistibly put the later Turner before my memory. All at once I experienced a relief. Never had I beheld the face of Venice so pure and spotless. Usually at this season

the city is full of Germans and Hungarians, who used to come across the Adriatic in swarms, no doubt attracted by the cheap fare, for the passage cost them no more than seven francs apiece. But there is no sign of them this year, and in their absence the town is rewarded by the presence of the true Venetians, the *ilite* that in other years were wont to come back only in the Spring. At the first whisper of danger, they came to stand by their tottering palazzi. Men and women may be seen walking in the street, whose names mean half a century in the history of the Republic. They were rarely to be seen elsewhere than at some ultra-select theatre or social gathering; they were night-birds. The Venetian aristocracy is the laziest of all Italian aristocracies, who, as an American would put it, "beat the world's record of laziness dead." Here the war has taught early rising and many things besides. The Venetian lady talks no more of vanities, laces, sweets, and their bosom friends' reputations, but of Red-Cross examinations and wool wherewith to knit stockings, caps, and waistcoats. Snow-white hands that have lain idly in a lap all their life are now busy knitting-or trying to. But, as the French proverb puts it, "L'intention en fait le prix," and there is no prettier sight. A local committee has been formed to help the poor, whose numbers are legion. The war has doomed to temporary death the quaint parasitical industries which gave them their daily morsel of macaroni and sup of wine. Likewise the pigeons are losers by the war. No more sentimental, grain-showering tourists for them. The town which usually spends four thousand pounds a year to feed them feels the difference greatly.

The activity of the harbour is totally dulled. "The war," as an old Venetian tells me, "will open for us a new era of work and self-reliance. Venice will think less of her position as the premier art-city of the world and more of her position as Italy's second harbour. The source of income provided by the foreign visitor will be dried up for years, and Venice put to the test of showing what she can do by dint of normal industry and commerce." I am shocked-as we always are who find the inhabitants of great artistic cities thinking less of their beauty than we do. Of course the Venetian cannot live on Tiepolo, but I deprecate the idea of Venice becoming a port where business is brisk. Let us allow the hideous Lido to become a brand-new harbour bent on gain, but the flower of respectable avidity must not grow and bloom between the frail pink stones of these real walls.

Venice remains for us mainly the City of Beauty

to which Ruskin led our steps. Our first thought was for its monuments. How would they bear the brunt of war? It is a consolation to learn that assaults on their fragile structure have been provided against. First the basilica, then the more dangerously situated churches, and the palazzi whose facades are like cobwebs of stone, have been protected by a covering of rafters and wooden pillars. Venice's fairest citizens are hidden up to the waist, seeming to undergo a mysterious process of rejuvenation, or, speaking more prosaically, of autumn cleaning. And the glory of San Marco's horses has departed from the Piazza. This change excepted, Venice remains the same, not a bit scared by the propinquity of war. The Austrian aviators provide a healthy amusement to the folk. Gli 'rioplani! Too lazy to pronounce "aeroplane" properly the Venetian idler runs to look up at the pink-winged bird soaring above in the ruddy Adriatic sunset and deftly manceuvring amongst the shrappel shells that dot the sky with an infinity of white and blue specks. For the Venetian gamin these visits of the enemy are great fun. On one occasion I overheard two of them betting on the result. "Ten centesimi he'll be thrown," cried one. "He won't!" exclaimed the other, promptly accepting the odds. As a matter of fact neither of the two young street gentlemen was blessed with the needful coin until it was produced by myself, after some most delightful begging and cutting of capers defter even than those executed over our heads by the wicked bird.

Diurnal Venice bears thus no essential sign of war, but at a quarter to nine the city gives itself over to the arms of war . . . and darkness. Light is absolutely forbidden. No streak of light escapes from under the closed blinds. Shadowy figures tread softly along shadowy paths. Invisible gondolas glide past on the water that is still more invisible. The numerous piazzette are pools of darkness, in which the Venetians, not at all dismayed, sit, talk, make merry, sipping liquid refreshment the while. At first the darkness draws from the uneven stones memories of abductions and many other black deeds, memories of the time when gondolas, like to these, carried, on the selfsame waters, stifled women and stabbed men to the cold embrace of the whispering lagoon. The Venice of Casanova is fugitively born again from that darkness which gave birth to so many romantic dreams and poetical ghosts dear to the heart of very youthful and very old maids.

But these spells are soon broken. The darkness is nowadays of the sociable, chatty, comfortable

sort. You run into invisible walkers, tread upon invisible toes, and beg the night's pardon.

The Piazza is full. So, too, the Café Florian where once upon a time a little Swiss attaché at the French Consulate, who happened to call himself Jean-Jacques Rousseau, sipped ices and cast timid glances at the flower-sellers in their black shawls. Then man was naughtier and better, and peace not yet a dream.

Under Florian's dark and suggestive arcades, you take a chocolate-ice for granted, and if the cameriere keeps a "tip" twice as large as usual, who is to blame but the darkness? An invisible band plays patriotic tunes, and the crowd raises such gallant cheers to the twinkling stars, that San Marco's scared pigeons, perhaps believing it to be day, fly about excitedly, striking their pink beaks against the monstrous gilded beasts making grimaces at them above the faciata.

An hour before midnight the *cafis* must close, and the Venetian scorning the idea of bed, to him untimely, walks to and fro between piazza and piazzetta as if both were more brilliantly illumined than of yore.

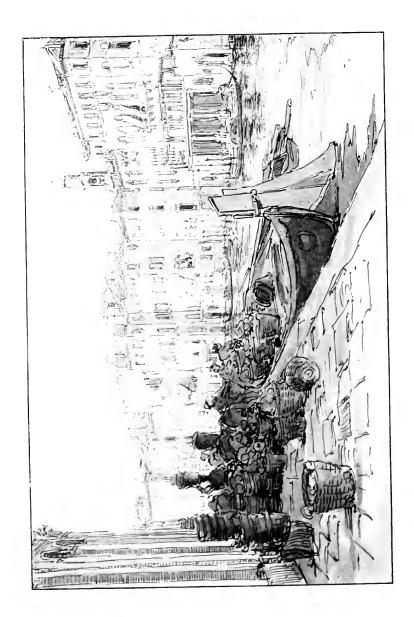
This promenading in the darkness recalls a performance of Chinese puppets. Matches are allowed-law, though martial, has to curb itself before smokers-and little stars wake up for one second in the peopled obscurity, lending an illusory ruddiness to some pale sharply shaped Venetian face. A fat old gentleman blowing in his cheeks in the act of lighting a cigarette, emerges from the darkness as from the sombre background of one of Palma Vecchio's pictures: elderly bodiless cherub blowing his soul out upon a celestial tuba. But lo! all these quaint aspects fade away before the radiating glory of Venice under full moon. No feast in time of peace ever presented such a fine sight. Far away the two islands which close the gulf like two jewels clasping a belt look like pale clouds floating on an azure infinity. The Schiavoni bank is dark, but all the windows of the Doge's Palace glitter like pearls of many hues, and the very scaffolding propping up the Campanile weaves on the clear pavement immaterial eerie traceries of light and shadow, beauty and mystery. The ogives of the Basilica seem drawn by the attraction of the moon and in their silvery splendour melt upwards into realms of whiteness untold, where San Marco looms high and triumphant.

Without man-made light to dim its brightness, this new moon-kissed Venice of deep shadow and silky radiance stands revealed, indeed, as an unexpected boon of the war.

SKETCHES OF VENICE AND FLORENCE BY HERMAN A. WEBSTER, R.E.



"BEHIND SANTA BARBARA, VENICE"

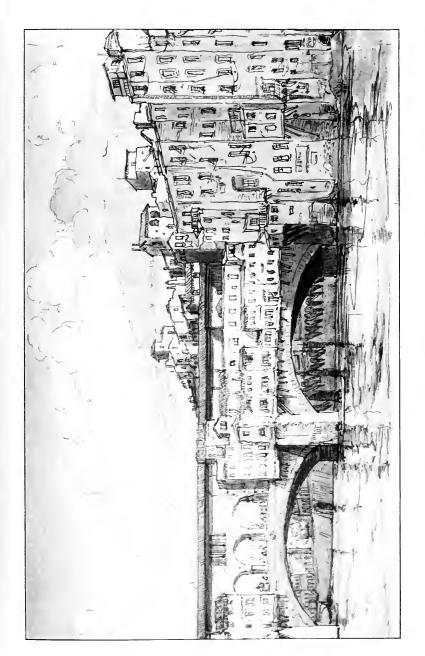


"SCUOLA DI S. MARCO, VENICE" BY HERMAN A. WEBSTER, R.E.

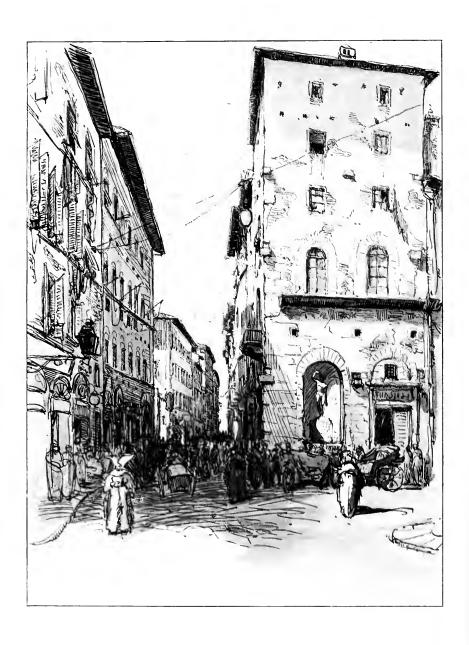


"THE MOLE, VENICE." BY HERMAN A. WEBSTER, R.E.

"PONTE ALLA CARRAIA, FLORENCE" BY HERMAN A. WEBSTER, R.E.



PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE BY HERMAN A. WEBSTER, R.E.



RECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

THERE is no dearth of good architecture in Scotland, and the tendency in recent years to import so many works to hang on the walls of the Royal Scottish Academy has been viewed with misgivings by many people who have at heart the best interests of the Mistress of the Arts. In none of the fine arts is it so necessary to encourage native talent as in architecture. For this reason the Architecture Room at the recent exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy in Edinburgh was of special interest and significance. Without exception the works on view, numbering about sixty in all, were by Scottish architects, of whom seven were Academicians or Associates; and of the exhibits over fifty represented domestic or public architecture in Scotland.

As regards the general character of the works shown in this section, the chief features were simplicity of treatment and boldness of design, especially noticeable in the illustrations of churches and other public buildings; and a marked origin-

ality displayed by the more prominent exhibitors in dealing with a commonplace theme, though without the eccentricity which is sometimes met with in English work. Som · of the exhibits were of a high order, as, for example, Sir John Burnet's black and white perspective, with detail drawing of the front elevation and plan of the Institute of Chemistry, Russell Square, London; and all the work appeared to merit well inclusion in the premier Scottish exhibition. Of the all too few examples of draughtsman-hip, nothing but praise can be written, especially good being Mr. A. N. Paterson's coloured perspective for a branch of the National Bank of Scotland at Gourock, and Mr. Hippolyte Blanc's wash-drawing of part of the façade at the Ladies' College, Queen Street, Edinburgh. Another excellent exhibit was the half-inch detail drawing of Haggerston Castle, Northumberland, by Mr. J. B. Dunn, F.R.I.B.A.

Proceeding to a more detailed explanation, with special reference to the examples of domestic architecture illustrated in this issue, one of the most interesting frames was that containing views of the remodelling scheme carried out in the



GARDEN HOUSE, TILLYLOSS, DUNDEE

(See page 118)

drawing-room at Rossdhu. Luss, the residence of Sir Ian Colquhoun, by Mr. Wm. Hunter McNab. F.R.I.B.A., Glasgow. The room is of late Renaissance design, with walls panelled in Austrian oak, waxed slightly and polished; above which is a heavily embellished cornice, from which springs a segmental ceiling with sections panelled out by Mr. George Bankart in ornamental plaster, having a motif of intertwined roses and vine leaves and acorns and oak leaves alternately. The tympani at the ends of the room contain the family arms modelled in plaster; at the north end and over the window, the crest, with motto and badge at the opposite end. The exhibition contained two other examples of domestic work by this architect. One of them, "Newstead," is at Bearsden, lying north-west of Glasgow. The keynote of this residence is its simplicity. In the external treatment hollow brick walls have been used, faced with Portland cement and then rough-casted. The porch, which is illustrated, was framed with solid Kauri pine, the oriel

windows being similarly treated. A feature of the hall is the open timbered roof, the panelling there and finishings generally being of New Zealand Kauri pine, stained in a simple way of a grey colour, with plain self-coloured papers on mid walls and friezes, and ceilings finished in soft white. The other exhibit is of "Beneffrey," a large Glasgow suburban house, of which an illustration and description will be given on another occasion.

Messrs. Maclaren, Sons, and Soutar, of Dundee, had three exhibits. "Tillyloss," Dundee, possesses an excellent garden house which is illustrated on p. 117. The roof is covered with old Fifeshire pantiles, and the interior is panelled in Australian pine left in its natural colour. For the walls of the house itself Dumfriesshire stone has been used, finished rough-cast: and internally the hall, drawing-room, and library are finished in oak. The well designed fireplaces were made by the Scottish Guild of Handicraft. The colour sketches for "Craigiebarns," Dundee, for R. R. Smith, Esq., were



HUNDER OF A AND HILLS



ROSSDHU, DUMBARTONSHIRE, DETAHL OF DRAWING - ROOM, W. H. MCNAB, F.R.LB.A., ARCHITECT

ably drawn, as also were those of "Moraig," Dundee.

Excellent in its way was the third premiated design for Langside District Library by Mr. A. G. Henderson, of the firm of Honeyman and Keppie. The competition was an open one, over one hundred designs being submitted, and the scheme under notice sought to give a logical expression of the plan which did not lend itself to an absolutely symmetrical arrangement. The firm above referred to exhibited photographs of wash-drawings of their winning design for the rearrangement of Glasgow Cross, an undertaking which, unfortunately, involves the removal of the old Tolbooth Steeple to a new site.

Scant justice was done to "Balmadies," Colinton, built for Lady Ochterlony, in the pen-and-ink sketch by Mr. M. M. Ochterlony. All the public rooms seemed to be formed within a triangle, and the bedrooms, seven in all, are on the first floor.

The house has been designed on the "sun trap" principle. The walls have been faced with 18-inch hollow bricks, roughcasted: the roof being covered with green Buttermere slates; and for the steps and dressings stones from the Haile quarries have been used. The woodwork in the drawing-room was finished in ivory enamel, with walls painted silver grey. With the exception of the door furniture and the switches in this apartment, which are oxidised silver, the fittings in the rest of the house are bronze. Throughout the woodwork, apart from the birchwood panels, is whitewood, finished a pleasant olivebrown with Solignum. Next to this work was a frame containing illustrations of "Rahcen, Bearsden, a small but well designed house, by Messrs, Alex. Cullen, Lockhead, and Brown. Trey were also repre

sented by illustrations of entrances to three public buildings, especially good architecturally being that for Hamilton Municipal Buildings, part of a joint scheme which was successful in open competition; its counterpart, the library and town hall, has already been built.

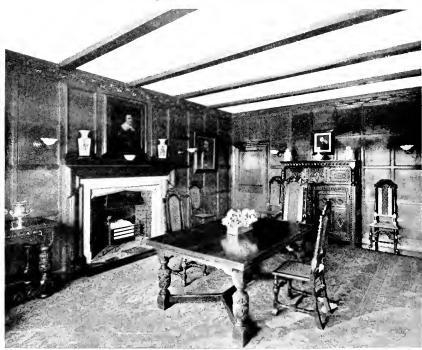
The next exhibit as given in the catalogue showed six interior views of "Nether Caberstone," Walkerburn, Peeblesshire, designed by Mr. J. B. Dunn, F.R.I.B.A., of Edinburgh, for J. R. Ballantyne, Esq. Of these it has only been possible to illustrate one, namely, the dining-toom. The walls are panelled in oak up to the ceiling, which latter is raftered in a simple manner. A feature of the room is the chimneypiece, with its carved surround and tiled interior. In the inner hall, which is panelled out in long upright panels, there is a fireplace of somewhat unusual design. The scheme of decoration is completed here by the deep ornamental plaster frieze, having a motif



"NEW TEAD," BLARSTON, NEAR GLASGOW: ENTRANCE POKETI W. H. MENAB, LEGLBAN, ARCHITECT



"NEWSTEAD," BEARSDEN: THE HALL W. H. MCNAB, F.R.LB.A., ARCHITECT



DINING-ROOM AT "NETHER CABERSTONE," PEEBLESHIRE

I. B. DENN, L.R.LB.A., ARCHITECT

of cocoa beans and branches in leaf, and the decorative cornerpieces to the plain white ceiling. Another interesting apartment is the drawing room with its richly moulded Adam ceiling and ingle nook. The chimneypiece has a plain rectangular panel above the shelf; and there is some good floral embellishment to surround, which encloses a veined marble interior. Particularly striking is the staircase, showing up well the fine oak balustrading, with its carved panels and posts surmounted by carvings, representing animals and birds, meluding an owl's head. For the walls a small, neat floral patterned paper was used; and the planness of the ceiling is broken up in a pleasing way by the thistle design ornamental cornerpieces.

The work of Mr. Dunn was shown to much better advantage in the carefully drawn perspective bowing the exterior of a house at Glentarg. The plans of the ground, first and second floors were early conceived, and revalled an exceedingly cool mode of arrangement of all the rooms, the process apartment being confined to the ground to the Penty of space was allowed for in the

corridors, the bedrooms being spacious and square. Of the Scottish Academicians represented, Mr. Washington Browne had an excellent perspective drawing of St. Paul's Bridge, London, his design for which was awarded first place in competition. This year Mr. Kelly's sole exhibit was a perspective and plan of the Harlaw Memorial, erected on the site of the battlefield of that name. The simplicity of treatment was in excellent taste.

In its breadth of conception Mr. James Thomson's proposed civic centre for Dundee is a meritorious work. The group of buildings seen in his coloured bird's-eye view are characterised by a simple dignity which is a feature of this architect's work.

Of the domestic exhibits left undescribed, mention should be made here of Messis. Clifford and Lunan's fine Renaissance work at "Stoneleigh," Kelvinside, Glasgow. Mr. James Miller, A.R.S.A., F.R.I.B.A., had a good perspective drawing of Kildonan Mansion, Barthill, Avrshire, in course of circlion to D. L. Wallace, Lsq., and he also showed a pen and ink drawing of a much smaller residence, known as "Blumefield," Kirkoswald, Perthshire.

ETCHINGS BY HESTER FROOD



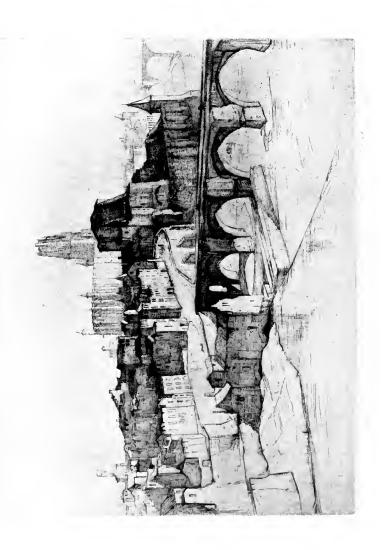
"FARMYARD NEAR CAEN"

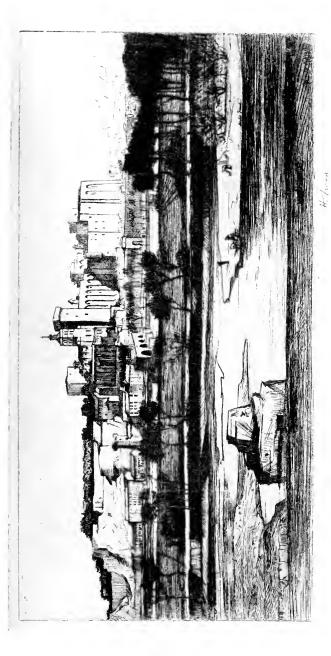
BY HESTER FROOD

THE six etchings here reproduced are further examples of the work of a talented artist to whom attention has already been drawn in our recent Special Number on "Modern Etchings, Mezzotints, and Dry-Points."

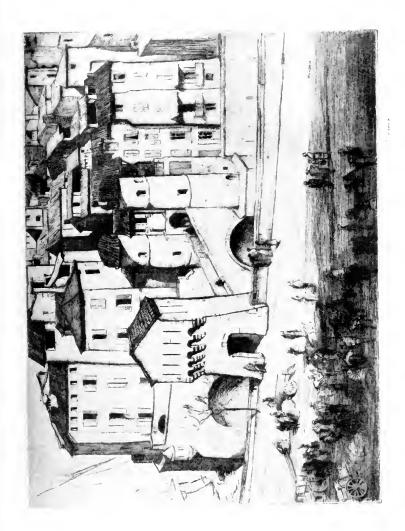
Miss Frood studied in Exeter and in Paris, and has worked in Italy, France, Holland, and Spain; but France and her own country appeal most of all to her as an etcher. While, as she herself says, her work owes more than she can say to Mr. D. Y. Cameron, it is hardly correct to describe her as his pupil (as has been sometimes stated); the help

she has received from him has always been of the informal nature of friendly counsel and encouragement. If, however, the influence of that distinguished artist is to be traced, as it unquestionably may be in certain of Miss Frood's works, there is in her recent plates such as those here reproduced abundant evidence that, while profiting by a fine example, she is far from being a mere imitator and that, with her strong feeling for the truly picturesque and her sympathetic draughtsmanship of ancient architecture, she has been proceeding ably towards the full development of her individuality.











RT EDUCATION IN EGYPT. BY
P. RODECK, Lect.r.i.b.a.

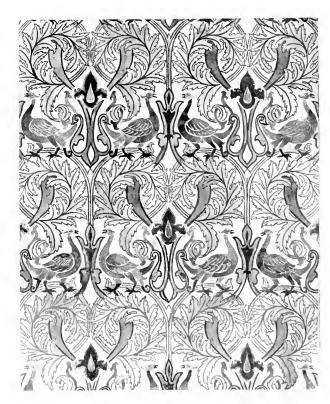
The work of the British Government authorities in Egypt can be divided into two main functions—administration and education; and the latter includes, in certain Government schools, artistic training, the utility and necessity of which as a civilising influence are duly recognised. The Egyptian Government had already in 1839 made a start in this direction in the École des Arts et Métiers at Boulaq, now known as the Boulaq Technical School. After working till 1851 this school was closed and was not reopened till the year 1868, when it contained sections of Mechanical Engineering, Carpentry, and Industrial Arts for the training of two classes of student—the first a class of student intended to become Assistant Engineers

in the Public Works and other Government Departments, and the second a working class intended to become trained artificers.

In 1906 this school, together with other technical educational institutions in Egypt, was placed under the newly created Government Department of Agricultural and Industrial Education, with Mr. Sidney H. Wells as Director-General. In course of time the gradual growth of Industrial Trade Schools rendered the second-class of student in the Boulaq Technical School unnecessary, and it was therefore decided to form a new section of Arts and Crafts for the training of better educated boys with the idea of turning out students who could enter into the industrial life of the country equipped with a knowledge of their special craft and also with a sound training in design and historic ornament.

To this end the school opened a section of Applied Arts in 1909 with ten students under the guidance of Mr. Moir Gordon, a former South Kensington student. Wood-carving and very elementary native weaving, together with clay modelling and plaster work, were introduced during the first two years. At the end of this time Mr. Gordon resigned, and was replaced by Mr. W. A. Stewart, of Bradford Technical College, already well known in England as a designer and specialist in textile fabrics.

Mr. Stewart introduced improved hand-loom weaving and spinning, vegetable and aniline dyeing and machine Jacquards, reviving the old Saracenic art of damask weaving, and commenced a fairly full course of weaving theory and cloth construc-



DESIGN FOR TAPESTRY. BY A STUDENT OF THE BOULDO HERNICAL SCHOOL

Art Education in Egypt

tion. Previously to this designs were not put on to squared paper in any part of Egypt, and the introduction of the squared-paper pattern was therefore an important step in the production of more elaborate and interesting designs. Mr. Stewart also introduced a course of ornamental wrought-iron work and sheet-metal work, which has so far proved successful and has warranted a further extension during the last year 1914–15, when a course of light metal-work and jewellery was started.

At present the students in the section of Arts and Crafts number forty-two in the various crafts of weaving, wood-carving, and cabinet-making, interior decoration, and metal-work. Past students have already shown the value of the section by being appointed to posts as directors of weaving schools or foremen in other trade schools, and one

student sent to specialise in weaving and design at the Bradford Technical College has passed the City and Guilds of London examination, obtaining the second prize in his college and receiving the diploma after a two years' training in England.

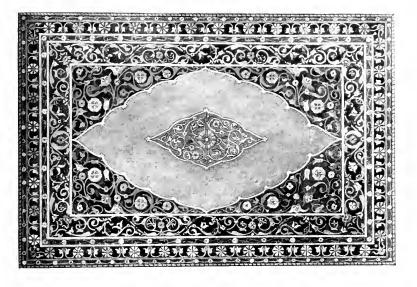
The present writer has had the good fortune to serve on the Board of Examiners in the annual examinations for diplomas instituted during the last three years in the Arts and Crafts section of the Boulaq Technical School. This has afforded him an opportunity of becoming familiar with the teaching provided and the work produced at the school and it has been a real pleasure to watch the steady development of the training provided and the remarkable progress made by the students. Under Mr. Stewart's sympathetic direction the scope of the training supplied has been much enlarged and is conducted on such lines that the individuality of each student is brought out and allowed free expression. An excellent feature of the training is the fact that, in almost all the crafts dealt with, designing is not allowed to become a purely academic exercise,

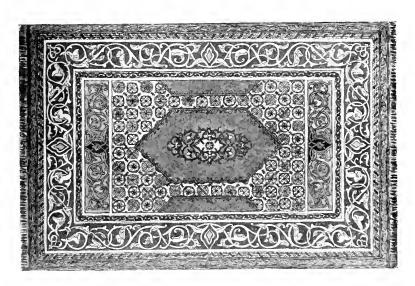
We are table with the emotes to

show examples of designs in all the industrial arts taught. Of these, metal-work, cabinet-making, wood-carving and inlaving, as well as painted mural decoration, are among the most promising sections, and their products should find a ready local market. However, the design for tapestry and the three designs for woven fabrics which figure among the accompanying illustrations are good examples of the tendencies of the school. It is interesting to find similar tendencies in the designs for painted tiles and plates, and at the same time to note how suitable each group of designs is to the materials in which it is to be executed. The design for a book cover is also representative of much of the students' work, and the three designs for rugs again show the same appropriateness of the design to its material, undoubtedly due to the happy combination of practical work with abstract



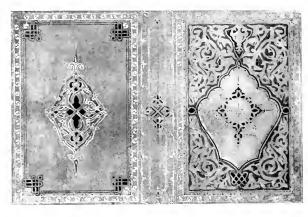
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Art Education in Egypt

designing. These three designs are remarkable for a wonderful richness and harmony of colouring, and it is satisfactory to know that the production of rugs and carpets is to be largely developed. It is by their sale to lovers of works of art that the rising school of Egyptian designers and craftsmen seems most likely to become known not only in its own but also in other countries. All the designs here illustrated are by students of the Boulag Technical School, and have in some cases been carried into execution.



UESIGN FOR A BOOK-COVER. BY A STUDENT OF THE BOULAR TECHNICAL SCHOOL

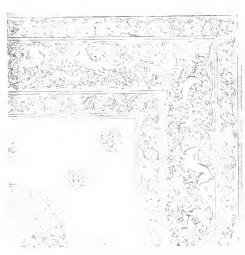
It has often been noticed that, in the intercourse between Western and Eastern races, superficial observers on either side are apt to fasten upon the less commendable qualities of the other as being specially representative of the entire character of the race. In artistic matters we find this peculiarity exemplified in the case of rich Orientals who, on their visits to Europe often admire and purchase objects and supposed works of art in the most doubtful and deplorable taste. That examples of this tendency

occur among Egyptians must not be taken as a proof that they are incapable of good taste in artistic matters, as is fully proved by the results obtained in the Arts and Crafts section of the Boulaq Technical School and other schools where industrial arts are taught. Not only has the number of students with individuality and good taste as designers among those admitted to the school been sufficiently large to encourage the Government to continue and extend the artistic training,

but already in the short time during which this training has been conducted on sound lines by Mr. Stewart under the direction of Mr. Wells the beginnings of a distinctive school of Modern Egyptian Design have emerged and show very great promise for the future.

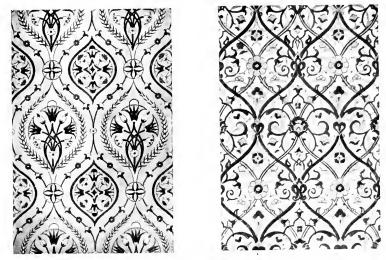
The success of the direct education of art students may therefore be considered to be assured. A larger and a far more difficult problem lies in the artistic education of the Egyptian public, which is essential if the trained designers are to receive at the hands of their fellow countrymen the appreciation they so richly deserve. The methods by which the Government attacks the latter problem are, at present, help extended to past students in finding employment, the sale of objects of domestic utility produced in the schools and annual exhibitions of students' work held in Critical

For the results of their efforts in ducet

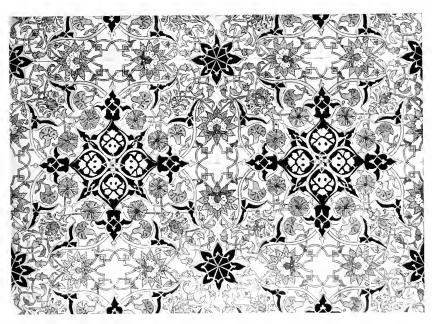


TO ASSET A PARKET TO A TELEST OF THE BOULE OF THE BOULE

Art Education in Egypt



DESIGNS FOR WOVEN FARRICS - BY STUDENTS OF THE BOULAQ TECHNICAL SCHOOL



DESIGN FOR PAINTED THES. BY A STUDENT OF THE BOULAG TECHNICAL SCHOOL



DESIGNS FOR PLATES. BY STUDENTS OF THE BOULAG TECHNICAL SCHOOL

and indirect artistic education, especially the former, the Government authorities are to be warmly congratulated, and for the success of their future efforts in these directions they have our heartiest good wishes.

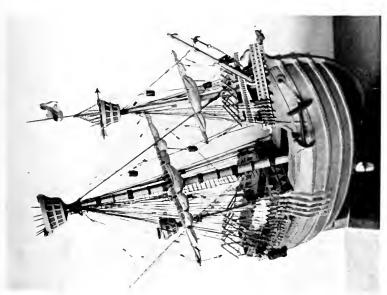
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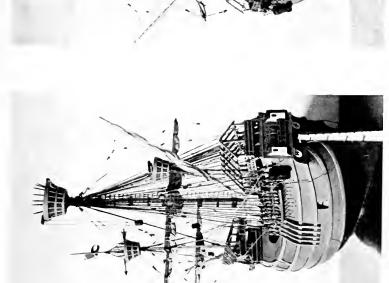
STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

ONDON. A year ago we gave an illustration of the model of an Elizabethan galleon made by Mr. Morton Nance, who of late years has devoted much time and thought to the reconstruction on a small scale of the picturesque craft that sailed the seas in the days of long ago. The model we illustrate by two views on the opposite page is a rather earlier type of vessel, and is, Mr. Nance tells us, an exact copy

(allowing for a slight incorrectness of perspective) of a "Kraeck" or carrack engraved by the Netherlandish master "W. A.," who flourished in the latter half of the fifteenth century. This appears to be the only extant representation giving in full detail the rig of that date, and such parts as are not shown in the print have been supplied from other sources. The "craneline pokes" in the rigging show this craft to have been a fighter, for these receptacles were used for hauling up stones and other arms. Models such as this and the various others which Mr. Nance has constructed from time to time have, in addition to their historical value, a distinct fascination from the decorative point of view, and they have moreover a peculiar interest for the student of the paintings of the Old Masters who introduced them into their backgrounds.





MODEL OF A FIFTERNTH-CENTURY CARRACK. BY R. MORTON NANCE

(Photo by Mr. C. Harrison, Hayle)

With the advent of autumn there come signs of a gradually re-awakening activity in the London galleries, and so far as can be seen at the time of writing it seems probable that this winter season will approximate much more nearly to ante-bellum conditions than did last winter season.

At the Leicester Galleries we have had exhibition of works by Mr. E. J. Sullivan and Miss E. Fortescue-Brickdale, and of drawings by various French artists. The first room was occupied by "The Kaiser's Garland," a series of forty-eight war cartoons dealing satirically with the attitude of the "All-Highest" and his minions. Mr. Sullivan's fine draughtsmanship allied to his sense of style in composition have allowed him to present us with caricatures which, if barbed and penetrating, have yet a dignity in their poignant satire such as it is interesting to contrast in the mind with the pictorial lampoons produced during the great conflict of a hundred years ago.

Miss Eleanor Fortescue-Brickdale's water-colours illustrating Old English Songs and Ballads were in her familiar and attractive vein. These carefully wrought compositions with all their wealth of pre-Raphaelite minuteness are entirely English in character, and as such consort well with the themes they accompany. If there is a fault in her

work, it is a little want of clarity in the flesh painting, but in her finelystudied backgrounds of foliage or landscape, and in the sympathetic rendering of silks and stuffs she achieves much beauty.

The third room at the Leicester Galleries was devoted to a number of drawings and sketches by French artists, many of them produced, we are told, in the intervals of stern work in the fighting line. Such well-known men as Steinlen, Léandre, Poulbot, G. Barbier, Forain, Roubille, Vallotton, Hermann Paul, Huard, Carlegle, Jules Grun, Flores, Abel Faivre, Willette and Redon were

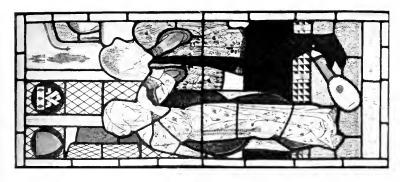
represented by vivacious and able works: while those whose drawings were done in the trenches comprised Bils, Miarko, Guy Arnoux, Jodelet, de Therlikowski (a volontaire killed in action last May), Murray, Lortac, Gir, Emon Dy, Touff, M. Dethomas, Mirande, Boifleury, Bob, E. Touraine, G. Delaw, Huygens, Ch. Genty, D'Hampol, Hautot, and Falké. A number of sketches by J. Touchet made while prisoner of war during nine months at Güstrov in Mecklenburg, together with his yellow "Kriegsgefangen" brassard, were an interesting feature of an exhibition which showed the high spirits and bold hearts of artists who are nobly playing their part in the ranks of our gallant Ally.

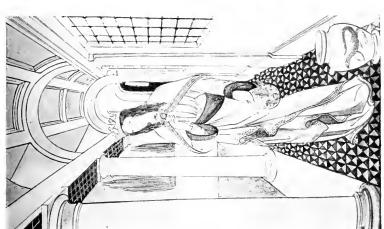
We reproduce some interesting examples of glass painting by Mr. Stanley North, a young artist who received part of his training at South Kensington under Professor Lethaby in the Design School. The tempera painting St. George and the Dragon gained a prize at the Crosby Hall Exhibition of Mural Decoration some three years ago. The South Kensington Museum possesses over one hundred and twenty drawings by Mr. North of old English painted glass, of which he has made an extensive study.

The Gallery of the Medici Society, after containing two exhibitions of the beautiful stained



"ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON" TEMPERA PAINTING BY STANLEY NORTH





(In the possession of John Lane, Esq.)

BY STANLEY NORTH

GLASS PAINTING: "PEACE"

(In the fosserviou of the Ker. A. T. Fruch)



GLASS PAIN FING : "TSABLITA AND THE TOTOF BASH," (FART OF A PHREE-HOHT WIN-TOW.) BY STANLEY NORTH (In the forcession of Clifford Bar, Esq.

Studio-Talk

glass of Mr. Louis Davis, was recently filled with a general exhibition of examples by a number of craftsmen who work in this medium. The admirable productions of Mr. Martin Travers, beautiful in composition and in detailed draughtsmanship, especially a design, one panel of which was shown as executed, for a painted window for a living room, three windows by Mr. Davis, particularly The North Wind of delightful colour, also two examples by Miss Pocock in which pleasant use is made of a chequered pattern of black and vellow. all call for mention. Good exhibits were those of Mr. George Kruger-we noticed especially his little heraldic windows for Christ's Hospital- Miss Esplin's windows for Khartoum Cathedral, designed with a due regard for the brilliant sunlight against which they will be placed (very fine was The Three Wise Men clerestory window, and in particular the third light showing Balthaki of Ethiopia bearing the Myrrh), and carloons or glass by Mr. Woolliscroft Rhead, Miss M. A. Rope, Miss Townsend, Mr. Reginald Hallward, Mr. P. Woodrose and others. A noble and dignified cartoon was Prof. Selwyn Image's *The Annunciation*, and harmonious in colouring were two lights of windows by Miss Hutchinson. *The Resurrection* and *St. Timothy, Bishop of Ephcsus*. An interesting window was the *St. Kenelm* by Mr. Henry Payne, who also showed the cartoon *Sir Galuhat*, which we reproduced some eighteen months ago.

On this and the following page we illustrate examples of ecclesiastical woodwork recently carried out at Walsall, Staffordshire, and Towyn in Merionethshire from designs by Mr. Charles E. Bateman (Bateman and Bateman) of Birmingham, the execution of the work in both cases having been entrusted to Messrs. Bridgeman and Son of Lichfield. In the case of the Walsall Church the work was added to a chancel built from the designs of Mr. Beck of Wolverhampton. Of a more elaborate character is the framing of the organ at Towyn, a piece of work worthy of the best traditions of ecclesiastical decorative art in this country.



THE COURT WAS ALL DESCRIBED BY CHARLES F. PATEVAN, L.R.G.B.A., ARCHITECT



ORGAN IN TOWYN PARISH CHURCH. DESIGNED BY CHARLES E. BATEMAN, F.R.I.B.A.

LORENCE.—The art of modern Italy in its pictorial manifestations has been without doubt profoundly influenced by the inspiration of Segantini and of those artists who shared in his impulse or followed his technical methods. To grasp this illusive vision of light, to bring it closer, to imprison it within the canvas-this has been the dream of more than one master of our time, on both sides of the Alps: within Italy it has touched not merely the painters of the snows like Giuseppe Carozzi or Alberto Falchetti, but such widely differing artists as Gaetano Previati, Camillo Innocenti, Galileo Chini, and among the Tuscans Francesco Gioli, and, still more directly and markedly, Plinio Nomellini, to whom, as noted in the last issue of this magazine, a Gold Medal has just been awarded in connection with the exhibition of Italian art at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Nomellini was born at Leghorn in August 1866 of parents in a modest position of life. His father, who was engaged in the service of the Italian Customs at Leghorn, was transferred while our artist was still very young to Cagliari in Sardinia, and it was in this island, with its wild, picturesque scenery, its sunshine and rich colour, that his first impressions were received, impressions which may be traced even in the latest manifestations of his art. The artistic impulse was very strong in him as a boy, and led him, in spite of parental prohibitions, to take part in the competition for a scholarship or pensionate in painting. He was successful; and this first success was decisive in confirming his natural inclination which had led him so often to escape from the routine of lessons to the shores of Leghorn, her pinewoods and her resounding waves. scholarship brought him an allowance of 60 francs a month, and he had the very welcome duty of attending the classes of the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence.

At the time when Plinio Nomellini entered the Academy at Florence, that fine Tuscan artist, Giovanni Fattori (also a native of Leghorn) was still professor. He was one who considered his scholars rather as friends than from the professorial standpoint, and sought to guide them by sympathy and interest rather than direct precept to a love of nature and nature in art. A better guide for Nomellini could, perhaps, scarcely have been found by fortune; without checking his originality, Fattori, who had a sincere affection for the brilliant young student,

led him forward into the path of art in his own studio, where he formed the friendship of Signorini, Banti, and others of his own standing. His first success was at the "Promotrice" of Florence, where a scene from the life of the Maremma gained good notice; but now there was to follow a period of hard struggle for the young artist. His monthly pension had come to a natural end; his first picture, though it had won good press notices, had remained unsold; colours, canvas, and frames all cost money, and the dreams of the future had to be nourished on but scanty and poorly-paid commissions in the present.

Plinio Nomellini met the stress and storm without flinching, with serenity, sometimes with ready jest and caustic criticism, and slowly the tide of fortune began to turn in his favour. The Venice International Art Exhibitions, which have been such a source of inspiration and encouragement to all that is most original and modern in Italian art, helped him very materially, as they have helped



"THE CORSAIR SHIP"

BY PLINTO NOMELLINE





others. In 1901 he had already made his mark there with his painting, full of poetic suggestion, entitled *Sinfonia della Luna* (Moonlight Symphony) and other works, a success which he followed up two years later with his masterly composition entitled *The Treasures of the Sea.*

At the commencement of our century Nomellini had already found his message of art in rendering the mystery and wonder of light; and though some of his earlier works, with their reminiscence of the risorgimento, bring us closer to the spirit of his master, Fattori, it is as a luminist that he claims our attention here, and it is in this relation that his work, which I have studied in every consecutive Venice exhibition for the last eight years and at the Roman "Secessions," has chiefly impressed me. In the "Secession" of 1913 at Rome I recollect what a delight it was to enter the room set apart for his paintings. Simple as was the decorative scheme -plain restful walls, plain wood frames and furniture-the room seemed radiant with light, and gave one the impression of entering suddenly into the sunshine. Such, too, was, if we may judge by his

own works, the impression which the artist sought to convey in these paintings. "They tell in their unison," he said there, "the story of a pleasant excursion through a happy country. Restless, quickly-moving clouds traverse the skies, leaving their patterns carpeted on the plains; the faces of children smile; a sense of music is in the air. Here there is not the imagination which is bound and struggles to be free, kindling visions of tumult and of terror; only the soul is here, intent on gathering the echoes of those melodies which rise up from the kindly earth and are lost in the limitless space - the soul which anxiously listens and treasures them. Before this vision I have no need, no wish to assert any problem of technique or theory."

One phrase in this description seems to lead us near the heart of the painter's creation: "The soul . . . intent on gathering the echo of those melodies which rise up from the kindly earth. . . ." Gaetano Previati, the apostle in modern Italy of the Divisionist theory, has stated that "the disintegration (sconposizione) of colours, tending to



"AN IDYLL OF THE MAREMMA



draw from the luminous vibrations not merely the general tone of the painting but its every separate element, appears markedly only among the pointillistes to assume its definite and systematised character in the works of Segantini, notably in that grand triptych Vita, Natura e Morte—a milestone in the already glorious advance of art to the conquest of luminous objectivity, the true aim of the disintegration of colours."

But Nomellini, though a luminist of the first order, does not, as far as I can see, tie himself, as even Previati inclines to do, to the precise method of any systematisation of colour as presenting refracted light. Endowed with a marvellous sense of colour and light, with a vigorously assertive artistic personality, he has used the divisional method where it suited his needs. The end here surely justifies the means; the plenitude of living light and glow of colour in Plinio Nomellini's later works, such as those he showed at Rome in 1913, at Venice the year before, and again last year, justify his choice of technique by their success—a success which, sufficient in itself, gained for him that coveted prize, the *Premio Ussi*.

At the close of this brief notice I go back again to the artist's own words, which seem to intimately convey the spirit of his work-"the soul intent on gathering the echo of the melodies that rise from the kindly earth." The sea, with all its splendour and terror, crashing upon those coasts of Viareggio which our Shelley knew too fatally and loved, the great pine-forests, among which a man may lose himself for hours, with the sunlight patterning itself through the close branches, the wholesome gaiety and freshness of the Tuscan country life, the flood of sunshine in long summer days upon the coast or among the oliveyards of Tuscany-all these seem part of an art which, though strong enough to represent the terror and tragedy of Nature, has preferred-happily for us-to gather these echoes of her most intimate harmony. S. B.

ENICE.—With the death of Eduardo Dalbono who died at Naples on August 23 at the age of seventy-one, there has disappeared one of the most characteristic and distinguished representatives of that brilliant pleiad of Neapolitan painters and sculptors, which for some years formed the vanguard of the new artistic movement in Italy. Dalbono was a visionary of the brush. To his spirit as to his

vision, scenes of nature and of the mass of humanity only appeared as though seen through veils of phantasmagoria, sparkling with the most brilliant illumination. His regard never turned with satisfaction towards anything but smiling, sunny landscapes, or bustling scenes of fêtes; and, little by little, beneath the insistence of his intoxicated gaze, all became transfigured vivacious, gay and charming, so that the figures and the spectacles fixed upon canvas or paper by his glorifying brush, ceased to belong any longer to the world of actuality, but to a faerie kingdom, a land of dreams! And so it is that Naples and the Neapolitans found in him much more than merely a brilliant observer, kindly and sympathetic, such as was Favretto for the Venetians. Rather was Dalbono their poet and extoller: incapable of placing before us anything but their most amiable, gracious, and seductive aspects, the while rendering these by his rare pictorial ability yet more gracious. more amiable and more seductive still,

OPENHAGEN. — Mr. N. V. Dorph's rare sense of the decorative asserts itself in most of his paintings and portraits, and of late years he has developed what approaches a style of his own in large decorative landscape pictures with figures. Picturesque motifs, found where his travels chance to take him, are made the scene of maidens bathing, of nymphs at play or some such thing, but his manly self-containment guards him against the temptation of becoming sentimental, which the subject otherwise might involve, and there is nothing whatever of the pastiche in these handsome canvases, which endow the room they are destined to ornament with a beauty and festivitas in which there is much of the mood of bygone, beauty-G. B. loving days.

ART SCHOOL NOTES.

ONDON.—In a circular addressed to Local Education Authorities and Schools of Art the Board of Education announce that in view of the urgent need for national economy and other circumstances arising out of the war, no National Competition will be held in 1916, and that though they hope to hold the examinations in art as usual, it may be necessary at a later date to suspend these examinations. The interim regulations for scholarships, exhibitions, and other awards in art already in force are provisionally continued subject to certain modifications.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

The Surrey Hills. By F. E. Green. illustrations by Elliott Seaprooke. (London: Chatto and Windus.) 7s. 6d. net.-Mr. Green has written a very entertaining narrative of his rambles among the hills which make Surrey one of the most charming shires of England. Number less are the celebrities who have lived there, and, in fact, there is hardly a village in the author's itinerary with which some name of importance is not associated. Those of literary men of note figure most prominently in Mr. Green's pages, and amongst these he gives an entire chapter to George Meredith and his abode on Boxhill. One of Mr. Seabrooke's illustrations shows a view of the broad expanse of country seen from Meredith's window at Flint Cottage-a view which makes one appreciate his reason for building it and his attachment to the spot for over forty years, for, as he wrote to a friend, "I must have for my daily meal a good plateful of sky; and the sun must drop into it or I am not satisfied. I feed on him and the field he traverses." But literary men have not been allowed to monopolise the charms of Surrey, and of late years an increasing number of well-to-do merchants, lawyers, and others who have prospered have found an abiding place on the tops or slopes of its hills, many of them developing a taste for truly rural pursuits. The author mentions a lawver noted for his knowledge of philosophy as well as law, whose penchant was pedigree pigs, and who spent the best part of his Sundays gazing at them, the smell of his piggery being more alluring to him than the incense of his church. Mr. Seabrooke has supplied twenty-eight illustrations, and as an artist with an eye for broad vistas and a poetic temperament he was especially fitted to do justice, as he has done, to the landscape beauties of the Surrey hills. One shortcoming of the book is the absence of an index.

Lives of the Most Eminent Pain'ers, Sculptors, and Architects. By Grorgio Vasari. Newly translated by Gyston Du C. de Verei. (London: Medici Society). Vols. VII. VIII. IX. 25s. net. each. In reviewing the earlier volumes of this new translation of Vasari's Lives, we have testified to the conscientious care and thought bestowed on its preparation and to the admirable way in which the edition has been presented both as regards typography and the illustrations in colour and monochrome. The three further volumes before a stabilited in the antecedent volumes, and in anticipation of the promised early publication of the

tenth and final volume we can congratulate the Medici Society upon the completion of an undertaking which will earn the appreciation of all students of the history of Italian art. We understand it is their intention to supplement the ten volumes of the translation with a supplementary volume devoted to a critical commentary on Vasari's statements, embodying the results of the ast amount of research which has been bestowed on the work of the artists whose deeds and achievements he has recorded.

The Book of Old English Songs and Ballads. Illustrated in colour by Eleanor Fortescue BRICKDALE. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) Paper 5s. net; Cloth, 6s. net.—We have referred elsewhere to the original drawings, twenty-four of which are here reproduced in colour, in connection with the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. Very charming is the picture accompanying Ben Jonson's "A Hue and cry after Cupid," and the illustration O Love! has she done this to thee! to Lyly's delightful "Cupid and my Campaspe," and yet another, sumptuous in design and colour "Our Lady sings Magnificat." The poetical quality of Miss Brickdale's work in this volume is for the most part in her delicate and very pleasing craftsmanship rather than in the pictorial ideas, which might, some of them, seem a little prosaic as illustrations to such charming lines as these here reprinted, did not the beauty of technical accomplishment fill our eyes.

The Artistic Anatomy of Trees. By REX VICAT Core. (London: Seeley, Service and Co.) 7s. 6d. net.- This recent addition to the "New Art Library" will be found very helpful to the student of landscape painting. The name of the author is itself a guarantee that the subject is adequately treated; he has devoted many years to the study of trees in all their varieties and aspects, and already many an artist and designer has profited by the extensive series of drawings which appeared in Mr. Vicat Cole's comprehensive work on "British Trees" issued about seven or eight years ago and of which some selected examples were reproduced in our pages at the time. In this new manual, intended to meet the needs of beginners as well as more advanced students, the subject is handled in a systematic and lucid way which the novice with but an elementary knowledge of drawing and no knowledge of the structure of trees can follow with ease; while among those who pride themselves on considerable proficiency in drawing or painting trees there are few who will tail to derive some advantage from its contents. The author has devoted a large part of the volume to the anatomy of the tree and the configuration of its details in the belief that this kind of knowledge is essential to the artist who makes use of tree forms, and though it may be readily admitted that an excess of merely botanical knowledge may react unfavourably on his work, we agree that there are many landscape painters whose work would carry more conviction if it showed more appreciation of the specific characteristics of the trees that figure in their compositions. The volume is provided with an abundance of illustrations, consisting for the most part of drawings made by the author but including reproductions of works by great masters, ancient and modern, in which trees form an important part of the composition.

Bath and Bristol. Painted by LAURA A. HAPPERFIELD: described by STANLEY HUTTON. (London: A. and C. Black.) 7s. 6d. net.—The author has gathered together in the 190 odd pages of this book a great deal of information regarding these two cities situated so close to one another yet fundamentally so different in their character. He evokes memories of the many distinguished men who have been closely associated with either Bath or Bristol, and the text makes interesting Lord Rosebery is reported to have declared that "the city of Bath in the month of May is the most beautiful city or town in the kingdom," and perhaps we may see a revival of the great popularity which it enjoyed in the days of Nash and before the foreign spas became so much the resort of fashionable valetudinarians. The volume contains twenty reproductions in colour of watercolours by Laura Happerfield, and two plans.

The Decoration and Furnishing of Apartments. By B. Russell Herts. (London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.) 15s. net.—In the larger cities of America as in those of England, France, Germany and other countries, the apartment house has become an increasingly conspicuous feature in recent years, and in years to come will probably be more so, as the "servant problem" which in both hemispheres is largely responsible for this development, is not likely to become less acute but rather the contrary. It is to the occupiers of such dwellings, ranging from the small two-room suite to the large suite of ten to twenty rooms disposed on one, two, or three levels, that Mr. Herts offers advice in the matter of the artistic treatment of their houses, and though he is more especially concerned with conditions existing in America, these conditions so closely correspond to those met with wherever the "flat" is in evidence that his obser-

vations admit of general application. In America, however, he perceives, especially among the well-todo, a greater need of enlightenment in artistic decoration and furnishing than elsewhere. "One of the great difficulties which some Americans have to face is that of being extravagant gracefully. . . . We do a lot of copying of old things in America, but we do it chiefly without the background of inherited tradition. Our ideals, like our apartment house, smell of fresh paint." Under such conditions the decorator's task is not an easy one, but the author believes that the future is with the artists of the profession and not with those whose chief concern is getting big profits. His counsel, especially in the equipment of the smaller suites of apartments will be helpful alike to those who live in them and to decorators who turn their attention to the new problems which the new conditions of life have produced. The illustrations consist of reproductions in colour or monochrome of interiors designed by the author.

Little People. Rhymes by R. H. ELKIN. Illustrations by H. WILLEBEEK LE MAIR. (London: Augener Ltd.; Philadelphia: David McKay.) 3s. 6d. net.—Miss Le Mair's illustrations to nursery rhymes and children's songs have captivated the hearts of a legion of little folk, to whom the young Dutch artist has endeared herself by that sympathy with childhood which is so evident in her dainty drawings. We are sure therefore that this new book with its en illustrations in colour will meet with a warm welcome from all the "little people" into whose hands it falls.

Under the general title of "Memorabilia," the Medici Society through its publisher, Mr. Lee Warner, is issuing a series of booklets containing as their subject-matter either some literary classic or a group of monochrome reproductions of paintings by old masters with a common theme. In the former category there is Browning's "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day," Milton's Nativity Ode: Gray's Elegy, "A Book of Carols," and another of "Noels Français." In the illustrated booklets, the subjects are "The Visitation of Mary," "The Adoration of the Magi," "The Flight into Egypt," "The Life of Christ (after Duccio)," "St. George the Martyr," "St. Francis of Assisi (after Giotto)." Each booklet is printed in the beautiful type designed by Mr. Herbert Horne for the Society and is published at 15, net.

Various books published recently have reached us too tate for notice in this number and will be reviewed in our next issue. HE LAY FIGURE: ON THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF ART.

"How is it possible to claim any practical value for art?" asked the Plain Man. "I have heard a great deal of talk lately about art as a national asset and as an important factor in the prosperity of the country, but it all seems to me to be mere twaddle."

"Oh, does it?" cried the Man with the Red Tie. "You are much too ready to dismiss as twaddle any argument that you cannot understand. What do you know about art, anyhow?"

"I flatter myself that I have a very fair knowledge of many kinds of art," protested the Plain Man. "I am very fond of pictures and I am really interested in what artists are doing. To look at works of art gives me a great deal of pleasure."

"In other words it amuses you," scoffed the Man with the Red Tie. "The artist is to you a sort of mountebank whose tricks make you smile. You give him an occasional spare moment but you never dream of taking him seriously."

"Take him seriously: I hardly think one could do that," reflected the Plain Man. "I suppose art is really a form of amusement, and it would not be right to allow it to take up too much of one's time. Naturally it cannot claim a place among the practical facts of life, and therefore it can only be enjoyed in moments of leisure by the busy men who have to do the work of the world."

"You evidently think that there is no part for the artist in the work of the world," broke in the Art Critic, "and that he has no right to be called a busy man. He is a worker, is he not, a producer, an inventor; why is he to be dismissed as not concerned with the practical facts of life?"

"Because what he does is unpractical and of no real use to humanity," returned the Plain Man. "He amuses but he does not instruct; he produces luxuries not essentials; he wastes his time in unprofitable dreaming not in helpful and productive labour."

"And that is the opinion of a man who claims to be possessed of average intelligence" sighed the Man with the Red Tie. "That is what the practical, common-sense person actually thinks about art'. Really, you make me angry."

"I feel sorrow rather than anger," laughed the Craic. "I grieve because I realise that he speaks for his class, and because I know that there are many people who, like our friend here, honestly believe that art is just the useless, unprofitable, unpractical thing that he describes."

"One moment," interrupted the Plain Man.
"I do not say that art is useless, because I see that as an amusement it has its place in the scheme of existence; but I do think it is unpractical, and unprofitable as well, because it can never be anything but an amusement, and therefore of no actual value to a working community."

"It seems to me that your conception of life is by no means an elevated one," replied the Critic. "You appear to think that only things which contribute to the gratification of the cruder sensations are of any account."

"My conception of life is, I maintain, a commonsense one," retorted the Plain Man. "I set no store by anything which does not serve a really useful purpose by adding to the earning power of the nation, and as art does not do that, it is not worthy of serious consideration."

"Do you allow it no educational influence? Do you deny to it the power to improve men's minds? Do you suggest that neither socially, politically nor industrially, it serves any purpose at all?" asked the Critic. "I say that in all these ways it fulfils a mission of the highest importance."

"How can a thing inherently trivial exercise any influence or fulfil any mission?" rejoined the Plain Man.

"Ah, there is your mistake!" declared the Critic. "You say art is trivial because you have never seen in it anything but the superficialities which amuse you. Now I can claim to have gone beneath the surface and to have found in art great practical qualities which make it of infinite service to all civilised peoples. Socially and morally it is valuable because its refining influence improves the conduct of the men who are brought in contact with it; politically it is helpful because the artistic nation is a nation with high ideals and a nobly intellectual standard of life; industrially it is supremely important because art enters into countless varieties of production and gives vitality to numberless branches of trade. It would be difficult indeed to over-estimate its value as an influence in daily life."

"Oh, well; perhaps you are right," admitted the Plain Man. "I have never looked at it quite in that light, and possibly I have judged art too hastily. I must think it over."

"Do," said the Man with the Red Tie.

THE LAY FIGURE.

R. BRANGWYN'S MURAL PAINTINGS IN CHRIST'S HOSPITAL CHAPEL.

Upon the walls of the fine chapel of Christ's Hospital, West Horsham, there are fourteen large spaces and two smaller ones destined to contain mural decorations. The project is now being carried into execution and the school is to be congratulated upon having entrusted this important work to Mr. Brangwyn. Nine of the large spaces, each with a superficial area of over a hundred feet, have already been filled with tempera paintings subscribed for by various of the Governors, the parents of the boys, the boys themselves past and present, and friends of the school, and these we illustrate with the exception of the one last placed in position, the subject of which is St. Aidan, Bishop of Northumbria A.D. 035, Training boys at Lindisfarne. They are painted in a very high key, and an air of brightness

pervades them all, typifying we may suppose the dawn of the Church, and reminding us that, even where it is some scene of martyrdom that is depicted, the early Saints went with happy hearts and souls transfigured by the joy of suffering for the faith. Through all the panels runs a streak of bright blue sky, a colour repeated in the ribbon bearing the inscription in white letters, thus forming, as it were, a common factor, and binding into a unity these paintings diverse in subject though they be.

Taking the paintings in the order of our reproductions we have first The Stoning of Stephen. Of this subject we reproduce also a masterly cartoon executed in pastel on brown paper; but this must not be regarded as suggesting the tonality of the completed work, which, as are all the panels, is in a much lighter key. We read in the Acts of the Apostles that the witnesses of the martyrdom of Stephen, "laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul," that same to whom came later the dread question, "Why persecutest thou me?" and whom we see in another panel on his arrival at

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Rome. Very eloquent is the grouping of these figures: St. Paul with his staff and water-bottle, standing with the brethren who came out to meet him, as they gaze across the green waters of the Tiber at the towers of the great city. The shipwreck upon the island of Malta is shown in a panel of wonderful blue fading to pale sea-green in the foreground where, through the shallow waves, the shipwrecked travellers make their way ashore.

A fine panel with a rich harmony of old gold and blue shows St. Wilfred (Bede gives his name as Wilfrid, and in English-Saxon it was spelt Willferder) to whom, as Bede tells us, "King Ethelwalch gave land of eighty-seven families to maintain his company who were in banishment, which place is called Selsey, that is the Island of the Sea-Calf. . . . And forasmuch as the aforesaid King, together with the said place, gave him all the goods that were therein, with the lands and men, he instructed them in the faith of Christ and baptized them all."



PORTION OF CARTOON FOR ST. AMBROSE PANEL IN THE CHAPTEL OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL (SEE PAGE 100). BY FRANK BRANGWAN, A.R.A.

Mr. Brangwyn's Mural Paintings

Elsewhere we are told that the Saint taught the people to fish, which was a great relief to them, and in the first essay they caught three hundred. Of this superb piece of draughtsmanship, as of the St. Paul at Rome, Mr. Brangwyn has allowed us to reproduce the very interesting cartoons.

In some respects the panel showing St. Ambrose training his choir at Milan appeals to me as being the most beautiful in colour of the series, while it is exceedingly dignified in composition as one regards it from the seats facing it in the Chapel. A characteristic vivacity is given to quiet harmonies of blues and yellows by the introduction of a brilliant crimson note in the skull cap of the old priest seated upon the chancel steps, and by the scarlet head-dress and shoes of one of the choristers. St. Ambrose, reputed to be the author of the proverb, "When in Rome do as Rome does," was consecrated on December 7, A.D. 374. He is credited with having first introduced at Milan the custom, which obtained in the Oriental churches, of singing psalms alternately by two choirs.

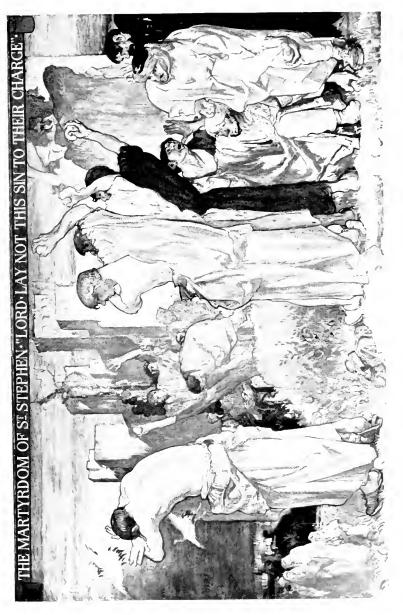
Perhaps the most striking of all the panels is the wonderful Conversion of Saint Augustine, where the bright green, yellow, and orange of the leaves of the fig-tree against the deep azure of the Italian sky, and the delicate bluish-white of the lilies form a kind of background of children and foliage and a screen of flowers and children in the foreground, between which, in the middle plan, is seated the Saint who was the greatest of the Latin fathers of the Christian Church. His lined and anguished face and his shaven head stand out in contrast with the young life, the children, the leaves, and the pure lilies which are around him. The study of Plato had shaken his old beliefs, and on coming to Milan as a teacher of rhetoric, the preaching of Bishop Ambrose completed his conversion. The painting depicts the scene in the garden to which, in the tempest and furious agitation of his soul, Augustine had drawn apart from his friend Alipius; in auguish of mind we see him wrestling with himself, sore beset with the temptations of his old incontinent life. And as he cried out to God, reproaching himself for his uncleanness of spirit, he seemed to hear the voice of a child repeating in song these words, Tolle Lege, Tolle Lege, which he interpreted as a divine admonition. Soon after at Milan, in company with Alipins, he received baptism on Easter Eve, v.b. 387, at the hands of Ambrose, and with this occasion tradition associates the composition of the great Christian hymn, the Te Deum. In the ar ir 301 St. Augustine was ordained at Hippo Regius, a town on the borders of Algeria and Tunis, and later became Bishop of this See.

The Saint Augustine whom we see in another panel, with a striking contrast of colour between the scarlet cloak and purplish chain mail of the Knight and the simple yellowy white habit of the Saint, is of course he who was sent by Pope Gregory to convert Britain, later becoming the first Archbishop of Canterbury. St. Augustine and his company of forty monks landed in the Isle of Thanet and were received by Ethelbert, the powerful King of Kent, out of doors, for the King had a superstitious idea that did they come with any magical spell this would be of none effect in the open fields. The holy men advanced, bearing a silver cross and the image of Christ painted on a board, and obtained from Ethelbert permission to preach and dwell in Canterbury, his capital.

The last of our reproductions shows St. Alban, who during the Diocletian persecutions concealed a certain priest in his house, thus aiding him to escape his persecutors, and, arraying himself in the long robe, called *caracalla*, of his guest, presented himself to the soldiers in his stead. He was ordered to be scourged, and subsequently was beheaded, many miraculous happenings testifying the while that here was indeed a man of God.

For the remaining panels to be executed, the subjects selected are the Preaching of SS. Peter and John on the Day of Pentecost, St. Paul entering Damascus after his conversion, St. Patrick and St. Columba, and scenes from the lives of Bede, King Alfred, and Caxton.

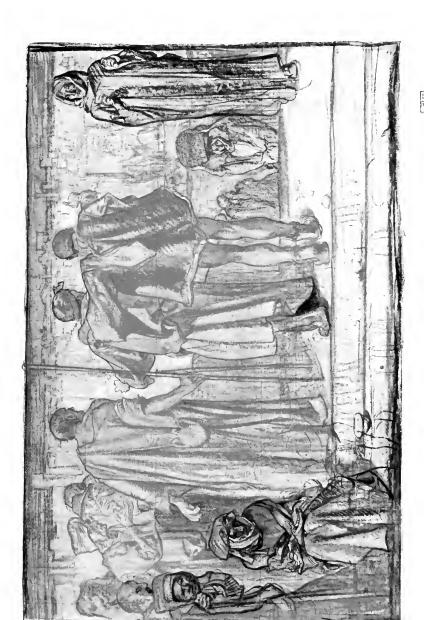
In marked contrast to the oft-times dull, conventional treatment of religious themes there is in all these panels, replete with the great qualities of Mr. Brangwyn's art, a feeling of reality and actuality; there has been a certain deliberate preservation of simplicity, a purposed and considered naiveté that consorts well not merely with the early period of church history they evoke, but with the needs of the youthful congregation by whom they are to be seen. They are full of a robust humanity and an unaffectedness which, added to their superb decorative qualities, invest them with a deep and moving appeal. They bear, indeed, the great message of sincerity and of vitality in religion, for the strengthening of practical ideals, an evangel such as is easily to be appreciated and apprehended by all who see them; and one cannot but feel confident that to the boys as they sit in their beautiful chapel, their eloquent message will come to form an integral part of school day memories, ARTHUR REDDIL.



*THE STONING OF ST. STEPHEN BY FRANK BRANGWYN, ARA.



"THE ARRIVAL OF ST. PAUL AT ROME" BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.





"ST, PAUL SHIPWRECKED," BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



CARTOON FOR THE ST. WILFRED PANEL BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.

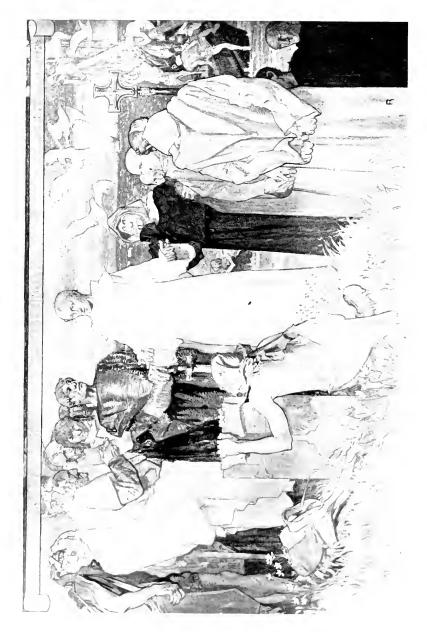
"ST. WILFRED TEACHING THE SOUTHERN SANONS." BY FRANK BRANGWYN A.R.A.



"ST, AMBROSE TRAINING HIS CHOIR AT MILAN," BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.

"THE CONVERSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE AT MILAN," BY FRANK BRANGWYN, ARA

"ST. AUGUSTINE AT EBBSFLEET" BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.





"THE SCOURGING OF ST. ALBAN" BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.

JAPANESE ART AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION. BY PROF. IIRO HARADA.

JAPAN occupied a suite of eight rooms at the eastern end of the Palace of Fine Arts, five rooms for the modern section, two rooms for retrospective art and one for study and reference. The exhibit embraced a wide scope covering many branches of art, such as painting and sculpture, works in metal, wood and bamboo, dyed fabrics and embroideries, porcelain and cloisonné enamels, lacquer and inlaid work, prints and designs.

The Japanese paintings in the modern section were extremely interesting, inasmuch as in them were revealed many of the notable tendencies in our contemporary art. In these paintings it was evident that the artists had tried to show something new—new not only in technique but also in subject-matter, as well as in feeling. This may be looked upon as one of the outcomes of the art exhibitions that are held in Japan from time to time, as it is customary at these exhibitions to accept none but those pictures which possess something new and original. Artists no longer remain satisfied with subjects near at hand, but

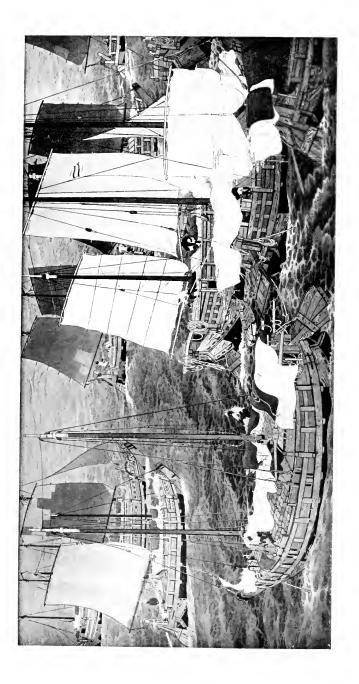
they go to far-off islands or even to a foreign country in order that they may find some new motif to be treated in the traditional style of Japanese painting. Among the pictures a pair of screens by Minakami-Taisei entitled Flowers of Liukiu, and two panels entitled. Morning of Shuri, and Evening in Nawa Harbour, by Okada-Sesso, may be cited as examples of this new tendency in seeking after new subjects and resorting to a new and original technique of expression.

Although many visitors have received the impression that a large number of our paintings show in a marked degree the influence of the western style of painting, closer observation will reveal the fact that the artists are trying to express their own ideals and interpretation, not in the manner of the western world but by their own methods. In many instances it may be true that the results do resemble western work; nevertheless, this resemblance is not so much the outcome of the influence of western painting as the result of the struggle of Japanese artists within their own resources to express their views and ideals, which may be different from those of their masters. However, all art is the expression of the ideals and emotions of a people, and when certain phases



THE REPORTS OF GROWNING THE

BV KOBORI TOMOTO



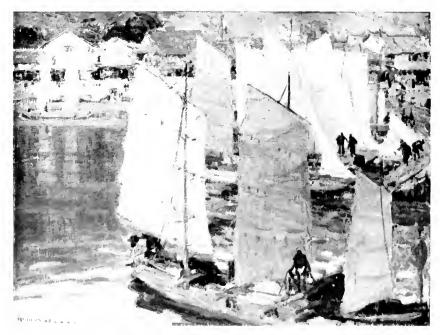
of the mental and spiritual conditions of the nation are undergoing a change, it is but natural that their manifestation in art should be a little different from the style to which they are accustomed. It must be remembered that Japan is now in a transitional period of her national life.

A large number of the paintings on view illustrated this point, but attention may be directed to the treatment of the water in the Sailing Boats by Ito-Keisui (p. 165). At the first glance the water in this picture may appear to offer a striking resemblance to the western method of painting, but a closer examination will convince us that the treatment shows what has been evolved from the traditional method of Japanese painting. It is interesting to note the difference in the method used in expressing water in this picture from that seen in Kasunoki-Masashige Rescaing Drowning Focs, by Kobori-Tomoto (p. 164).

In looking through the collection of paintings at the Exposition another tendency was to be noted the increased size of the pictures. Folding screens predominated, and others, apparently in the tradiditional shape of the *kakemono* hanging pictures, were entirely too large for the *tokonoma*, the name given to the recess in the guest room where pictures are hung, or for any other place in a Japanese home.

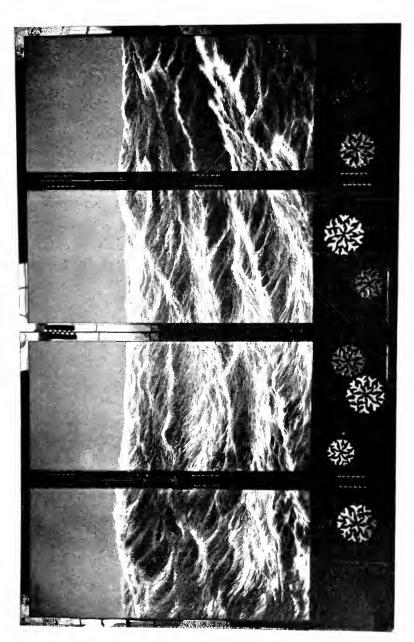
Still another tendency is that of making pictures highly decorative. It has always been the ideal of Japanese painters to combine in harmony the decorative function with the representative, or realistic quality. Perhaps Twilight, by Okamoto-Hosui, and Early Summer Day, by Okajima-Tesshu, may be pointed out as two of the most successful paintings in this line of work—the former showing pine trees with chirping sparrows seeking nests, and a sprinkling of gold in the background to suggest the evening glow in the western sky, the latter showing butterflies and bees among the hollyhocks, dexterously treated in a quiet manner.

There were certain pictures in the collection which represented more or less the old school of Japanese painting, old in technique as well as in feeling. In this connection may be mentioned *Moving Clouds*, by Dan-Ranshyu, *Spring Rain*, by Hirose-Taho, *Festival at Mara*, by Morimura-



The recognition of the first transfer of the

OH TAINTING BY MAKAGAWA-HACHIRO



SCREEN, EMBROIDERED BY KAJIMOTO-SELZABURO AFTER A PAINTING BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST



"VOICES OF LITTLE BIRDS"

BY HIRATA-SHODO

Yoshine, and the historical painting by Kobori-Tomoto already referred to.

Moving Clouds has won the admiration of many as it expresses the majesty of the mountains towering above the shifting clouds, emphasised here by a few huts which, huddled together by a gurgling stream, give them that appealing quality by which in landscape pictures the sublimity of nature is brought into intimate relation with man. This painting shows how effectively the unpainted part, the bare silk upon which the picture is painted, does its work in the composition, as the clouds have been depicted by not painting them, contradictory as this may seem. It is a very important quality in Japanese painting to leave a part, often the greater part, blank and let that blank portion perform its necessary and very important function in the picture.

Similar effective use of the blank space was to be seen in the work of Kobori, the only historical subject in this section. Kobori is one of the formost Japanese painters of historical subjects at the present day and be faithfully follows the traditional method of the school in which he ranks as a leader.

Suggestion is the life of Japanese art, and it is evidenced not only by the use of blank spaces but by the effect of association and by the introduction of only the bare essentials. Spring on the Kamo River by Takakura Kangai, suggests more by association. It is a gorgeous screen with gold and vivid colours, and was one of the most decorative picture in the exhibition. In this picture a girl is portrayed in the act of hanging gaily coloured materials to dry, and with the aid of the willow the

artist tries to show the brightness and the colours of the spring, suggesting at the same time the joyousness of the life of those who are to wear the garments made of that material. It is extremely suggestive of Kyoto, the capital of Japan for nearly eleven centuries, where the river and the dyeing industry, closely connected with each other, have in a large measure determined the activity of that city.

There were other pictures of subtle suggestion, such as Tamaya-Shunki's Eastern Breeze, from which you got the feeling of a zephyr rustling the leaves of an acacia freshened by a recent shower. The dewy freshness of the morning was vividly suggested by Tosima-Teiun in his picture called Shades of the Morning, in which you seemed to feel the dew on the petals of the flowers. The effort made by Hirata-Shodo in his Voices of little Birds betrays a certain trend of many of our young artists. Shodo has tried to convey the sudden burst and thrill of the notes in the songs of little birds in a sombre forest by means of painting the slender, upright forms of the silver birch among trees with dark stems.

There were some pictures that revealed, or perhaps concealed, a certain ideal which underlies all our great works of art. Perhaps it is the most vital element in Japanese art. Without under standing it a right interpretation of Japanese art is impossible. It signifies one of our national characteristics, namely, our joy in surmounting difficulties and endeavouring to harmonise apparent inconsistencies. It will be interesting to trace this underlying spirit in some of the paintings exhibited.



" MOVING CLOUDS" BY DAN-RANSHYU

Take, for instance, Mulberry and Cocoon, by Murakami Hoko. This is the title given to a pair of screen paintings, one of which is here shown, Upon one are painted two young girls who, half hidden among mulberry saplings, are picking leaves for silk-worms. On the other are bright blossoms of a tree that blooms in autumn, beneath which an aged woman is drying cocoons. The former, at the first glance, appears rather sombre in the general tone of its colour; but the saplings, the young maids and the food for the worms all signify youth and the spring. The latter is rather gay at the first glimpse, but the flowers of autumn, the aged woman and the cocoons all signify the decline of life. Thus it is only by careful examination that we find the real significance of these pictures. which is often contrary to one's first impression.

In order that we may appreciate the effort to harmonise inconsistencies, we have to know that our artists take extreme delight in surmounting difficulties in technique, as well as in choice of subjects. There is a strong tendency deliberately to choose difficult means of expression. Take, for instance, Mitsui-Banri's Spring in the Palace Garden, painted on a pair of screens. Instead of choosing young girls to express the buoyant spirit of the Spring, the artist has chosen a group of men in the costume of the ninth century playing football. Instead of painting bright-coloured flowers of the spring, the artist has evergreen pine trees painted in the background and a few petals of the cherry blossom scattered in the foreground on one screen, with the suggestion of a branch of cherry blossoms in the corner of the other. He has eliminated, as







"DEVIL" AND "PUPPY." HAMMERED IRON FIGURES BY YAMADA-CHOZABURO

attracted more popular attention than the embroidered screen of ocean waves exhibited by Iida-Shinhichi. It is a screen of four panels covered with the roaring waves of the ocean. It is extremely realistic and from a proper distance it is hard to distinguish it from a painting. People marvel at the fact that it has been done with needle and thread. From this point of view it is truly wonderful. The screen is the work of Kajimoto-Sejzaburo, who was assisted by

enamels. But perhaps no single Japanese exhibit

usually associated with the vernal season. The nearly eight months of continuous work. It is

far as possible, all the matter-of-fact accessories three other embroidery artists, and it represents

same struggle is still better shown in Middayin Summer, by Oka-Toyan (p. 170). According to the artist's explanation, when he looked out of his studio window one hot summer day he found everything withered by the heat of the sun, except a clump of oleanders which bloomed in all its freshness. Instead of choosing a plant withered by the heat, the artist has chosen that which is not affected by the sun to show the heat of summer, contradictory as it may seem. He has introduced a black cat over a fence, in languid torm, with thin lines in its eyes, indicating high noon.

The Japanese artists love for surmounting difficulties was shown not only in their paintings, but also in other branches of art, on hoas in embroidery and repeats c work, as well as in pore-lain and cloisonne



"SPRING IN THE PAINCE GARDEN"



"SPRING RAIN" BY HIROSE-TAHO

said that no fewer than two hundred and fifty different shades of thread were used in working it. For the accurate execution of the gradations of tone infinite pains were taken. The combination of even or uneven threads in the preparation of the thread makes a vital difference in effect when applied to the screen. A few twists, more or less, of the thread determines the degree of lustre. The artistic value of such an object may be questioned by some, but it is indeed a "needle painting," and as such it is a truly wonderful piece of work.

Another example of the love of surmounting difficulties may be seen in two unpretentious works in iron, one entitled *Deril* and the other *Puppy*. They are the works of Yamada-Chozaburo, who reigns supreme in that field of art to-day. So unpretentious are these objects that the casual observer would be pretty sure to pass by without

noticing them. Some may even wonder why they found a place in the Fine Arts Palace at San Francisco. But when the facts in the case are stated and when one stops to examine them carefully, one's astonishment is excited. Each object was patiently and laboriously beaten into shape from a piece of iron. Both these intricate figures were produced by beating a piece of iron from the inside as well as from the outside: the artist hammered his whole personality into them, animating as it were the pieces of crude metal and transforming them into objects of art. The work has a hidden quality that reveals itself in gradual intensity.

The same quality of mind, the same attitude of the artist towards his work, could be discerned in the cloisonné enamels by the Andos and Namikwas: and also in the porcelain by such potters as Miyagawa, Kinkozan, Shimizu, and Yabu.



BOY IN MANTLE. WOOD SCULPTURE BY YOSHIDA-HOME!

One of the many splendid examples of sculpture in wood furnished an illustration of another characteristic of the Japanese nation, the ability to see the humorous side of a serious subject. Yonehara-Unkai exhibited a wood-carving called Sowing. It shows a primitive farmer carrying a bag of seed. There is a crow at his feet eager to dig up the seed as soon as it is sown. The crow is emphasised by giving to it a disproportionately large size. The eagerness of the crow, listening, with its head slightly inclined, to the rustling of the seeds in the bag, is charming in itself. The farmer has an extremely happy face, being apparently in the best of moods. It is an illustration of an old Japanese ballad, which says, "The farmer sows and crows dig, and once in three times he must chase them. . . . " How symbolic

this is of much human effort and the futility of it! When we do a thing, some one or something else is watching closely for a chance to undo what we have done. Perhaps conscious of the futility of his effort, but still finding joy in the satisfaction of having done his work, the farmer sows on in that iocund frame of mind. Thus is a most serious effort of life represented in a humorous manner.

One of the rooms was set apart for paintings executed in the European style, and some of them possessed interesting qualities. There was also a retrospective section, in which were brought together excellent examples of work done by our old masters, and a room filled with art objects loaned from the Imperial House hold Department, consist ing of lacquer, paintings, porcelain and cloisonné ware, carvings and sword

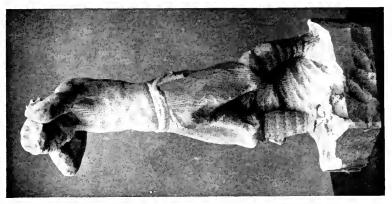
In another room were stoplayed painted screens not scrolls, lacquer boxes and *inro* (tiny medicine cases), masks and dressers for the "No" performance. Among those that attracted attention may be mentioned a two-fold screen with a genre painting of remarkable composition attributed to "Stammering" Matabei, a pair of *kakemono* of palm and bamboo, painted in a forceful yet impressionistic style by Tawaraya-Sotatsu, a set of three *kakemono* with a Buddha in the centre and birds and flowers on either side, painted by Motonobu in the classical style of the Kano school, and several original paintings by *ukiyoye* masters.

Everything considered, the Japanese section in the Fine Arts Palace was a fair representation of the artistic productions of the nation, and has performed admirably the function of giving an insight into the life and ideals of our people.

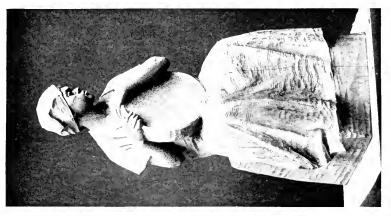


"ON STRIKE"

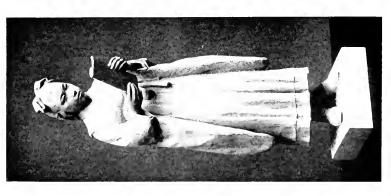
PLASIER GROUP BY WATANARE NAGAO



"SHIORL" (BROKEN BRANZHES). WOOD SCUTTURE BY YAMAZAKI CHOUN



"TAFMER GIRL," WOOD SCHIPTERE BY YOSHIDA-HONEL



"TRIBLE TO THE DEMOCRASS MADE, WOOD SCHELLER BY VANIVALICIOUS."



" SOWING"

WOOD SCULPTURE BY VONEHARA-UNKAI

(See proceeding article, p. 174)

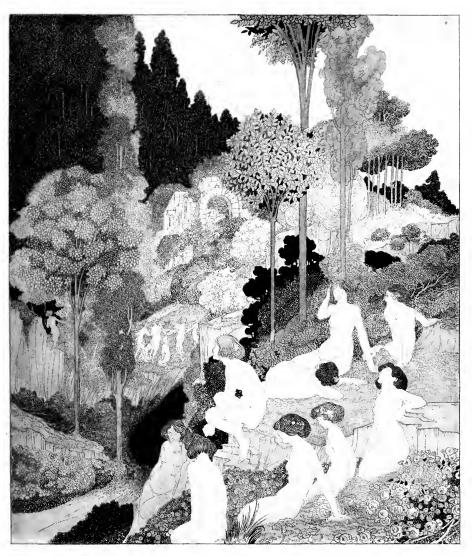
HARLES ROBINSON, BOOK-ILLUSTRATOR. BY MAL-COLM C. SALAMAN.

It was but a few months after the first number of Titt Studio, in bringing to light the genius of young Aubrey Beardsley, had made the momentous revelation that in the world of art a new and original personality had appeared, destined to exercise widely on black and white draughtsmanship a tresh and powerful influence making above all for decorative charm, that this same publication made lovers of the graphic arts aware that in the person of Charles Robins in there was another young artist with pictorial magic at command of his clustrative fancy and his craft of pen and pencil.

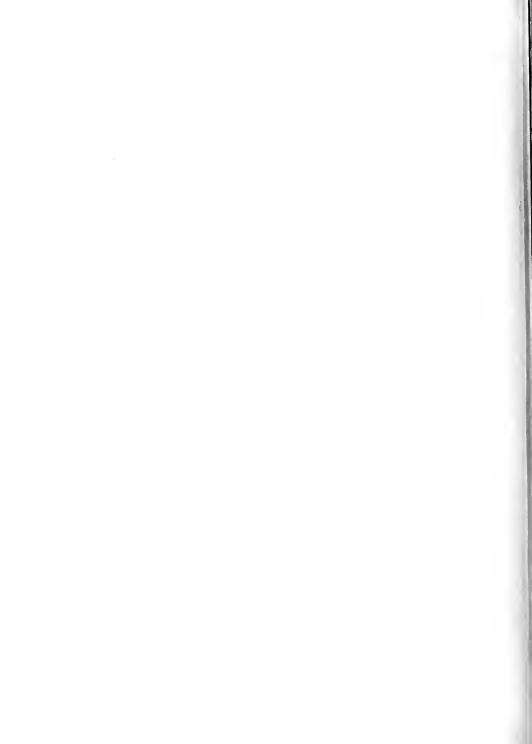
A in the case of Boardsley, The Stepho's

introduction had early and important result, for Mr. John Lane, who was then astutely gathering about him as much as possible of the brilliant young literary and artistic talent of the nineties, saw intuitively that Charles Robinson was the very man he wanted to illustrate Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses." The choice proved a very fortunate one, for the winsome naiveté of the poet's interpretative sense of childhood found the happiest pictorial interpretation in the tricksy graces of the artist's graphic fancy. But there was more than this in the success of the book: it was in the decorative purpose controlling the delightful designs with a sense of book-unity and harmony that one realised the advent of a new individuality of real importance in the field of book-illustration. Here was the fine exquisite line, here was the dainty balance of black and white masses, here were delicious head- and tail-pieces, and the completely composed page with the happily invented illustration decoratively framing the printed text, and withal the very stuff that childish make-believe is made of. In fact, in this "Child's Garden of Verses" of twenty years ago, Mr. Robinson's first book, we already had this true book-illustrator's temperament - joyous, whimsical, fantastic, aiming at practical expression in terms of an artistic ideal.

Mr. Robinson has illustrated many books since then, in colours as well as in black and white, giving us many a charming and bewitching work of art; but never has he given us anything more lovable than this book of Stevenson's lovable inspiration. Occasionally, however, he has been permitted to attain more nearly, perhaps, to his ideal of the illustrated book. This is the book that shall be in its format and its decoration, from cover to cover, a homogeneous whole, the illustrations being not merely pictures inserted at haphazard among the pages, but necessary and integral parts of a complete decorative scheme. Practically, of course, this is the ideal that has guided such master-makers of the Book Beautiful as William Morris, Charles Ricketts, Walter Crane, and Lucien Pissarro, but, unfortunately, it is not an ideal with which the popular publisher finds himself in practical sympathy. Even if he inclines to it in theory, commercial considerations have a way of obstructing artistic ideals. Nevertheless, Mr. Robinson is so whole-hearted in loyalty to his ideal that it is his practice, when preparing a scheme for the illustration of a book, to make an actual sketch model of the book, complete as to binding, end-papers, and all the







pictorial decoration of the pages, so that the prospective publisher can see at once exactly how the artist proposes the work should appear.

Some of this artistic thoroughness may be an inheritance, for art has come down to Mr. Robinson through the generations: it appears to have been a family tradition. His grandfather, Thomas Robinson, of Newcastle, was an esteemed woodengraver and a friend of the great Thomas Bewick. The engraver's two sons, Thomas and Charles, were both well-known black-and-white artists, employed by the "Illustrated London News" in the heyday of the wood-block; while illustrative art has claimed the talents and activities of the elder's four children. Of these, Mr. Charles Robinson and his younger brother, Mr. W. Heath Robinson,

have both won distinguished places among the foremost of living English book-illustrators.

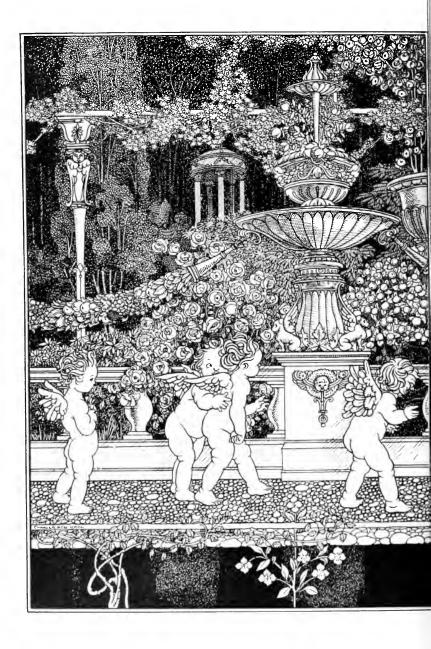
Yet as an artist Mr. Charles Robinson may be said to have found himself. He served a seven years' apprenticeship to the craft of lithography, but, although this was long before the beginning of the recent revival of that graphic medium for original artistic expression, one may trace to this training, perhaps, the certainty and delicacy of craftsmanship which distinguish his work. His subsequent studies in the schools of the Royal Academy were interrupted by inadequacy of financial means to continue them, and the necessity of earning a livelihood. Probably his artistic development after all lost little by his emancipation from the academic training, and perhaps a more "unpremeditated art" led him more easily to find the expressive methods best suited to his temperament. A happy and facile draughtsmanship was always second nature with him, and pictorial invention came readily to the call of

his fertile fancy and whimsical humour. In these early days his drawings appear to have been already instinct with that joyous quality of charm inseparable from his work, and, considering how much of his illustrative activity has been devoted to the literature of childhood's delight, it is noteworthy that the first drawing the young artist ever sold was bought by Mr. Joseph Darton, the well-known publisher of books for children.

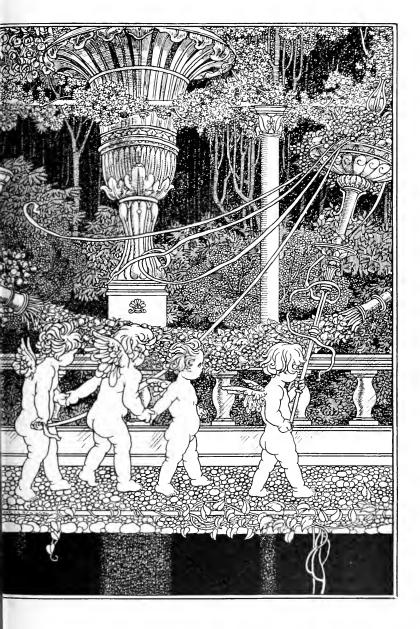
Although Mr. Robinson began as an illustrator about the same time as Aubrey Beardsley, he was nevertheless influenced early in his career by that remarkable artist, not, of course, in subject-matter or the fantastic spirit of his work, but in the decorative significance of his fine rhythmic line and the balance of black and white masses. Yet Mr.



"THE TWO TRAVELLERS AND A BAG OF MONEY," FROM "THE BIG BOOK OF FABLES," (BLACKIE AND SON). BY CHARLES KOBINSON



(i) (ii) (iii) (iii) (iii) (iii)



END-PAPER DESIGN FOR SHELLEY'S "SENSITIVE PLANT." BY CHAS, ROBINSON



"DUCKS."
PENDRAWING
BY CHARLES
ROBINSON

Robinson will admit a deeper, stronger influence in the style and sentiment of Mr. Laurence Housman's expressive designs: while the wonderful precision of Durer's line and the noble beauty of that master's designs have no less sensibly influenced and inspired our artist. Perhaps to these we may trace that precision of technique and orderliness of design that give "sweet reasonableness" to his most playful and fanciful conceptions as well as to his most imaginative.

There is nothing of the realist about Charles Robinson, vet his imagination responds so vivaciously to the suggestions of the fabulous, the romantic, the elfish and fantastic, that his pictorial vision has a very persuasive, not to say convincing, appeal. So he has proved himself an ideal illustrator of fairy tales, nursery rhymes and fables, while his toy-books have been the delight of thousands of nurseries. Perhaps his illustrative genius has never had happier opportunity for whimsical intuition than in "The Big Book of Fables" (Blackie and Son), a delightful volume of pictorial witchery, in which with pen and ink, occasionally supplemented with water-colour, the artist has touched to a fresher visual life the old fables that are for ever

young. With what a sly relish of actuality he seems to have drawn these fabulous happenings among the beasts, the birds and the humans! Yet always with what artistic loyalty! In the example given here, The Two Travellers and a Bag of Money, note how the slight black masses eleverly disposed through the design give accent to the fine linework which makes the picture. The book is full of gems that afford artistic satisfaction as well as pictorial titillation. How completely decorative is the page with the Fox and the Leopard and the initial letter A.* Then, the Peacock Complaining,

the Crane and the Wolf, for chance examples—what happy expression in simplest black and white! The coloured drawings, too, such as the sumptuous "Peacock and Crane," "The Rat's Council," "The Fox and the Grapes," how harmonious the intimacy between design and colour-scheme, which is always nicely regulated by the limitations of the reproductive process. A joyous thing, this "Big Book of Fables."

A more natural expressiveness, a richer sense of

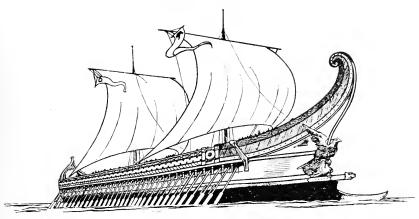
"GOING DOWN THE TUBE LIFT." FROM "THE PRAM PILGRIMS." BY CHARLES ROBINSON

decorative effect. one finds in Mr. Robinson's illustrations to Shelley's "Sensitive Plant," as may be judged from the ornately conceived and highly elaborate design for an endpaper reproduced here. With many exquisite drawings the artist has responded worthily to the pictorial inspiration of the immortal poem. To Mr. Robinson, and to no artist more surely, "a garden is a lovesome thing, God wot"; and whether in leafy and floral simplicity, or in landscaped and terraced splendour, its romance moves him always to happy and charming picturings. To this the various garden books he has illustrated bear convincing testimony: "The Secret Garden," "The Four Gar-

dens," "Our Sentimental Garden," each, like "The Sensitive Plant," Mr. Heinem um's publication.

Mr. Robinson, however, is not only an illustrator of other men's books, a pictorial interpreter of the dreums and fancies and visions of others;

Charles Robinson



"A ROMAN GALLEY," FROM "THE BOY'S BOOK OF BATTLESHIPS" (BLACKIE AND SON). BY CHARLES ROBINSON

he has whimsies and imaginings of his own, and he can conceive a fantasy in pictures without any guidance or stimulus of literary text. In fact, this individually creative method of work is the object of his artistic ambition. Readers of The Studio have already seen more than one example of that remarkable series of drawings in which, under the title, A Dream of St. Nicholas in Heaven, he has allowed his own fancy and sense of satire free play in a sort of pictorial parable of maternity in certain modern aspects. In due course, perhaps, some poet may be inspired to interpret these drawings in prose or verse, and then, it is to be hoped, the book will appear. Mr. Robinson, indeed, is so full of ideas that it is not unreasonable for him to reverse the usual order of things, letting the pictorial expression anticipate the literary interpretation. Two of our illustrations are instances of this. They are from an original picture-fantasy, called The Prologue to Repentance, in which the artist, treating gradual phases of passion in their passage from temptation to remorse, uses in illustration of his parable motives suggested by the seasons -Spring and Temptation, Summer and Surrender, Autumn and Satiety, Winter and Remorse. In the charmingly decorative design for the end-paper giving the foreword, we have Pierrot as Prologue, in the Proscenium pointing to a stage-curtain, on which is depicted Passion in the heart of a summerexuberant wood. The decorative influence of Beardsley is here possibly in a general way, but the manner and the rhythmic fancy of the design are essentially Charles Robinson's own. He has used his lines and his dark and light masses with

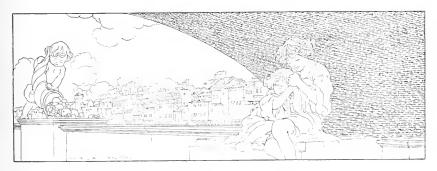
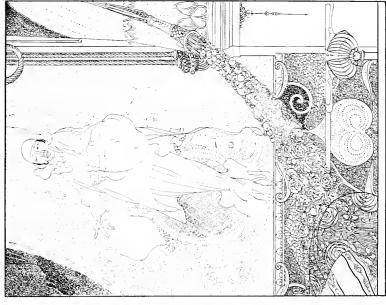
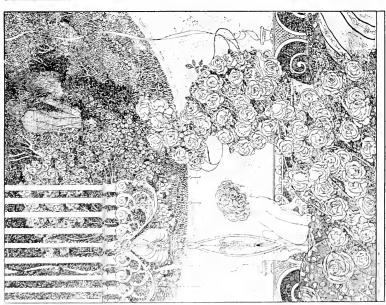


ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE HAPPY PRINCE," BY OSCAR WILDE (DUCKWORTH AND CO.)





Charles Robinson

exquisite grace and charm, the broad features of the design being rendered all the more gracious by the delicate elaboration of the ornamental detail. The coloured drawing shown here is supposed to suggest an interlude of twilight calm between the climax of summer's passion and the beginning of autumn's satiety. Just above the entrance to the deep heart of the wood, into which the lovers have danced their passionate way, a group of wood-nymphs are resting, while in the distance others are languorously still echoing the dance

"A HOUSEHOLD GOD."
WATER-COLOUR BY
CHARLES ROBINSON

until they too begin one by one to tire and sink to rest in the still air. It is enchanting drawing, as beautiful in its balanced disposition of tones as in the lovely lines and curves that build up the design. For, although we have colour here, as in other drawings of the series, notably in The Dancer-a sumptuous thing, wherein Mr. Robinson reaches his high-water-mark as a colorist - it is through line that his art speaks with greatest appeal and authority. Moreover, with the infinite variety of his patterned pen-work he can suggest colour and tone. He has the creative sense of shape. Look, for instance, at the two grotesque figures here -the spectacled, long - whiskered,

monster-handed Scotsman, and the Household God seated on the serpent's coil—one of a set. Both these, of the artist's own invention all compact, are coloured, but the black-and-white reproductions show how complete they are in all pictorial suggestion; they are perfectly articulate with line and shape. Again, note the graphic magic of Mr. Robinson's live pen-touch in the delightful little drawing, Gaing down the Tube

Lift. This is a page - illustration from an unpublished child's book of adventure which the artist is writing himself, a book that should be a joy for children to look forward to - when the war is overand publishing is itself again. Meanwhile, Mr. Robinson, turning away perforce from pictorial wonderland, is devoting himself, as a zealous section -commander in his local Volunteer Training Corps, to the stern realities of drill, trenchdigging, and military map-making, in which last he is as expert and suggestive as he is in illustrating a fairytale. But this is only to say that the alertness of his mind enables



"A SCOTSMAN." WATER-COLOUK BY CHARLES ROBINSON

him to use his pictorial powers as effectively in a practical direction as in a fantastic. And at the present moment it would appear more useful to be able to give immediate graphic effect to a reconnaissance of some hostile military operation than to visualise a poet's fancy. With his native sense of humour Mr. Robinson will always preserve the balance between the practical and the fantastic phases of his temperament, and enjoy the expression of either. Who that has seen them can forget his really laughable parodies of Albert Dürer and other revered old masters?



MEMORIAL TO CAPT, ROBERT FALCON SCOTT AND HIS COMPANIONS (ST. PAUL'S CATHE-DRAL). BY S. NICHOLSON BABB

W ALL TABLETS AND MEMORIALS BY BRITISH SCULPTORS.

The idea of perpetuating by means of permanent memorials the record of great events in national history, or the memory of men who have been of service to their fellows, has persisted from the earliest period of human development. There is no people which has attained any degree of civilisation that has not left for the information of subsequent generations concrete expressions of its own sentiment about the happenings which punctuated its national progress or about the worth of the leaders who guided its fortunes. Many ancient races, indeed, are known to us to day by the monuments which they creeted in the far remote times in which they flourished:

and it is by these monuments alone that we can form any conception of the character and quality of vanished civilisations.

Many of these monuments were produced under a religious inspiration and had for their purpose the exaltation of the particular creed that had been adopted by the nation by which they were erected. Many others were memorials to the dead, and owed their existence to the affection of a family or to the gratitude felt by the people for the part played by some public man. But many, again, were intended as reminders to those who were to come after of the significance of certain social or political occurrences which bulked largely in the view of the men by whom they were experienced—occurrences which changed the course of domestic life or had some bearing on the national aspirations.



MEMORIAI TO CONSTANT COQUEITS, PRESENTED BY ENGLISH ACTORS TO THE COMEDIE FRANÇAISE. BY GILBERT BAYES



MEMORIAL TO SIR W. S. GILBERT BY SIR GEORGE FRAMPTON, R.A.



BRONZE MEMORIAL LUNETTE FIXED OVER AN ENTRANCE DOOR AT LUCKNOW BY F. LYNN JENKINS

Always, however, the instinct persisted to call upon the artist to put into a visible and tangible form the sentiment of the people. It was the architect, the designer, the craftsman, who acted as the interpreter of the personal or national feeling, and by whom the ideas of the people themselves were realised and made intelligible. Buildings were erected and adorned with paintings and sculpture by workers of specialised capacity who understood what was expected of them and knew how to meet and satisfy these expectations.

Monuments were created by artists whose especial gift it was to perceive how by the aid of their craft the world could be in formed of the thoughts and convictions by which the community was swaved. Through its art the nation became eloquent; through art the family affection was manifested or the regard of some section of the people for one of its great ones was made apparent.

Therefore, to the his torical interest of the memorial must be added the even greater interest it possesses as an evidence of the artistic conditions which prevailed in the country where and at the time when it was produced.

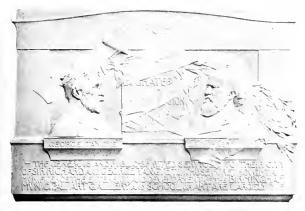
All over the world there are in existence monuments which are even more significant æsthetically than they are as records of popular sentiment-indeed, in many cases the reasons why these monuments were set up and the achievements they commemorate have been forgotten, but the works themselves have lost none of their power to stir the human pulse by their beauty and their fitness as illustrations of the artist's intention. The memorial, even when the cause for its existence is no longer remembered, can

still be of vital importance as one of the links in the chain of art by which the world is bound together.

What would it matter, indeed, if we did not know why the Assyrian bas-reliefs were produced, or whom the choragic monument of Lysicrates commemorated? Who, except the archaeologist, would care if it had been forgotten that Michael Angelo executed the Medici tomb to glorify the representative of one of the greatest of the Italian princely families? Whom would it concern if there were no historical record to account for the



BLONZE APPLIQUÉ TABLET (THE SIZE LIGURES) IN THE MEMORIAL READING ROOM AT BLOCKHAMITON PARK, GIOS, TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE LIGUT. LATRIAN RHODES. BY L. LYNN JESKEINS



MEMORIAL TO SIR RICHARD AND GEORGE TANGYE AT THE BIRMINGHAM CITY ART GALLERY. BY W. ROBERT COLTON, A.R.A.

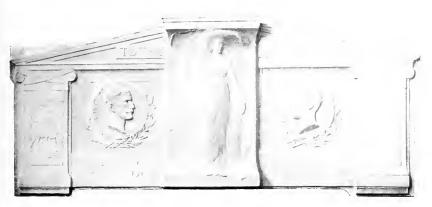
existence of the Roman triumphal arches? All these things are infinitely valuable as artistic achievements, and though we may feel gratitude for the public or private spirit which induced their creation, our chief tribute must be paid to the artist by whom the work was done. He reflects the sense of his time, he shows us what was the conscious or unconscious sentiment of the nation to which he belonged; he explains how the men of his period—or the best of them, at all events—thought and felt; and in his production is summed up the whole statement of the intellectual condition in which his contemporaries strove to do their share in the work of the world.

So it is vitally important that in modern effort

of this type the artistic tradition should be maintained, and that none of the principles which guided the workers in the past should be allowed to lapse. We are to-day quite as much inclined as were any of the ancients to use the memorial as a means of visualising our sentiments: the instinct to erect monuments is as keen as ever, and the desire to prove to our descendants that certain events or the virtues of certain people have moved us deeply is as effective now as it was in centuries long passed away. But as

we have kept alive this instinct we must also keep unimpaired the sense of artistic appropriateness and must guard scrupulously against any lowering in the artistic standard of our memorial work. Anything that is worthy of historical record in this way is worthy also of the best that art can do—by the quality of the art that is used in making the record the significance of the record itself will be estimated in the future, for it is hardly conceivable that we could commemorate what we have felt deeply by works that are artistically inefficient.

Happily, our present-day artists have a right sense of proportion in their dealing with memorial art. Our sculptors, for example, do not allow any false pride to make them less anxious to do them-



MEMORIAL TO BOYD AND CLAUD ALEXANDER IN CRANBROOK PARISH CHURCH. BY W. ROBERT COLTON, A.R.A.



MEMORIAL TO LORD NEWTON
BY THE COUNTESS LEODORA GLEICHEN

selves credit when they are called upon to produce a piece of monumental work. There is lingering now none of that half-veiled contempt for the monument as merely the concern of the stonemason which was, it must be admitted, professed by British sculptors a few generations ago: the spirit in which they are striving now is far removed from anything of that sort, and the demand made upon them for memorials small and great is met with a proper view of the responsibility it involves. In recent years we have added much that is admirable to the sum total of fine work of this class, much that does credit to both the capacity and the conscience of the artists concerned, and that proves them to be as judicious in their estimate of the obligations imposed upon them as they are accomplished in their management of executive essentials.

One matter which affords ample cause for congratulation is the anxiety of the modern sculptor to devote as much attention to the smaller type of semional as to the larger and more ambitious sork in which he has scope for the full display of nationally and his powers of invention. He

does not treat the little things in a perfunctory manner or handle them in accordance with a prescribed convention: he shows instead a healthy desire to make the most of the opportunities which, within the limitations of his subject, are available for him and to do all that is possible with the material at his disposal.

Naturally, the colossal monument, which does not come within the scope of the present article, gives more chances for the creation of striking effects and allows the sculptor who has it in hand more space for the expression of his artistic individuality. When he is working on a large scale he is less restricted both in his disposition of masses and in his handling of accessory detail; he can be, if he wishes, sumptuous and expansive and can aim at big results, and he can risk something to attain a special measure of success. But in the smaller memorials, in work such as is illustrated here, he is hedged round by far more definite boundaries; and he has much more subtle problems to solve, for he has to steer with infallible discretion a difficult middle course between the simplicity which



MI MORIAL TO CECH FOYLL, IN THE ANTE CHAPEL, UNI-VERSITY COLLEGT, ONLORD. BY HENRY PEGRAM, A.R.A.



MARBLE RELIEF, THE SIZE, AT GUNN MEMORIAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON, CONNECTICUT. BY A BERTRAM PEGRAM

verges on the commonplace and the elaboration that would be out of keeping with the monumental purpose of his performance.

That is why the really successful small memorial of the wall tablet type must be accounted an artistic achievement of considerable importance. It has to be undertaken in a spirit of real restraint and it must be carried through from beginning to end with unceasing watchfulness lest at any moment it should get decoratively out of hand. Not only the main design but every detail to the very smallest must

receive the most exact attention and the whole thing must be built up part by part with a taste and judgment that need to be kept always in the most perfect balance. An initial mistake, apparently trivial enough, has a way of becoming accentuated as the work progresses towards completion, and a well-conceived intention can easily be robbed of half its significance by an error in the application of the accessories which are added to make it more convincing; and again, as the scale of the work is small, there must be delicacy and sensitiveness in



GENTRE PANEL OF MEMORIAL IN THE READING-ROOM OF THE ORTHESTRAL OF BUY TO THE BANDSMEN WHO WENT DOWN WITH THE TITANES. BY PAUL R. MONTHS OF



MEMORIAI, IN SALISBURY CATHEDRAL, TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. MOBERLY, WIFE OF BISHOP MOBERLY. BY E. M. ROPE

the execution and beauty of technical treatment to ensure the right relation between the matter and the manner of the memorial. Anytheatrical touch or any hint of coarseness would, obviously, be discordant in such a production.

It must be remembered, as well, that in the great majority of cases these small monuments are set up in memory of the dead, and that the places assigned to them are generally in ecclesiastical buildings. Therefore they must possess a sufficient note of reverence, and they must keep sedulously aloof from even the least tendency to become flippant or superficial. Solemnity is essential to them and the dignity which suggests that the artist has realised the atmosphere of the place in which his work is to be shown. What he teels, it is in his power to make other people feel, and it is by the character and quality of his art that the depth of his feeling can be plumbed. If the spirit in which he approaches his work is irreverent, if he does what he has to do pert metorily and without sincere conviction, if he is carcless in his effort to keep the character and meaning of his whole performance consistently crious, it is not to be expected that any one else full take him seriously. His failure to strike the right note will suggest to the people who see what he has done that he had a cynical disbelief in the virtues of the person be was called upon to commemorate, and that this cynicism induced an artistic levity which he was unable to suppress.

Again, for technical reasons, it is important that the wall tablet, which has necessarily to be associated with architecture, should have an architectural character of its own. The pictorial and realistic type of sculpture—the type that is permissible enough when the subject is seductive and the idea embodied in it is fantastic or fanciful—is out of place on a monument and is ill-suited for a building intended for devotional purposes. Where the architectural details of the surroundings are severe, the monument must itself have an appropriate degree of severity, and its decorative quality must be sober and restrained.



DISIGN FOR A MEMORIAL TO A SOLDIER KILLED IN BALLLE. BY A. BEKTRAM PEGRAM



MEMORIAL TO AN ASSISTANT-MASTER, IN THE CHAPEL, ABBOTSHOLME SCHOOL. BY F. V. BLUNDSTONE

This is a point which will readily be appreciated by any one who has analysed the feeling of discomfort excited by seeing in a church which is architecturally satisfying a monument that has failed to reach the higher plane of design and treatment. In Westminster Abbey, for instance, there are pieces of memorial sculpture of a bad period and hopelessly depressing in their undignified realism which seem doubly failures because the setting in which they are placed is so truly noble in its æsthetic suggestion. The blatant unfitness of such things to be where they are excites ridicule, no doubt, but it is ridicule born of resentment at the sculptor's want of taste and lack of understanding of the obligation imposed upon him by the situation assigned to his work. We feel that he has been disrespectful not only to the dead hero he was asked to commemorate but also to the great master builders by

whom the shrine was raised in which the ashes of the hero were laid.

But it is scarcely conceivable that any of our sculptors of to-day would be guilty of such a lapse of judgment. We live fortunately in a time when the principles of art are studied with some care, and when the artists who take themselves and their work seriously are rightly anxious to avoid mistakes which would reflect upon their intelligence. The desire for consistency, for the establishing of a rational relation between an artistic production and the position it is designed to occupy, is active and efficient, and serves as a very valuable safeguard against erratic excursions beyond the bounds of good taste. Moreover we have learned much from the errors of our predecessors, and we can discriminate more justly than they did between the art that rises properly



MODEL OF MEMORIAL TO THE LATE GEN. SIR SAM BROWNE, V.C., IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL (REPLIEVED LAHORE CATHEDRAL). BY J. NESSIELD FORSYTH



MEMORIAL TO A HEADMASTER IN THE HALL OF A SCHOOL AT WEST BROWNICH. MEDALLION IS OXYDISED SHAPER, PANELS IN COPPER. BY STANLEY M. FOSTER, A.R.C.A. LOND.

to the occasion and that which misses its opportunities by pursuing unworthy

ideals. So, of the smaller memorials which have been executed during recent years a remarkably large proportion can be accepted as entirely adequate in their fulfilment of the purpose which they were required to serve. Many of them are works of unquestionable power and of undeniable charm, and there are few which do not show a real measure of artistic merit. Sculptors of distinction have produced them and have laboured sincerely to give them the right spirit and to keep alive in them the traditions which were followed by the great masters in times gone by and these sculptors have proved by the manner of their working that in their eyes the small memorial does not, because it is small, seem to be a thing which should be regarded lightly or dismissed casually as a mere journeyman's concern.

Certainly such performances as the wall memorials to Sir W. S. Gilbert by Sir George Frampton, to Captain Scott by Mr. Nicholson Babb, to Coquelin by Mr. Gilbert Bayes, and to Andrew Lang by Mr. Percy Portsmouth rise monumentally above the level of the stonemason's craft, and cannot be dismissed by even the most captious of critics as unworthy to rank among the more memorable examples of modern art, And certainly the work of the other sculptors represented in these illustrations, the work of



MEMORIAL TO ANDREW LANG AL SLIKERS. THE PURCY PORTSMOUTH, A.R.S.A.





MEDALLION FOR THE CARNEGIE HERO FUND

BY RICHARD R. GOULDEN

artists like Mr. Bruce-Joy, Mr. H. Pegram, Mr. W. Robert Colton, Mr. Lynn Jenkins, Mr. A. B. Pegram, Mr. Nelson Forsyth, and Mr. Paul Montford, has a right to be taken in all seriousness and to be judged and accepted as fit for a place of honour in the record of our artistic achievement. In none of it is there the least suggestion that the artist has not striven to the utmost to be true to himself or that he has not honestly intended to give us his best; in none of it is responsibility shirked or anything less aimed at than the highest.

It is fortunate, indeed, that to such work such a spirit should be brought, for it is especially necessary just now that the best of which our art is capable should be at the disposal of the nation. Never in the history of this country has so great an opportunity been offered to the sculptor to prove that he can respond to the national feeling and reflect the sentiment of a



MEMORIAL TO ARCHBISHOP CRANMER IN TESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRILGE BY A. BRUCE-JOY

people which is stirred to its depths. Never has there been so great a need that sculpture should be true to its noblest ideals and able to rise to the summit of its power. For upon it will be laid the duty of conveying by means of memorials, public and private, the message of to-day to the men who are to live in centuries to come; to it will fall the task of symbolising and expressing the courage of the British race in the greatest crisis it has known and of recording how we

faced and fought the horrors of a struggle for existence. Everything by which our sculptors commemorate the men who are dying for us now, every piece of work which is to serve as a tribute to some one who has fallen on the field of honour, or as a memorial of some incident in the war, will form part of the great national monument which we shall build up to testify to us in the future. Therefore it behoves them to see that this monument shall in no respect be less than the occasion demands.

A. L. BALDEY.



BRONZE INSCRIPTION TABLET, PART OF A MEMORIAL TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND GEN. CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG, AT HAMPTON, VIRGINIA. BY A. BERTRAM PEGRAM

[Respecting the illustrations to the foregoing article it is hardly necessary to point out that the selection does not comprise more than a very small number of the works of this kind which have emanated from British sculptors in recent years. Numerous important examples do not figure here because they have already been illustrated in these pages. Thus a fine memorial by Mr. Derwent Wood, A.R.A., entitled Love and Life, appeared in our issue of May 1904: a bronze War memorial designed by Mr. Alfred Drury, A.R.A., for the

cloisters of New College. Oxford, was illustrated in February 1906; various further examples by Sir George Frampton, R.A., were included in an article on his recent monumental sculpture in the October number, 1911; Mr. Reynolds - Stephens's Orchardson Memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral was reproduced in the issue for April 1914, and Mr. Alfred Gilbert's to Randolph Caldecott, also in St. Paul's, in November 1000. Besides these there have appeared excellent examples by Mr. Charles J. Allen, Mr. Pickford Marriott, Mr. Alan Wyon, Mr. Caldwell Spruce, and others. The Editor.]



ALL HANDS SKALD AND A LIBRASS, BLACK MARRIER FROUND, BY LICHARD E. GOULDLY

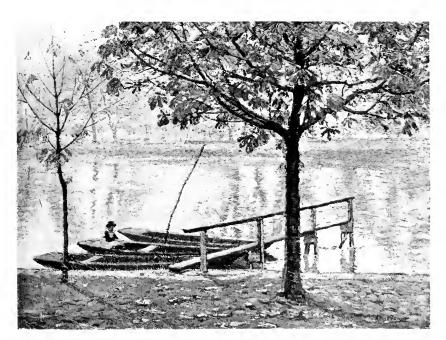
ALICE FANNER'S LYRICAL PAINTINGS. BY C. LEWIS HIND.

WE met-Alice Fanner, Julius Olsson and myself-at luncheon in a Soho restaurant renowned for its pleasant decorations and cheerful music. Olsson chose the rendezvous; he was our host, proud, I am sure, that Alice Fanner, now Mrs. Taite, should have been his pupil at St. Ives, for every Master likes to see his pupils progressing successfully through the field of art. Since I, too, in the old happy days, had worked or played at painting, supremely content either way, under Julius Olsson in his Cornish studio (the windows looked on the Atlantic), it was fitting that he should bring us together. He is now an A.R.A., honoured at the Tate Gallery and elsewhere, and Miss Fanner by her charming work has earned a place in the pages of The Studio and is represented in two public galleries. Olsson has remained faithful to his passion for the sea, but Miss Fanner has wandered into woods and glades, and loved trees and sunlighted pastorals, and all nooks made bright by light and colour.

Of course we talked about art and the sea, and, indirectly, that was my business, about Alice Fanner, for though I had long admired her paintings we had not met before.

There is always excitement in such encounters, but writers and subjects must proceed warily. So we talked first about the sea, the joy of it, the tang of the wind, the swish of the water, the allure of painting the movement of racing vachts and swift waves, coast water in sunshine, and the sullen movement of the deep ocean. Then they talked, while I listened, of joyous days they had spent in a certain 26-tonner called the "Harmony," and also sailing a six-tonner which superseded the "Harmony." On these boats Miss Fanner made most of her fresh yachting pictures, for to paint the sea nowadays you must know the sea, as you learn to know a tree, and she has studied the build and pace of yachts, steered and sailed them, watched the waves and the structure of cliffs, and through all sought, early and late, to express the dear desires of her eyes-colour and atmosphere, and the ways of great skies.

Ruisdael was mentioned; his view of Schevenin-



"AUTUMN SUNSHINE"

Alice Fanner

gen. studio-made, but so spacious in atmosphere, dim, yet so true. Then Turner, his yacht-racing series, one facet only of his genius, yet placing him right in the van of the modern movement; and his drawings, mere suggestions, yet, all said, little things, but never forgotten, such as Breaking Wave on Beach, and Running Wave in a Cross-Tide; and so we passed to Henry Moore, the first of the moderns in this country to paint the sea as it should be painted—a master unrivalled.

"But you must not think," I said to Miss Fanner, "that I regard you only as a painter of the sea—yachts scudding before the breeze, the waves alight, the sky aglow, and scenes on the coast on summer days, a shimmer with notes of colour, which are happy people frisking in the waves, and basking on the yellow sands. But I like to think of these, especially the yachting pictures, because in past days, pacing through exhibitions, often wearily, whenever I came across one of your lyries I had an elation—your lyries made me glad."

"Lyrics?" she repeated.

"Yes," I answered. "I should certainly call

your work lyrical. Ruisdael in his big, profound canvases is epical; Henry Moore is lyrical. Each to his taste, to his call. Your Spring in Hyde Park and your Luxembourg Gardens are lyrical, longer lyrics than, say, your Autumn Sunshine or your Winter Sunshine; but all are lyrical songs, and they do not need words to explain them."

Just then the orchestra began to play Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," and we ceased talking. It is the fashion to be tired of Mendelssohn, but how his "Spring Song" refreshes. Does it not make us feel that the old world will again awake, its travail hidden, and life once more go with a lilt? We listen, and man and Nature are in holiday mood: larks sing, and our hearts are uplifted to cheerfulness. As the music danced on I said to myself: "This is just what this lady is doing in art. Her notes are cheerfulness, sunshine, the young green trees, and the clear, clean skies." To Beethoven deep calling to deep, to Mendelssohn the light heart of art lifting our little loads; to Peppercorn the solemnity of mass and silence, to Alice Fanner the warmth of colour and the quick carols of Nature. Each must be himself, whether



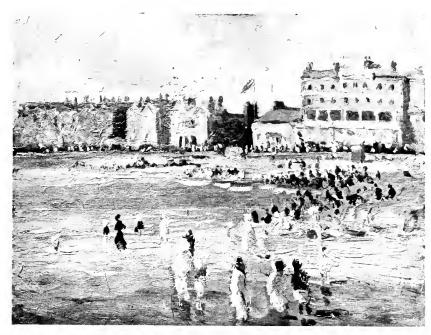
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Alice Fanner



"FROM THE PIER, LOWESTOFT"

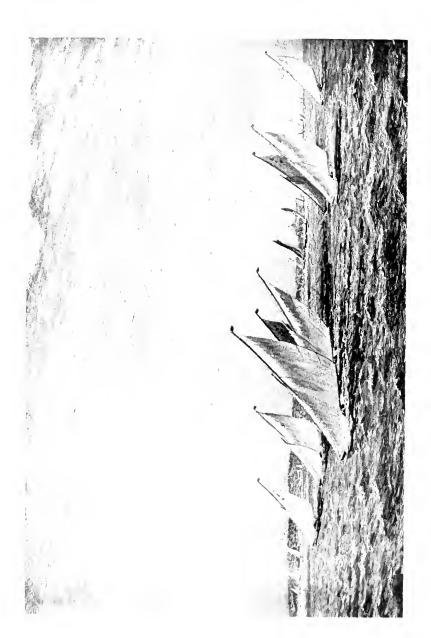
OIL PAINTING BY ALICE FANNER

he be formed by Nature into a Michael Angelo, or a Michael Angelo Rooker, and surely in these grey days it is no small gift to the world to be able to offer it consistent and persistent cheerfulness. I am grateful for the mere sight of a reproduction of Spring in Hyde Park and From the Pier, Lowestoft, and those racing yachts that make me long to suffer a sea-change for the summer and the sea. It is well that Miss Fanner is strong enough to be herself, resolute to express her dainty passing version of the eternal spring song of Nature.

And Mendelssohn's aubade flickered out in happiness, and our talk rose and fell, and the coffee stage of the luncheon passed, and we prepared to fare forth to see such pictures as the artist had in her fresh and cheerful little house in old Chelsea. There, seeing her many studies of effects on sea and land, the framed pictures on the white walls, pæans of gladness for the light and colour of Nature, and recalling the works I had seen by her at the New English Art Club and the Goupil Gallery Salon, I realised how scriously she takes her art. Also noting the impulse of her talent towards colour, movement, and light, I also

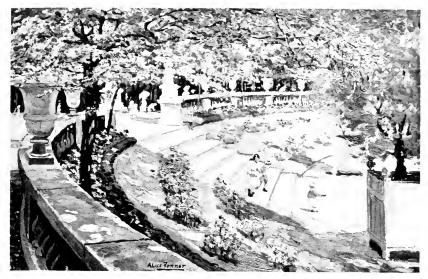
realised how wise she had been to put in a long and strennous groundwork of study at the Slade School. That was in the brave days when Augustus John and William Orpen were pupils. On this foundation of sound drawing she encouraged her love of Nature to play, seeking the sensitive effect, never the literary fact—colour, atmosphere, wind, light—the acts and ways of man touched upon only so far as they ministered to the acts and ways of Nature.

Living within easy reach of Hampton Court. Miss Fanner was early attracted to those formal, gay gardens: there in that leisurely survival of spacious, courtly days, where the landscape shades of Watteau and Gainsborough may delight to linger, she found a sympathetic painting-ground, transferring her interest later to the vivacity of the vivid summer life of our coast towns: but best of all were the summers spent at Burnham-on-Crouch, yachting in the "Harmony," and in the friendly little six tonner, learning and painting in wind and calm, shine and mist, living to the uttermost. Ah, those days, those happy days! The war for the present has stopped such harmless joys: a fierce



"SIX-METRE YACHTS RACING IN THE SOLENT." BY ALICE FANNER

Alice Fanner



"IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS, PARIS"

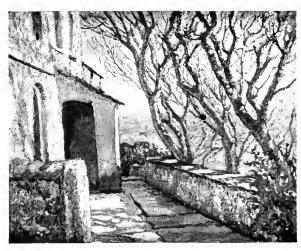
OIL PAINTING BY ALICE FANNER

soldier or vigilant special constable will arrest you if you draw a sail, or paint a flower, or sketch a sea-poppy: but such days will come again, and while we wait and long for the return of sanity and peace, we are comforted by those artists who keep

youth in their hearts, and who remind us of the perennial gladness of the world. Now, more than ever, does the gospel of cheerfulness need to be preached. That Alice Fanner is doing. I thank her for pursuing the spring-song in Nature, and for remembering the melody in her lyrical paintings.

C. Lewis Hind.

THE list of awards to British artists exhibiting in the British section of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco which appeared in our October issue did not include the name of Mr. Leonard Richmond, who was awarded a bronze medal for a pastel picture entitled *The End of the Storm*, one of three works in the same medium exhibited by the artist. Mr. Richmond is a member of the Royal Society of British Artists.



"WINTER SUNSHINE, ST. IVES, CORNWALL." OH FAINTING BY MICE LANNER

STUDIO-TALK,

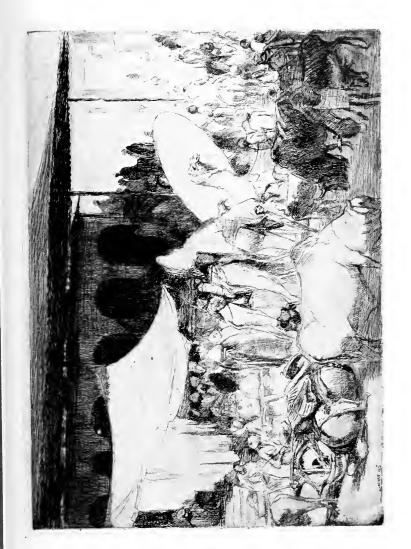
(From Our Own Correspondents.)

ONDON.-The Autumn Exhibition of the International Society had very little of an international character. In the large gallery the chief interest centred in Mr. D. Y. Cameron's tender little seascape St. Andrew's, Early Morning; Mr. Glyn Philpot's Countess Beauchamp and Daughter; Mr. Connard's clever still-life Fish and his portrait group The Mascot; Mr. Kelly's sensitive Oriental study Ma Sern Sin: Mr. Nicholson's large Viceros's Orderly, a white clad figure against a black background; and Mr. Lambert's cleverly painted portrait of Madame Champeommunal, a refined scheme of dark grey and blue. We remember Mr. Oberteuffer's brilliant and vivacious Yachts at Havre at the Anglo-American Exposition, and Mr. Cadell in his White Room showed another work painted with seeming laxity but with telling effect. Mr. Lavery's Hinston Churchill was preferable to his large portrait of Mrs, F. A. Konig which seemed hardly worthy either of the painter or of its position of prominence. Delightful in colour was Mr. McEvoy's portrait of three children. There were several works by the late 1. Brake Baldwin, whose sudden death at an early age, when so much was to be expected from him in the future, is to be deeply deplored. Other works of interest were Mr. Munnings's At a Point to Point Meeting: Leicester Square, March by Emile Claus, which formed our frontispiece last month, Mr. Edward Buttar's bright green Thames Valler in Wiltshire; and Sir Chas. Holroyd's dignified St. Francis Preaching. Two little flower pieces by Mr. James S. Hill had the charm of a Fantin, and Mr. Dulac was amusing with his cleverly drawn caricatures. Mr. Russell Flint showed a group of three beautiful nudes, and two other pictures. Two delightful pieces of colour were the tans Théatre Intime by Adolphe Birkenruth, and Chinosyerie by Mrs. Davis. Mrs. Laura Knight's water-colour Rock Pools, a seashore figure subject ably treated should be mentioned as well as the subtle low toned water colours of Mr. Oliver Hall, Mr. Rich's fine work in the same medium, and contributions by Mr. Monk, Mr. Livens, Mr. Ricketts and others.

The winter exhibition of the Royal Society Painters in Water Colours, which closes on Fernare 12, maintains the usual level of competance recomment, though but few of the exhibitors for any rever developments to show us. Among

the best features of the show, however, are the contributions of three artists whose work reveals much vitality and an agreeable freshness of outlook, These are Mr. Cameron, whose finely observed landscape studies, simply stated in chalk and wash, are full of dignity: Mr. Lamorna Birch, whose work seems daily to grow in vigour and brilliance; and Mr. Russell Flint whose landscapes and figure studies alike reveal the beautiful quality he obtains in the medium and his always harmonious feeling for colour and composition. Mention must especially be made of Three Damsels and Lochearnside by Mr. Flint, and of Mr. Birch's sparkling The Sketcher and the simply handled Devonshire Cottage on the Tamar. Other works of interest were some studies, loose and ethereal in character, by Mr. Sims and a tree-scape by him entitled The Thrush; The Gardens, Pallanza, Lago Maggiore by Mr. Albert Goodwin with delicate foliage against the sky wonderfully suggested; Mr. Crocket's Annunciation: a delicate grey landscape with a figure in palest blue, In Sussex, by Mr. Rackham; admirable studies of birds by Mr. Edwin Alexander; a stormy scene with heavy clouds, Hindhead, by Mr. Hughes-Stanton: an atmospheric Warwick Castle by Mr. Robert Little; admirable flower pieces by Mr. Francis James and Miss Katharine Turner; and Mr. Cayley Robinson's Landing of St. Patrick in Ireland. The exhibition also included a group of twenty works by the late Commendatore Walter Crane as well as interesting examples of the art of Mr. Clausen, Sir E. A. Waterlow, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. W. T. Wood, Mr. R. W. Allen, and Mr. R Thorne-Waite.

But for the breakdown in health while a cadet on H.M.S. "Worcester," which prevented him pursuing a naval career, Mr. E. S. Lumsden, R.E., the well-known etcher would, doubtless, at the present moment be serving his King and country somewhere on the high seas. Nevertheless, he has heard again the call of the East, and has gone once more to India to etch and to paint the scenes that make a constant appeal to his pictorial vision. We may look forward therefore to another series of Indian etchings from Mr. Lumsden's gifted needle; and it is well to know that Benares is again his principal objective. Meanwhile, we are privileged to reproduce an important unpublished etching, recently done from sketches and studies made on the spot during Mr. Lumsden's last visit to Jodhpore. It is called The Chank, and represents a characteristic scene in the market place, where the natives, the sacred bulls, the camels, and other beasts of



burden are picturesquely crowded together. It is a bold design, particularly interesting in its disposition of dark and light masses. Then, of course, it is rare in modern British etching on account of its treatment of animals.

Mr. Winslow, the author of the two interesting plates here reproduced, is an American etcher who has made his home in England, after studying architecture for five years in Paris. "Fascinated by the sinister significance of mediaval Paris" we quote a letter from the artist: "I began to draw and then to etch its streets. I never had a teacher, but Auguste Lépere was always a helpful and admired critic of my efforts." Next to the streets his interest was in the people who inhabit them, and he has turned to depict such life as this upon the copper and in this direction to develop his very personal art. He exhibits with the Chicago, California, and New York Societies of Etchers, and also with the Peintres-Grayeurs in Paris.

The Autumn exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists maintained fairly well its accus-

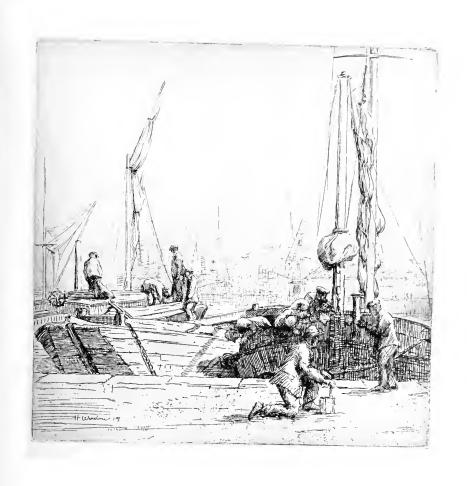
tomed level, though the absence of several members who have joined the army was felt. The President, Mr. Brangwyn, who we are glad to know is making a satisfactory convalescence after an operation he had recently to undergo, sent two etchings and three water-colours of which the one entitled Milau was particularly striking in composition. Good landscapes were contributed by Mr. T. L. Shoosmith, Mr. Alec Carruthers Gould, Mr. 4. Muirhead, Mr. W. T. M. Hawksworth, and Mr. C. A. Hunt. Other works of the kind which must be mentioned were Mr. W. M. Palin's A Bit of Berkshire and Mr. D. Murray Smith's well composed On the Severa, which, however, hardly seemed so personal in colour as usual. Por traits were not numerous. A sound piece of work,

satisfactory in the likeness, was Mr. R. G. Eves's portrait of *Lieut.-Col. G. A. Maleolm* in the uniform of the London Scottish. Pictures by Mr. Burleigh Bruhl, Mr. C. W. Simpson, Mr. H. Davis Richter, Mr. W. Luker, Jr., Mr. H. Butler, Mr. J. Littlejohns, and Mr. Hugh Blaker added to the interest of the exhibition.

The Thirty-second Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters at the galleries in Piccadilly also lacked the support of some of the most interesting members, who are at present serving with the forces. There were, however, many good things among the two-hundred and eighty odd works upon the walls. We would mention two brilliant studies of horses on the towing-path by Mr. H. S. Power; Mr. Will C. Penn's clever sketch of a girl putting up Clean Curtains; dexterous paintings by Mr. Cyrus Cuneo; decorative landscapes by Mr. E. R. Frampton; the seascapes by Mr. John R. Reid in which the somewhat harsh colour does indeed carry as it were the tang of the salt wind; and Mr. Harold Knight's pleasant Morning Sun. Mr. Hughes-Stanton had a large



RUE DES BARRES"



"THE SPRING CLEANING." ETCHING BY HENRY WINSLOW

sombre landscape. The Lighthouse, Etaples: and a spirited sketch by Mr. A. J. Burgess showed the Emden running ashore. Good work was also contributed by Mr. Terrick Williams, Mr. Will Ashton, Mr. Louis Sargent, Mr. Edgar Bundy, Mr. Spenlove Spenlove, Mr. Cotman, Mr. J. S. Hill, Miss 1. L. Gloag, Miss Amy K. Browning, Mr. Gemmell-Hutchison and others.

The characteristic drawing by Mr. Walter West which we reproduce opposite figured in the Spring exhibition of the Old Water Colour Society.

Thus far we have seen no collection of pictures dealing with the war which equals in interest the water-colour sketches in Gallipoli and the Dardanelles by Mr. Norman Wilkinson, R.I., shown at the Fine Art Society. In these he has aimed especially at accuracy and while this adds to their profound interest we can also admire the artistic qualities which, though quite prepared to sacrifice where necessary, the artist has generally preserved. His studies of bursting shells, of various units of the Fleet, of the landings of the troops, of the Scaplane Base, sketches made under great difficulties, render vividly the scenes of some of the finest exploits of our gallant officers and men.

We have referred elsewhere in these notes to the continued progress and increasing charm of Mr. Russell Flint's work; and in the forty drawings shown at the Fine Art Society's galleries we found the same delightfully harmonious colour and pleasantly

decorative sense of composition. He has a distinct personality and whether it is his rhythmic studies of bathing girls with which he has familiarised us, or the attractive landscapes his work is always full of beauty. His brother, Mr. R. Purves Flint, who is now at the "front," is too an artist of individuality, and the twenty-four examples of his work which he contributed to this joint exhibition of water colours of Scotland, Italy, Paris, and Flanders revealed him as an artist with a trained and sensitive vision.

IVERPOOL.—The Forty-fifth Annual Autumn Exhibition was opened on October 9 by H.R.H. the Princess Napoleon, who with dignity and charm represented the exhibition's "Patron," her cousin King Albert. Royal personages being rare apparitions in Liverpool, there was an unprecedented attendance, but some part of this, as well as the unusual success since then of the exhibition, may be ascribed to the interest created by the fact that all the gate money (which is a large sum at Liverpool) is to go to the Liverpool Branch of the Red Cross Society. Other special factors have been the innovation of a weekly afternoon recital of classical music, the sure appeal to popular interest of the Belgian section, and last, but perhaps not least, the general attractiveness of the whole collection. It will be interesting information for organisers of exhibitions that the largest attendances have been on Thursdays (when the musical recitals are given), although that day used to be the worst in the week.



WALER-COLOUR BY EDWIN MEXANDER, A.R.S.A. (Alem in Foliabrian, Market Let Gallery, Liverpool)









Studio-Talk

The Belgian section is a serious attempt, as compared with exhibitions earlier in the year, to illustrate modern Flemish art. From exhibitions at Brighton, Oxford, Cardiff, Birmingham, and London Mr. Dibdin secured the most desirable items. These being limited to works brought to or produced in this country by refugee artists, did not adequately illustrate modern Belgian art, so they have been supplemented by extensive borrowings from private owners of examples of such artists as Alfred and Josef Stevens, H. Leys, Josef L. Dyckmans, Willem Geets, Henriette Ronner, Herman Richir, Emile Claus, A. J. Heymans, Emile Wauters, P. J. Clays, and C. Meunier. Sculpture is adequately illustrated; there is a satisfactory repre-

sentation of the work of Belgian etchers and lithographers, and the display of medals has been enriched by Mr. M. H. Spielmann's collection, which includes the Cathedral series by Jacques Wiener.

The usual "one-man" room illustrates Burmah as seen by that sensitive observer, Gerald Festus Kelly. His sixty-five pictures, in combination with some carved and gilded chests which he brought back, have a charming effect. The picturesque girldancers and pagodas of Burmah are Mr. Kelly's favourite motives, but there are other subjects in sufficient number to prevent any feeling of monotony in a collection which attests his rare qualities as observer and painter.

The Black and-White room presents a comprehensive view of what is being produced by the best workers on copper, zine and stone. The "cone man" plan is followed here also, the attist this year being James McBey, who is represented by twenty-eight of his being plates. Associated a children cetton are cases

containing modern keramics, metal work, jewellery, the ingenious "plychrome" statuettes of E. Carter Preston (a Liverpool artist), and other "craft" productions which lend agreeable colour-notes to enhance the general effect. Here also on one of the screens is a striking group of twenty-five colour-notes made at the front, taken from the sketchbook of Captain Finlay MacKinnon.

The seven galleries occupied by the general section of the exhibition are well stocked with notable pictures chosen from the London and Edinburgh exhibitions, and other sources, as well as a good deal that is new. The local school, though not at present especially strong, contributes



OF STREET

OH PAINTING BY ARTHUR RACKHAM, R.W.S.

Studio-Talk



"PEAT BOG, POOLEWE"

BY CAPT. FINLAY MACKINNON



"SUNNY MANZIAND"

BY WILLIAM HOGGALF

Studio-Talk

some worthy pictures, such as the portraits by F. T. Copnall, R. E. Morrison. Will C. Penn. and G. Hall Neale: oil landscapes by James T. Watts, Herbert Royle, Thomas Huson, Hamilton Hay, William Hoggatt, David Woodlock, and W. Alison Martin. Capable subject-pictures include Sarah Jane by Gilbert Rogers and Maria Virgo by Miss May Cooksey.

The chief pictures by outside artists include the Chantrey Greiffenhagen, Women by a Lake, W. Orpen's Marchioness of Headfort and Western Wedding, Richard Jack's

admirable portrait of Mr. Pomeroy and his Homeless, Lee Hankey's Performing Bear, Arnesby Brown's Wide Marshes, Wilson Steer's Deserted



"THE VANITY GLASS"

BY ROBERT HOPE, A.R.S.A.

Beans, Tom

Quarry, Gerald Moira's A July Day, Undine by Arthur Rackham. Francis Howard's Interlude, a nude by A. Mancini, L. G. Macarthur's Dighting

- HALL

BY D. V. CAMERON, A.R. V., A.R.S.A.

Mostyn's A Garden of Peace, .1 Sussex Stone Quarry by Oliver Hall, Howard Somerville's In the Studio, No. 2, Cloudless June by José Weiss, and H. A. Olivier's Where Belgium greeted Britain. The Scottish school, always well represented at Liverpool, is especially so this year, by a large number of exhibits, which include Nether Lochaher and two drawings by D. V. Cameron. Genmell Hutchison's Volendam Mother, George Houston's Glengarnock Castle, E. S. Lumsden's Gangaji, E. A. Hornel's Spring in the Woodland, R. Macaulay Stevenson's Hush of Twilight, The Town Sear by Wim. Wells, Tom Robertson's Vight on the Adriatic, and Lord Shaw by Fiddes Watt. The Water-Colour section is as usual remarkably strong and interesting, and the Sculpture is arranged in all the rooms in a manner which would please even the members of that exacting body, the Royal Society of British Sculptors, save, perhaps, those aspirants to impossible perfection who object to any association with pictures.

For several years the Curator has conspired with Mr. Legge, the Director of Education, to cultivate youthful taste for art by arranging visits of school parties, accompanied by their teachers. Having learned by experience that in many instances the teachers failed to interest their pupils, because of lack of special knowledge, Mr. Dibdin prepared a handy guide for their use, which is issued in pamphlet form, with a reproduction on the cover

of the pictorial portion of the poster specially designed for the exhibition by Mr. Brangwyn. In this he takes his reader through the exhibition rooms, points out such things as he considers most interesting, and explains from time to time in a simple manner the various processes used in different branches of art. It is an entirely novel experiment in the utilisation of art exhibitions, and one which will probably prove fruitful of good, if the example is followed as it ought to be.

T. X.

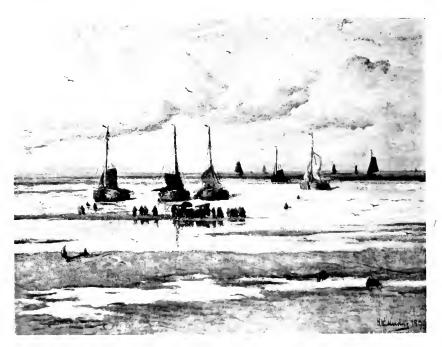
HE HAGUE.—One by one the pioneers and leaders of the Modern Dutch School of painting have passed away and now the year that is fast drawing to a close has witnessed the departure of another veteran. Hendrik Willem Mesdag, whose death took place at The Hague early in July, was if not exactly a pioneer, still one who exercised in various ways a very great influence on the progress of the school, and if his achievements as a painter are not perhaps to be ranked side by side with those of James Maris.



"GALE OLF SCHEVENINGEN, 1894"

Anton Mauve and Josef Israels, to whose genius, springing as it were from the very soil of their native land, the fame of the school is mainly due Mesdag's name will certainly be treasured as an honoured one in the annals of Dutch Art. What he did achieve as a painter, however, is indeed remarkable in view of the fact that he was well on in the thirties before he seriously devoted himself to the practice of drawing and painting, though it is true, he had in his earlier years, when occupied in mercantile pursuits, manifested a strong inclination in that direction. Some critics have detected in his paintings a trace of amateurishness, meaning by that, it is to be presumed, a certain lack of technical skill, but it is possible that such an opinion may have been influenced by knowledge of the artist's affluent circumstances, for unlike the great majority of artists of all kinds, Mesdag never had to rely on his art for a living. On the other hand, eminent writers like Muther and Léonce Bénédite have placed on record their high appreciation of his work as a painter and the former's designation of him as "one of the first marine painters of the world" is amply justified.

Mr. Mesdag was born at Groningen, in the north of Holland, on February 23, 1831, and was therefore in his eighty-fifth year at the time of his death. His father carried on business as a merchant and banker in the town, and Hendrik in due course took his place in the counting-house and became his father's partner in the business. He had, however, always shown an inclination for art and had in his early years received lessons in drawing and painting from C. Buys, a Groningen artist who had also been the instructor of Israels, another native of the town. Unlike Israels, however, who gave himself to art from the beginning, Mesdag continued his business career until 1866 when he was thirty-five years of age, in which year he migrated to Brussels. Ten years before that he had married Miss Van Houten, who herself in after years acquired a reputation as a painter. In Brussels he came in touch with Alma Tadema who, quickly discerning his talent, advised him to pursue his studies and recommended Roelofs to him as a teacher, but it was not until a year or two later, after a visit to Norderney that Mesdag became conscious of the true bent of his gifts. From that time onwards he

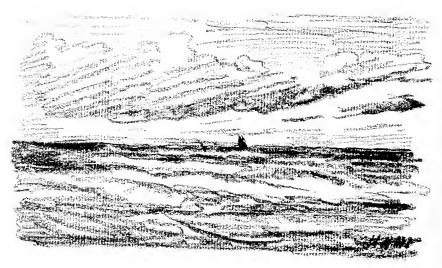


FEET A THE CLHING-EOAL



"PREPARING FOR THE HERRING FISHING" BY HENDRIK WILLEM MESDAG

Reviews and Notices



CHARCOAL SKETCH BY H. W. MESDAG

devoted himself wholeheartedly to marine painting, and in 1870, when he had gone to live at The Hague, which continued to be his home for the rest of his life, he was awarded a gold medal for a picture he showed at the Paris Salon of that year-a work which at once marked him out as a marine painter of more than average ability. He continued to send regularly to the Paris Salon, and his pictures of the North Sea in all its moods have won for him year by year an ever-increasing throng of admirers. His favourite haunt was the fishing village of Scheveningen, where within easy distance of his home at The Hague he had a studio, and it was here that all, or nearly all, his pictures were painted-pictures of fishing-boats arriving and departing, of rough seas and calm seas, of placid sunsets and furious gales the sea in fact under every imaginable aspect, but especially the sea bearing on its bosom the toilers who go forth to win sustenance for their fellow beings on land.

But it is not alone, as a master painter of marine pictures that Mesdag's name will go down to posterity. The Museum at The Hague which bears his name is known tar and wide as containing one of the choicest collections of works by painters of the modern Dutch and French schools as well as a large and interesting collection of prints, drawings, and objets d'art. The collection was formed by Me dag aided by his wife—who predeceased him

by some six years—and the gift of it to the State in itself reflects the generous spirit of the donor. That generous spirit was manifested also in his readiness to help young artists, many of whom have been indebted to him for timely encouragement. For some years he was president of the "Pulchri Studio" and in that capacity took an active part in the promotion of exhibitions.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Thomas Gainsborough. By William T. Whitley. (London: Smith, Elder and Co.) 15s. net.-In eighteenth-century chronicles the personality of Gainsborough is not outlined as definitely as that of Reynolds, who was, of course, much more a man of the world. Yet every year that passes sees Gainsborough's position as an artist further established, and his work acknowledged even before Reynolds's as the central achievement of the English School. In spite of the disastrous overcleaning on the once delicate surface painting in many of the portraits by which Gainsborough is represented in the national collections, critics have recognised in his work a more highly organised genius than that exhibited in the work of any other English painter. At the same time Gainsborough has retained the admiration of the public by the sympathetic interpretation nay, almost Shakespearean creation of types of womanhood. His

Perdita reflects the Englishwoman, her refinement, and a sadness in her that attention to fashion will at first conceal. In landscape he remained the artist's artist even while imbibing the sentiment of locality. Mr. Whitley is the author of a book that has been awaited. Such a supplement to the life of Gainsborough by Thicknesse has been wanted ever since Thicknesse's time. Entirely avoiding criticism, Mr. Whitley has aimed at writing a work of pure biography, and has made a remarkable addition to preceding works on the painter. His "Life" will be an indispensable source of reference. and the basis for further critical work, of which there is much yet to be done before the true character of Gainsborough's genius is revealed. The chapters given to the painter's life in Bath are most important, for the significance of this period in his career is receiving more attention from critics every day. Material to which no other biographer of the painter has had access has enabled Mr. Whitley to correct dates that have been given to several of Gainsborough's works. He gives us a well-sustained account of the ineffectual efforts of the painter's relatives to dispose of the contents of his studio at his death. In 1797 the Numph at the Bath, which is here identified with the Musidora in the National Gallery, was sold for three guineas. Among many other interesting facts brought to light we gather from Mr. Whitley's narrative that it was Gainsborough who initiated the "one-man" show.

Paul Cézanne. By Ambroise Vollard. (Paris: Galerie A. Vollard.)-This work, too, is for the most part purely biographical, and as to the latter portion it is based largely on personal recollections. What there is of a critical nature is almost entirely confined to an appendix made up of a series of extracts from press notices published during the painter's life or immediately after his death in 1906. It appears that on the maternal side the painter had a trace of Creole blood in his veins, and that he took more after his mother, who is described as "inquiète, ombrageuse. emportée," than after his father, a shrewd man of business, who was strongly opposed to his pursuit of art as a profession. "Enfant, enfant," exclaimed Cézanne père, "songe à l'avenir. On meurt avec du génie, et l'on mange avec de l'argent:" and then later on, after the son had been to Paris, he asked him, "Comment peux tu espérer faire mieux que ce qui la Nature a fait divinement bien?" Zola, who was a schoolfellow of Cézanne at Aix, whither the painter's family had migrated from Cesena in Italy, and who remained on terms of friend-

ship with him for many years afterwards, figures largely in this biographical record. Zola in early days warned his friend against painting for the market. "N'admire pas et n'imite pas un peintre de commerce!" Whether the advice was necessary or not at that time, Cézanne never showed the slightest tendency to go contrary to it in the course of his later career. Had he done so he might, perhaps, have met with more success when he applied for admission to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and later when he made repeated attempts to get his work accepted for the Salon. After the war of '70-'71 Zola wrote: "Un nouveau Paris est en train de naître . . . c'est notre règne qui arrive!" And the time did come when Cézanne was hailed as a master, when his admirers even went so far as to see in him a modern Rembrandt. That, however, was very far from being the verdict of the critics whose opinions are quoted in the Appendix, among whom Arsène Alexandre perhaps comes nearest the mark when he says, "Ce qui frappe tout esprit impartial en examinant un tableau de Cézanne, c'est, à côté d'une incontestable noblesse dans la plantation, dans le point de départ, une impuissance absolue d'arriver au bout de la route. . . . L'art ne peut, sinon se réjouir, du moins s'enrichir avec de simples intentions." M. Vollard's biography is accompanied by a very large number of reproductions of Cézanne's paintings and drawings, which enhance its value as a document in the history of modern art, though the absence of colour in all but two examples must be regarded as a drawback in this particular case.

A Book of Bridges. By Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., and Walter Shaw Sparrow. (London: John Lane.) 21s. net.-Judged either from an artistic or from a literary standpoint, this volume is one of the most notable publications which have appeared during the present year. No more happy combination of effort could be desired than that seen in the remarkably fine illustrations by Mr. Brangwyn and the interesting and sympathetic text of Mr. Sparrow; and it is evident that both artist and author have found in the subject genuine inspiration. Space does not permit us to deal as fully as we should wish with Mr. Sparrow's admirable treatise, which will be welcomed by every "pontist" (a word to which the author introduces us), and it must be admitted that our interest is centred more especially in the masterly illustrations. There is hardly one of the thirty-six plates in colour but deserves close study; while the numerous small drawings in black-and white which appear amongst the text assist the reader and reveal

the artist's individuality. The illustrations cover a wide field, for the work deals with famous and historic bridges existing not only in Europe but also in various parts of the Orient. Students of Mr. Brangwyn's work will understand how strongly such a subject would appeal to him. In these drawings his fine sense of magnitude and composition, his wonderful gift of colour, his keen appreeiation of the romantie element which is present in all the great works of man, are displayed: and it is satisfactory to find that these splendid qualities are well suggested in the colour reproductions, most of which are excellent. As an example of Mr. Brangwyn's broad and vigorous handling, the frontispiece, Pont St. Bénézet over the Rhône at Avignon, could hardly be surpassed.

The Songs and Sonnets of William Shakespeare. Illustrated by Charles Robinson, (London: Duckworth and Co.) 7s. 6d. net.—Exactly fifty years have passed since the late F. T. Palgrave edited his selection of Shakespeare's purely lyric poetry, adding a title of his own to each song and sonnet. In justification, Mr. Palgrave wrote of himself, "He has tried to make his titles explanatory to the lovers of poetry, either by way of hint or of more direct statement; he submits this intrusion upon Shakespeare to their good-nature." But, however good-natured we may be, and however grateful to the gifted editor of the Golden Treasury, "Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings" will never recall itself to us by such a title as "Réveillez," nor will "Sigh no more, ladies," as " Man and Woman"—Shakespeare's opening lines to each immortal song or sonnet compels its own remembrance, individualising the poem. Albeit, this favourite old edition it is that Messrs. Duckworth and Co. have just brought out as a sumptuous Christmas gift-book, with illustrations and paginal decorations by Mr. Charles Robinson. As might be expected from this artist, grace and a delicate decorative charm distinguish the end-papers, the title page, the frontispiece to the Songs, the initial letters and little tail-pieces, but one cannot help thinking that black ink would have done more justice to Mr. Robinson's line work than pale blue. As for the coloured illustrations, they make gener ally for prettiness of effect. "She burned with love, is charmingly Japanese in its manner of design but it can hardly be said that Shakespeare's poetry has greatly inspired the artist's imagination to pictorial interpretation. Mr. Robinson is happier with table and fairy tale or his own imaginings. But it is a pretty and a pleasing picturebook, and the type is good and comfortable to read.

The Dreamer of Dreams. By the Queen of ROUMANIA. Illustrated by EDMUND DULAC. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 6s. net.-That the Queen of Roumania possesses in unusual degree the gift of imagination her charming fairystory, "The Lily of Life," has already proved, and this gift is further manifested in "The Dreamer of Dreams." This is a fairy-story of a different type; in it are related the adventures of a youthful Court painter, "Eric of the Golden Locks," who, suddenly forsaking his luxurious surroundings and leaving unfinished a marvellous frieze painting representing the Triumph of Love, wanders forth over the wide world in quest of two eyes he had seen in a dream, and ultimately, having after all kinds of hardship discovered the ideal he was seeking only to be cheated by death, returns in the guise of a beggar and completes his frieze with a presentment of Triumphant Love crowned with a wreath of thorns. The narrative of this romantic pilgrimage is told with much force, rising at times to poetic fervour. Mr. Dulac has done six illustrations in colour, but we are not so much impressed by these as with other work of his which we remember with pleasure, although in certain of them his feeling for colour is admirably displayed.

Great Pictures by Great Painters. With descriptive notes by ARTHUR FISH. (London: Cassell and Co.) 125. net. - In the selection of pictures represented in this album of colour reproductions fifty in number-the chief public galleries of Great Britain have been drawn upon for the most part, but they also include some notable works from the collections of the Louvre and Luxembourg in Paris and the Rijks Museum in Amsterdam. Half of them are by painters of the British School-Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Constable, Creswick, Webster, Paton, Landseer, Millais, Sam Bough, Orchardson, Watts, Herkomer, and a small number of artists now living; the French school is represented by David, Fragonard, Millet, Harpignies, Lhermitte, Meissonier, Troyon, Van Marcke, Vernet; the Old Masters of Holland by Pieter de Hoogh, Nicolas Maes, Rembrandt, Teniers the Younger, Van Ostade, Van de Velde the Vounger; the Modern Dutch Masters by James Maris, Josef Israels, and Anton Mauve; and the remainder include works by Raphael, Veronese, and a contemporary Belgian painter, Ferdinand Willaert. The selection is a very interesting one, even if all the pictures cannot be described as masterpieces.

Rabbi ben Ezra, and other Poems. By Robert Browning. With illustrations by Bernard PARTRIDGE. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 5s. net: cloth 6s. net.—In addition to "Rabbi ben Ezra" this selection contains four other poems from Browning's "Dramatis Persone," namely "James Lee's Wife," "Abt Vogler," "Apparent Failure," and "Prospice," all printed in a large, clear type. They are accompanied by twelve illustrations in colour by Mr. Bernard Partridge, known to the world at large by his spirited contributions to "Punch." His fine draughtsmanship is also revealed in his water-colour drawings, but in some of those illustrating these poems his colour suffers somewhat from a lack of clarity.

The Village Church. By P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A. (London: Methuen.) 5s. net.— In addition to their architectural interest our village churches form collectively an inexhaustible source of information concerning the lives and doings of our forefathers, and what a fascinating field of study they offer is shown by this little book, written ostensibly for the ordinary reader who wishes to know more of the origin and meaning of the things that he sees. The church fabric and its various external and internal features are dealt with in successive chapters, and many curious facts, culled from a very large number of old churches, serve to enliven the pages of the book.

A Book of Myths. By Jean Lang. (London: T. C. and E. C. Jack.) 7s. 6d. net. Intended for the juvenile reader, this selection of myths includes, in addition to many which most school boys are familiar with, a few from Celtic and Scandinavian sources which do not often figure in selections of this kind. The stories are told in simple language not beyond the comprehension of boys and girls whose reading powers extend to the fairy-tales of Andersen and Grimm. To such the volume should prove acceptable as a gift book, and the more so as it contains a number of attractive illustrations in colour by Miss Helen Stratton.

Year Book of American Etching. With an Introduction by FORBES WATSON. (London: John Lane.) 10x. 6d. net.—This is an illustrated record of the annual exhibition of the Association of American Etchers, comprising one hundred reproductions of the prints shown, and though, of course, no exhibition of contemporary American etching could be considered really representative without examples of the work of such distinguished artists as Mr. Joseph Pennell and Mr. Herman A. Webster, the volume gives a fair idea of the activities of exponents of the art in the United States, affording sufficient evidence of freshness and individuality of pictorial vision and expression to warrant our looking

for the development of a really interesting school of American etchers. But this will result, not from their coming to Europe to etch "picturesque bits" which are already hackneyed by repetition on a score of plates, but from their interpreting pictorially, with the intuition of native affection and intimacy, the life and scenic aspects of their own country. As Mr. Forbes Watson says in his frank and suggestive introduction: "1 do not find the American subject healthy because it is American, but because it has been less 'seen,' and because, by the American, it can be realised with a depth of intimacy not possible, except in rare cases, to a stranger in a strange land." Happily there are already accomplished American etchers who are interpreting the American scene with intimate vision and convincing art.

More About How to Draw in Pen and Ink. By HARRY FURNISS. (London: Chapman and Hall.) 3s. 6d. net.—The young pen-and-ink draughtsman who seeks to earn his living by drawing will find here a good many hints that will be helpful to him in the pursuit of his calling. The author has in view more particularly the requirements of those who do commercial work, fashion drawing, book illustration, but his book, which is complementary to his earlier and more elementary "How to Draw in Pen and Ink," also includes the more difficult aspects of pen-drawing, such as caricature, cartooning, character-drawing, and there is a final word on "Drawing for the Cinematograph." The text is accompanied by numerous reproductions of the author's own work.

Colour plates published by Messrs. Hildesheimer and Co. this season include mounted reproductions of Lady Butler's well-known and popular picture Scotland for Ever (5s.), Mr. Dudley Hardy's Somewhere in France, and a portrait of General Joffre by Mr. J. R. L. French, son of the Field Marshal (2s. each).

The Medici Society are issuing several series of Christmas cards and three-sheet calendars, the pictorial features being reproductions in colour or monochrome of paintings by the Old Masters and two modern artists Mr. Anning Bell and Mr. Louis Pavis. The prices range from 2d. for the monochrome cards to 2s, for the calendars.

Messrs Longmans, Green and Co. announce for issue this month a small quarto volume of Mr. Norman Wilkinson's Dardanelles drawings noticed elsewhere in this number (p. 208).

THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE CHEERFUL SPIRIT.

"Can any one suggest a sufficiently appropriate motto for this particular Christmas season?" asked the Cynic. "Peace on earth and goodwill towards men' does not seem to fit, anyhow, just at present."

""Hope on, hope ever," would not be a bad one," suggested the Art Critic. "It seems to me that it would be very well timed and would express the feeling of us all."

"Hope! That is all very well!" cried the Young Painter. "But one cannot live on hopes. I want something more substantial."

"Now I should have thought that you had lived on nothing clse for some years past," laughed the Man with the Red Tie, "The star of hope, they say, never sets, and its beams must have been a great comfort to you."

"I take no interest in stars except when they appear on the frames of my pictures," replied the Young Painter: "and that sort of star seems to be completely eclipsed. I am afraid it will never appear again."

"Then put a star on yourself, my boy," said the Cynic. "Add yourself to the national collection, as your pictures have, apparently, no chance of ever getting there—you may yet be of some use to your country."

"I suppose it will have to come to that," agreed the Young Painter; "it is no good to stay at home and get more depressed every day."

"Ves, change your tint; that is what you wan," declared the Critic. "Try khaki as a contrast to the blues. That will pick you up."

"Go and live the simple life out of doors," prompted the Man with the Red Tie. "Change the stuffy atmosphere of your studio for the fresh air of a tent. Look at the bright stars of heaven instead of the glaring red stars in a picture gallery. Turn yourself into a man—there will be hope for you then."

"May 1 hint," broke in the Gloomy Futurist, "that we cannot all cure our depression by such strennous means? What am 1 to do? Age and infirmities bar me from the treatment you prescribe and the recruiting sergeant looks on me with contempt. Is there no place for me? Can you find me a job?"

"Oh, you are a hopeless case!" sneered the Cynic. "Art does not want you, and your country can make no use of you. I can only suggest the lethal chamber."

"No, No; you are too severe," expostulated the Critic. "Give our friend here a chance. Surely there must be something he can do."

"I have seen pictures of his that made me think he might be quite a success as a designer of carpets or floor cloth," agreed the Man with the Red Tie. "In that direction he may yet rise to the very top of his profession."

"Well, why not?" asked the Critic. "In the industrial arts there are opportunities for many men who find the way to fame by picture-painting too difficult. Why should they not take the more hopeful road?"

"And are all my aspirations to end in floor cloth?" sighed the Gloomy Futurist. "Is it my fate to be trodden on for the rest of my life? Is the world to wipe its feet on me?"

"That or the lethal chamber," laughed the Cynic. "Cheer up, it is better to be a live ass than a dead lion."

"And it is better to die fighting than to fade out in the obscurity of one's studio, neglected and forgotten," commented the Young Painter. "There is a good deal of sound and wholesome common sense in that."

"There speaks the cheerful spirit," approved the Critic. "That is the way to look at the position. We can all fight in one way or another, and we can all hope; and so long as we are fighting and hoping we are keeping our spirits up, and we are ready for anything that the future may bring."

"Ves, and if the future brings adversity we shall be in better trim to overcome it, while if success comes we shall be able to meet it half way—that is the way we ought to take things," said the Man with the Red Tie. "If we give up now we are finished and done with and have nothing to hope for."

"Still, it all amounts to this; that at present we have to live on hopes," argued the Cynic.

"Does that matter?" asked the Critic. "We must live on hopes if we are to make the best of our lives. Remember that man never is but always to be blessed—as Pope put it—and that the cheerful mind has always before it the expectation of the blessing to come. It is this expectation, indeed, that keeps us cheerful, and that enables us to put up a strenuous fight against the troubles of the present. If your Christmas cannot be merry, make it a hopeful one instead; you will find it comes in the long run to much the same thing."

Mr. Clausen's Work in Water-Colour

R. CLAUSEN'S WORK IN WATER-COLOUR.

It is now more than twenty years since an article on Mr. Clausen's work, from the pen of Mr. Dewey Bates, appeared in these pages (see THE STUDIO for April 1895), but from that time onwards scarcely a year has passed by without one or more reproductions of his paintings, generally in connection with a review of the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, figuring among the illustrations in The Studio; so that there is no need, at the present moment, to touch upon a side of his art with which readers of this magazine are happily familiar. It is, therefore, not the purpose of this short article to pass in review work so widely known and so generally admired as the painting of this distinguished member of the Royal Academy, but to deal with another manifestation of his art.

Mr. Clausen's position in the art world in this country is a somewhat peculiar one, if not indeed

unique, for while he has for many years exercised a valuable and inspiring influence upon students, he has never ceased for a moment to be the keenest and most modest of students himself; he has never relaxed his vigorous and indefatigable searching after truth, has never evinced any tendency to stand still in his art or to lose sympathy with modernity in his work. It is, one must suppose, this profound and unaffected sincerity that enables him, with all his Academic honours, to range himself by the side of artists whose boast it is, perhaps, to stand aloof from Academies, and to take his place among men much younger, and yet to reveal himself as possessed of as fresh an outlook, as elastic a mind, and as youthful and unconventional a vision as some of the most enthusiastically modern among our painters. The water-colours and drawings which he contributes to the various exhibitions of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours-it must be more than five and twenty years since he made his first appearance at them-or to the interesting exhibitions of



"THE SEINE FROM CHÂTEAU GAILLARD "

(In the Possession of C. T. Harri , Est.)

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BY GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A.

Mr. Clausen's Work in Water-Colour

The Society of Twelve, always sound a distinct note in any assemblage of pictures; to vary the metaphor, they seem to open a window through which streams in a revivifying breeze, clear sunlight, and the fresh smell of the earth.

Even in a black-and-white reproduction-and it must be borne in mind that these water-colours depend for effect almost entirely upon their colour -one catches something of that sense of atmosphere and light which the artist captures so simply and directly, yet withal so dexterously and with such a lofty sense of style. Thus the river subjects, Limehouse Reach and Tower Bridge, a wonderful impression of yellow mist and fog over the water, with bridge and buildings looming out in pale purplish tones against the golden haze, which are but two from among a host of studies of different aspects of the Thames, make us think of those words of Whistler's in which he speaks of the magical spell cast over the scene by the atmospheric effect "when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens. . ." Or, consider such

works as The Scine from Château Gaillard, or Landore, in which, with a rather different method, using colour over chalk or charcoal drawing, Mr. Clausen achieves such a sombre and austerely dignified rendering of the effect of Nature. But it is in our frontispiece, Mount's Bay—Evening, that the charm of his work will be most fully appreciated. The beautiful colour, the warm sunlight, and the haze at close of day which here find expression, make it a drawing having an ever increasing appeal the more it is studied: and certainly it is one great test of the worth of a work of art, that it should charm us more as we learn to know it better.

One of our greatest artists made complaint once in the writer's hearing that painters nowadays do not draw sufficiently, unlike the old masters who were always pencil in hand noting effects and constantly adding to the store of raw material in their numerous sketch books: they show a tendency to "rush into paint," to cover yards of canvas without regard for the due and careful provision of complete data and material which can only result from adequate study and which the artistic taste of the painter enables him then to co-ordinate and arrange. In the present case, while we admire and

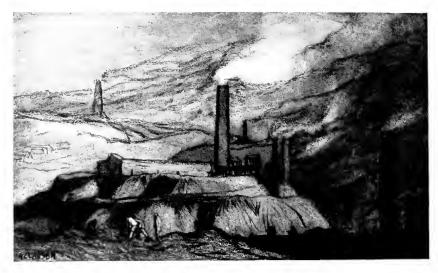


TY GEORGE CLAPSEN, R. V.



"THE TOWER BRIDGE" BY GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A.

Mr. Clausen's Work in Water-Colour



"LANDORE"

BY GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A.

enjoy for their own sake these rapid notes in watercolour, these subtle sketches capturing so impressively the transitory effects of wind or rain, of sunlight or shade, of morning mist or twilight haze. they have also another interest in that they help us to appreciate that sincere study and deep probing after truth which enables the artist to preserve in his elaborate oil paintings so much of the immediate aspect of the moment in Nature, and so great a sense of sun and atmosphere. It has been the writer's privilege to be permitted to look through a very great number of drawings, chalk studies and water-colours in Mr. Clausen's studio, To see all the scholarly preparation that is gone through, all the different studies of a figure or of some special pose, a detail of a tree, or the construction of those fine old barns of which Mr. Clausen has made a special study but which, unhappily, are now fast disappearing from our countryside; and then the numberless impressions in water colour of rickyards in sunlight, of trees and fields bathed in the misty atmosphere that follows rain-what a world of interest there is in them, and how intimate is the revelation they afford of the artist's genius at work! One cannot help recalling what the artist himself said in one of his Royal Academy lectures: "We know the finished paint mes of the great artists fairly well, but their drawing help us to understand them by showing the first steps, and, one may say, the scaffolding by means of which their work was built up." And how fascinating, too, might it not be to trace in an article, step by step, the gradual construction of a picture, to see reproduced the varied stages, not of the actual canvas, but of the artist's own development of his idea as exemplified in the preliminary drawings and studies in which he gathers together all the facts regarding his subject-more facts, indeed, than his finished work shall embody-so that in his final selection of essentials there shall be nothing lacking from the full, ordered and satisfying suggestion, alike in colour and form, of the subject as it appears to him. But this would lead us away from the matter in hand. These few water-colours of Mr. Clausen afford us a glimpse into that indefatigable studentship which is the life work of the truly sincere artist enamoured of his work. The mysteries of Nature, the glory of the sunlight, the wonderful opalescence of the humid atmosphere in these islands of ours -all this is a book in which he never tires of reading; it is a country which always holds fresh secrets and contains new revelations and discoveries for the carnest explorer. And to the painter who is thus preoccupied with adding to the sum total of his knowledge, there can come no staleness or tiredness in his art, and in his work he will retain, as Mr. Clausen seems to do, ever the character of perpetual youth.

ARTHUR REDDIE.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, MELBOURNE, AND THE FELTON BEQUEST. BY T. MARTIN WOOD.

The fact that the National Gallery, Melbourne, enjoys through the munificence, and the imaginative foresight, of the late Alfred Felton of Melbourne the large income derived from his bequest of $\pounds 240,000$ for the purchase of pictures has made it the most envied of public galleries. The income available each year from this bequest, which was left to the Gallery in 1904, is £8000. And since this need not in any year be drawn upon to the full a reserve fund is always in process of accumulation. Moreover, when certain annuities or charges lapse, the Bequest will, it is said, possess an income of £13,000 to spend entirely on works of art.

The expenditure of such a large sum of money to the best advantage has naturally been a subject for the most careful consideration to the citizens of Melbourne and to Australians generally, and every important purchase has been followed in England with an interest which reflects on the

significance of the róle a great public gallery is called upon to play in relation to the democratic aspirations of the age.

To the end of improving the system by which works are acquired changes have been made from time to time in the arrangements by which the Gallery is represented in London. A Gallery in the Antipodes is necessarily placed in peculiar dependence on its London representatives, who should be in a position to take advantage of those opportunities of the sale room which so seldom repeat themselves.

The administration of the Felton Bequest is in the hands of the Felton Bequest Committee, a local body to whom the London representatives make their recommendations. The Trustees of the National Gallery of Victoria have, however, the right of refusing the recommendations of this Committee. In 1909 a permanent London representative of both the Committee and the Trustees was appointed in Mr. Frank Gibson, with (at the suggestion of the Trustees) Sir Claude Phillips, Mr. Charles Ricketts, and M. Léonce Bénédite, Director of the Musée du Luxembourg, Paris, as



"LARM YARD"

advisers. It was under these auspices that purchases were made of works by Puvis de Chavannes, Corot. Fantin-Latour, Monticelli, Hoppner, Raeburn, Constable, Morland, Richard Wilson, James Charles, and Conder, among other masters. In 1013 the Trustees appointed as their own representative and art adviser in London Sir Sidney Colvin, Mr. Gibson continuing as the representative of the Bequest Committee. Works by Monet, Sisley, Boudin, Sir John Millais, and John Lavery were among those added to the Gallery.

To any one who is even superficially familiar with nineteenth-century art this list sums up a set of pictures which hardly leaves a chapter of the rich history of that period unreferred to. The nineteenth century will ever be memorable for the birth in it of the Impressionist movement. It is improbable that in the future any pictures of the time will be more highly valued than those that express that movement. For the movement was not an experiment, but a reflection of the profound mental sensibility of the age, art reflecting all the experiences of refined senses which the strides in physiological science of the century had taught

men to reverence. It is with regret that we do not find in the collection the names of the two great masters of this movement, Manet and Degas, represented. And this is felt the more acutely from information that we have that the great Fover des Danses by Degas, from the Prince de Wagram's collection, was among pictures lost to the Gallery through indecisive working arrangements between the Bequest Committee and the Gallery Trustees. This picture, which was offered to the Gallery at £,600, passed into an American collection at the small price, for so important a Degas, of £2500. This is, unfortunately, not the only instance where the interests of the Gallery appear to have suffered from a want of a better working agreement between the Bequest Committee and the Gallery Trustees and their representatives in London. There is the notable case of the Gainsborough Viscount Hampden. It is generally agreed that there is not another male portrait by Gainsborough in existence in which the delicate process of over-painting that characterised his style remains so unimpaired. The difficulties referred to have been a sore trial to the Gallery's London





ADMIRAL ROBERT DEANS " BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A.



"THE RAINBOW"

representatives. We sincerely hope that the rumour of Sir Sidney Colvin's resignation (on account of the difficulties of the situation) is not true, Sir Claude Phillips and Mr. Charles Ricketts having earlier withdrawn from positions which seem to have been rendered impossible.

It is pleasant to recall how well the Melbourne Trustees have represented certain significant, if not

popular, modern masters. The art of James Charles, of which they have such a fine example in Milking Time, expressed at its highest the last phase of English nineteenth-century landscape art. Three artists - James Charles, Mark Fisher, and Wilson Steer carried naturalism to a refinement for which there is no precedent, and which, owing to change of ideals, may never be reached again. Their work represents as characteristic and important a chapter in thi country's art as the carber school, of a purely Luclish idealism, which stretches from Walker's first works to the last canvas by Cool Lawson, Sisley, BY JEAN CHARLES CAZIN

also represented in the gallery, was an Englishman brought up abroad, who returned to England with a French mind and a scientific method which he applied to scenes depicted in the art of this country in an altogether different, more sentimental mood. Like the Dutch landscape painters, the English seldom forget the human associations of the scenes they depict. A great deal of the charm of Morland's art-and Morland is very well represented at Melbourne—is that it is hardly possible to separate his landscapes, as a class, from his figure subjects, so sustained is the feeling in all

his art of the intimate relationship of man and nature.

But with Morland we find ourselves in the eighteenth century, and it will be interesting to turn to portraiture of that period among the Felton purchases. There is a deeply characteristic Raeburn, Admiral Robert Deans. The uniform is not an admiral's, but later the sitter became



TIV SCREE

BY HENRI LANDIN LATOUR





"TES MEULES DE PAILLE, EFFET DU MATIN"

BY ALFRED SISLEY

Admiral of the White. Dying in 1815, he must have played a part in the stirring events of the end of the eighteenth century, though his name has not come down to us among the Empire-makers of the time.

A painting which the present writer knows only from reproduction is that of Miss Theophila Palmer by Reynolds. There are several versions of this lady, and she has been identified as the model of several of Reynolds' subject pictures. She was the painter's niece, his favourite and companion. But such was the proverbial coldness of his nature, or such was the extreme of his distaste for letterwriting, that when "Offy," as she was called, married, no letter of congratulation was forth coming from her uncle, until the great Burke, a staunch admirer, stood over the painter and dictated one to send her with his own. The picture of Miss Palmer was purchased from the collection of the late Lord Currie by Sir William Bennett, who had long desired to possess it.

When we come to decorative and figure subjects among the modern works acquired under the Felton Be juest, perhaps the two most notable are The Wheel of Fortune by Burne-Jones, and L'Hiver by Puvis de Chavannes. The Wheel of Fortune was the first picture of that title painted by Burne-Jones. He painted later an enlarged replica which is in the collection of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour. Puvis de Chavannes exhibited L'Hiver in the Salon in the nineties. This picture led to the French government commissioning the fresco which is a replica of it for the decoration of the Hôtel de Ville. On the advice of the Director of the Melbourne Gallery a characteristic flower-piece by Fantin-Latour was purchased from the Anglo-Australian Exhibition at Melbourne in 1892. To this was added in 1909 La Source, one of those delicate idyls with the theme of the nude which expressed another side of Fantin's talent. At the same time Cazin's Rainbow was added to the collection. Cazin sent his first picture to the Salon from England, where he resided for many years at the beginning of his career. It was not until 1883 that he abandoned the painting of historical and scriptural subjects to devote himself to landscape in a style that was profoundly personal. The Annunciation to the Shepherds by Bastien



"THE OLD MILL" BY JAMES MARIS

Lepage was a picture acquired about the same time. Lepage had the power which Cazin lacked, a power which Lepage seems to have possessed in common only with Rembrandt, of dealing with the ideal in terms of convincing reality. In Rembrandt's and in Lepage's art it is as if they were unable to distinguish where the things of this world

and of the next were separated.

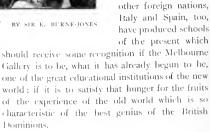
As we are nearing the limits of the space at our disposal for this article we must leave other pictures which have been recently purchased without expressing thoughts they naturally suggest. We have not in this article gone outside the subject of purchases made since 1909, since when, benefiting by the initiative and taste of Mr. Gibson, the Gallery has kept in constant touch with European estimates of pictures. But in 1905 Mr. George Clausen was buying in several instances very wisely for the Gallery with funds of the Bequest. It was found, however, after a test in the Courts that the Bequest Committee had no power to give an art adviser freedom to buy on his own discretion. Previous to Mr. Clausen's appointment the Director of the Gallery visited Europe, and acquisitions on his advice

were made from the Felton Funds. Among them were water-colours by Madox Brown, *The Entombment* and *Haidee and Juan*, bronzes by Barye, a bronze cast of the head, *J. P. Laurens*, by Auguste Rodin, a Turner water colour and some drawings by Charles Keene, all of them additions to the collection of great value.

It is, of course, impossible for a writer, like the present one, who is interested in the building up of a great collection from the point of view of one who follows it in London, to refer to the encouragement that has been given to Australian art, but some idea of what has been done in this direction has already been given in articles contributed by

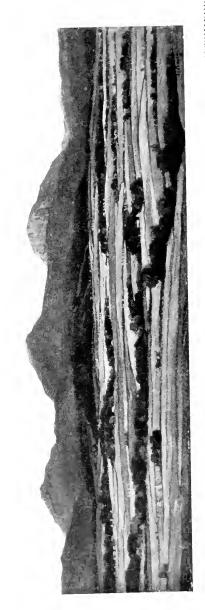
Mr. Moore.

In conclusion, he would urge that there are certain living artists -William Orpen and Augustus John, to mention two alonewhose works will most likely increase greatly in value, and examples of which should be obtained while it is still possible to select from specimens that are more than the leavings of astute collectors, a position of humiliation to which our own National Gallery was reduced for its tardiness in the case of Whistler. Nor should the art of France of this moment, or rather the moment before the war, be overlooked. In the last decade there has been work done there which every day must rise in the world's esteem, somewhat overshadowed as it has been by the genius of the preceding And among time. other foreign nations, Italy and Spain, too, have produced schools of the present which

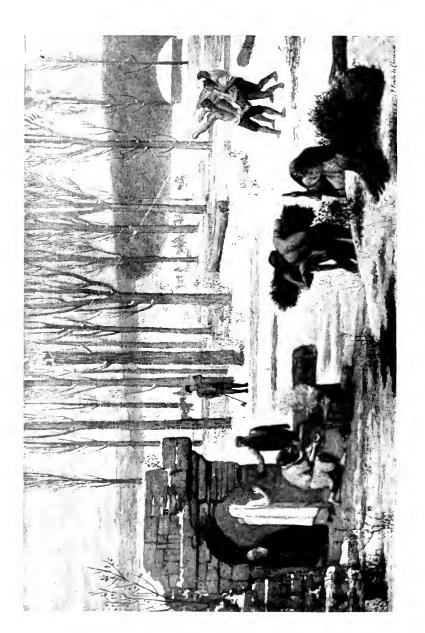




"THE WHEEL OF LORTUNE" BY SIR E. BURNE-JONES



• BEN VOIRLICH, SEPTEMBER" BY D. Y. CAMERON, A.R.A.





"THE RAIDERS" BY ARTHUS LEMON

There is a danger that when the war is over financial conditions will force many fine works of art upon the market in England. It will be a great disappointment to us, should the circumstances be such that we cannot keep them from leaving our shores, if Dominion Galleries, with wealth, do not contest in the market for them. Public Galleries are destined to assume an importance in the public life which they have never reached before, but there must be an increase in the sense of responsibility towards our descendants if such institutions are to exert the influence which lies within their power for the improvement of the whole tone of the life of the people, who accept what the galleries provide as "art" with touching faith.

T. M. W.



" MILKING TIME"



A Sketching Tour in the Kashmir Valley

A SKETCHING TOUR IN THE KASHMIR VALLEY. BY PATTY ABERIGH-MACKAY.

"Ir there is a heaven on earth it is this, it is this," wrote one of the Mogul Emperors (I think Shah-Jehan) of Kashmir, that little valley in the heart of the Himalayas; a paradise indeed, though its inhabitants are so far from angelic. The journey to it, in spite of its interest, is a tiring one. At Rawal Pindi you leave the plains of India, and a two-hundred mile stretch of bad road, winding, as it should, "uphill all the way," or at least most of it, takes you into Srinagar the Capital. The road is bad at its best, and horrible at its worst, and after three days jolting in a tonga and two nights spent in dåk bungalows, one is glad to leave the road at Baramula and get into houseboats.

Baramula stands at the entrance of the defile through which the Jhelum flows out of the valley. When I arrived there for the first time early one spring, it was drizzling with rain and miserably cold; the mountains were blotted out and the town hung grey and ghostly over the river. A little houseboat like a Noah's Ark, with a tiny flat roof over the entrance, was waiting for me, and a

mat-covered boat called a doongah for my servants. I was thankful to shut out the rain and feel 1 had not got to drive sixty odd miles the next day.

Early in the morning 1 looked out: it was fine. On the bank, a few feet above, a row of coolies swathed from head to foot in beautiful classical draperies, dull brown, grey and dirty white, squatted low-toned against the snows of the great Pir Panjal range, which were flushed with the first rays of the sun. I had never seen such colour or tone, and it gave me a thrill I shall never forget.

I generally go slowly up the river to Srinagar, as, though every spot in the valley is paintable, Srinagar itself is the most full of subjects and easy of access. The journey up is absolutely delightful—it is so nice to move in your home without any of the worries of packing. You sit on the roof of the boat, or walk along on the bank, while the manjihs (boatmen) with their wives and babies tow the boat. If you are not in a hurry you stop for meals. The table is laid under some shady chenar, and as you eat you watch the boats go up and down—big straw-thatched kutchoos or grain boats, big and little doongahs and shikaras, the gondolas of Kashmir.

The first night the men generally tie up in Sopor,



"HARL PARBAT, FROM THE DAL, SKINAGAR"

WATER-COLOUR SKETCH BY P. ABERIGH MACKAY

A Sketching Tour in the Kashmir Valley

where a wooden cantilever bridge, with a huddling mass of houses on each side, guards the entrance to the Wular Lake. This is one of the manjihs' favourite tie-ups. My ideas on the subject do not often coincide with theirs—they love bazaars: I hate them, except as places to sketch in when I have a large lump of camphor handy!

The manjihs always take their boats across the lake at the shriek of dawn, as they are terrified at

the storms which sometimes suddenly arise. You generally awake to find yourself gliding through a silent grey waste where no line divides the mountains from the water, and all is mystery. Here and there a village clusters on a splotch of mud, or a group of kutchoos are tied up. Then with a bump the shikara is brought up alongside, and the hot water in an old paraffin tin deposited in your bathroom. Later on the cook-boat brings your breakfast.

The manjih women peep round the mats, or a shapely brown arm, laden with silver bracelets, slipping out, dips a bowl into the water. Most of the women are beautiful -all have magnificent eyes and oval faces, often with very finely cut features. Men, women. and children wear the same dress-a long, loose garment called a pheran, with a big tuck about six inches from the bottom. The sleeves, very widely inset. often flap empty, as the

arms are held inside against the body, giving the figure a weird, maimed appearance.

You rarely see an uncovered head except a tiny baby's—it is not considered decent. The men wear huge puggares, the women hang a long drapery over a red padded cap, and the children wear tight skull caps, with the result that many of the boys suffer from a very disgusting disease of the scalp. It is said to be a sign of immorality for a Mahomedan woman to app ar in a clean dress,

and judging from the crowd they must be an intensely moral race.

Once more you are on the river, and the men drop their poles and take the rope. In spring the ground is blue with a tiny species of iris; it stretches like a sea towards the mountains, with yellow islands of mustard intensifying the colour. When the almond is over, peach, pear and apricot blossom in the orchards and in odd corners of the

mud villages. On the little graveyards the big mauve and purple iris are in bud,

The valley stretches before you encircled by snow mountains and the eye is positively dazzled with colour—not the vivid blots of colour one gets in the plains of India, but an opalesque iridescence.

And so we dawdle up the river, till in the distance two hills separate themselves from the mist—Hari Parbat, the famous fort and prison of Srinagar, and the Takhti-Sulieman crowned with a temple said to be at least two thousand years old. At last the boat passes under the Seventh Bridge into the city.

I think Srinagar city puts Venice in the shade though of course it is heresy to say so. As far as smells go, there is nothing to choose between them! In Venice you have more space, and the contrasts are greater it is more majestic. In Srinagar the tumbledown, grey-brown houses

down, grey-brown houses have always a background of snows—the effects are simpler, the tones lower—there is plenty of colour, but the impression it gives one is that the colour is all in the mountains and sky, the town in brown monotone. You rarely if ever have the touch of black—such a feature of Venice.

On the grass-grown roofs of the houses, flowers bloom half the year and fruits are dried the other half. Thilps, iris, crown imperials follow in turn. Lilacs, betunias, roses and honeysuckle hang over



"Native Woman and Child" Pen Sketch by P. Aberigh Mackay







4.			

A Sketching Tour in the Kashmir Falley



" The Mar Canal, Srinagar"

Pen Sketch by P. Aberigh-Mackay

the walls. Little touches of colour spot the banks—a group of punditanis (Hindu women) coming down the stone steps of some ghat to fill or clean their shining brass pots; or children playing by the water-side.

The tin-covered domes of the Hindu temples shine in the sun. Everywhere kutchoos and doongahs are tied up. Shikaras pass up and down-sometimes with a crowd of burgaed l'adies-or you may see H.H. the Maharajah's guru or spiritual adviser, airily clad in saffron-coloured silk, wending his way to the Palace. A beautiful painted face appears at a latticed window, and you think of the "Arabian Nights" or Tezebel!

Then there are those disturbers of the peace, the box wallahs. They scent the visitor like a vulture his prey, and come swiftly round the loat in their shikaras with their wares embroideries, wood-carving, papier máché. They hang out of the windows, too, and tempt you up into their shops.

The visitor is responsible for much in the degradation of Kashmirart. Instead of the beautiful all-over designs so restrained in form and colour, many atrocities are perpetrated, based on the chenar and iris, to suit the Sahib and his pocket. But there is still much that is worth seeing and the shops themselves are very picturesque.

I have a Persian friend, a box wallah, nicknamed "Suffering Moses" (his real name is Sufdur Mogul), who, among much rubbish, still makes beautiful papier mâché, using Persian and Kashmiri designs. He is old and bent, and when he remembers it



* Hindu Temple in Svinagar City

Pen Syetch by P. Aberigh-Ma kay

A Sketching Tour in the Kashmir Valley



" Tomer"

Pen Sketch by P. Aberigh-Mackay

he dyes his heard with henna. But he can block out a design on a bowl or box in blue paint with a freedom and certainty of touch that I really envy.

A tortuous tumble-down wooden staircase leads up to his room overhanging the river. I sit on his matted floor and drink green tea brewed in his samovar, and eat kulchas—little breads—trying to forget the bazaar they came from.

I once tried to paint him as he sat in the window, the light sharply defining the old turbaned head and draped shoulders, a bowl of roses at his side; but it was not a success. He would not sit, but was much interested in my paints. When I guessed his intentions, I hid the rose madder, but he succeeded in annexing a large tube of crimson lake, and when he found I clung relentlessly to my brushes, he got hopelessly bored, and told me he was much troubled by "little fleas," not the "big fleas that jump," but little ones!! Then I went home.

Between the first and second bridges stands the Maharajah's Palace, which cannot be called

"a thing of beauty," and above the first bridge is the European quarter, with its bungalows, church, club and residency, and its crush of houseboats. I never stay there till I am obliged to—in the winter—but turn off down a little canal, and then through a water-gate into the Dal Lake, and,



H: hin.,

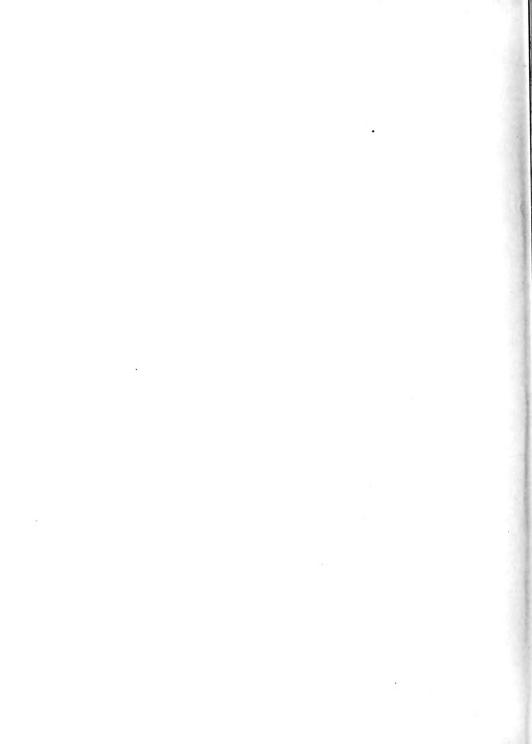
Pen Sketch by P. Aberigh Mackay







TA NULLAH ON THE DAL LAKE, KASHMIR AND TON THE DAL LAKE, KASHMIR FROM MATH COLOUR SELECTIONS OF A BERIGH MACKAY



A Sketching Tour in the Kashmir Valley

if I have the luck to find it unoccupied, tie up in a spot called Gagribal.

Here the Takht tumbles down in great grey boulders to the water-side. A path has been made round its foot and a little rocky promontory juts out into the lake; just big enough to take a tent or two under the mulberry trees.

As you sit there you can get at least a dozen sketches without turning your head. Beside the cook-boat the manjih women pound their rice in heavy wooden mortars with clumsy poles, two working together, while their babies flop about round the boat or chase the chickens. They are nice brown things, the babies, but shockingly spoilt by their parents.

Boats of all sorts pass by, some piled up with weeds from the bottom of the lake, paddled by a woman who squats in front with a baby between her knees. A little further from land naked brown

figures poise in the prows of their tiny boats, spearing fish. There is so much to see and do. On the shores of the lake are the Water Palaces and Gardens built and planted by the Moguls; still full of flowers, from the time they are smothered in pear and lilac till the zinnias flame with the chenars in autumn.

On Sundays the fountains play, and all Kashmir turns out to see. Boatloads row across the lake. They sit about with their samovars making tea beside the waters, or wander hand in hand among the flowers; they look so simple and innocent and are in reality such rogues! On moonlight nights, as I lay in bed, I used to hear them going home, the monotonous wail of their music getting fainter and fainter till it died away in the distance.

In the summer snowwhite paradise fly-catchers are to be seen, with their long sweeping tail feathers. These birds are nut-brown till they are two years old, when they get their white plumage. Hoopoes strut about everywhere, raising their crests: little kingfishers spend a great part of their day on the boats, flopping down every now and then like blue bolts into the water—the black and white one is common too, but he is not nearly so companionable. The tamest bird of all is the little crested bulbul. After a few days he will actually steal from your plate or fly up and catch crumbs which you throw in the air for him.

Round the corner, in the little village of Gupkar, Persian yellow roses bloom—the servants bring them in armfuls; and before they are over the poppies are blazing in the fields.

I spend whole days in my shikara wandering among the waterways of the lake. Some are overhung with willows planted to hold the bank together and also to feed the cattle in winter; others pass through villages. One of the most



"THE ECHO"

(See next article)

BV W. S. MACGEORGE, R.S.A.

interesting of these is Kraliyar, where the steps of a great Hindu temple come down to the water's edge. I had been painting there one evening and was just preparing to go home-as it was darkwhen I saw a shikara gliding swiftly past. In the bows crouched a figure burning incense; inside the boat lav a corpse covered by a sheet raised slightly at the four corners by little posts: at the head and feet sat figures holding lights. It had passed in a moment-like a vision-almost before I had realised that it was a body being taken to the Hindu burning ghat round the corner. after followed a boat-load of mourning women. I was haunted by the thought of that body burning as the manjihs slowly paddled me home in the darkness.

There are many other places to be seen up the river, but once you are settled on the lake it is not easy to leave, till the heat and mosquitoes drive you up to the mountains. Even then you go reluctantly, knowing the lotus lily is in bud and you will miss the blossom.

At a General Assembly of the Royal Academy held on December 5, Mr. Charles Sims was elected a Royal Academician. He was born in 1873, and became an Associate of the Academy in 1908.

THE PAINTINGS OF W. S. MACGEORGE, R.S.A. BY E. A. TAYLOR.

When one considers the vital interest taken by the Scottish people in their national songs and Border ballads, it is little wonder that many of their famous artists can be counted amongst those who early realised the æsthetic glamour and pictorial value of their charm and chivalry. Still more fortunate would be the one whose childhood and youth have been spent amidst the country places where fireside tales and deserted dungeons told of the golden and harrowing past, amidst woods, too, where romance still rides jauntily among the trees.

That Mr. W. S. MacGeorge, R.S.A., should revel in them is not at all surprising when one knows the traditions and surroundings of his grey Galloway homeland. For he was born in Castle Douglas, and, though the place itself is now a thriving market-town, the country round about is steeped in raider romance and legend, and to a boy with an artistic leaning, yields abundant material to excite his imagination. As I write I recall the artist's remarkable picture, A Border Ballad, which was shown in the Glasgow International Exhibition in 1901, and which depicted a dark-



1000 FES.

W. S. MacGeorge, R.S.A.



"THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY

BY W. S. MACGEORGE, R.S A.

haired lady of the glens secking her lover in the spatey salmon waters of the Dee. His principal canvases, however, invariably find their first public appreciation in the Royal Scottish Academy, and it was in the schools of that institution that most of his happiest student days were spent, the only exception being some two years at Antwerp under Verlat in the company of some other young Scotsmen who have since become eminent as painters.

In dealing directly with the pictures represented in the accompanying illustrations, we have in *The Douglas Tragedy* a notable example of the artist's Border ballad period, with its typical Galloway bracken and tree-clad hillside. His work now, however, shows little trace, as regards its subject-matter, of the days of raids and forays. Few places, perhaps, in Scotland are richer in their wonderful woodlands, and from the artist's quaintly designed studio and present dwelling-place in Kirkeudbright he has not far to travel to lose himself in their alluring mystery, to which their poetic names bear silent witness. He is a keen rod fisher and a lover of all wild life,

and it is to the spring and autumn haunts of the denizens of wood and water that one must look to find that which the artist has made personal as well as technically inspiring. Perhaps, too, it is due to his meeting gaily coloured, happy children of the glens on his angling excursions, that his mind has turned from rendering ballad imaginings to the more living intimacies of to-day, his Sec-Saw, Nutting, and The River Bank, being most characteristic examples of that happy phase of life with which one now closely associates him. And should anyone quibble over the truthful brilliance of their colour, it can be safely said that he belongs to those who have never witnessed a spring in the Galloway woods or an autumn near its Solway-girt shores. Both of these seasons present to the painter of light a myriad problems, among them many which are far from easy to solve. MacGeorge, however, does not lay himself out to catch any singular aspect, but tak's only that which attracts his visionary mind, and weaves it regardless of science and fashion to a personal and significant completion.

II. S. MacGeorge, R.S.A.

To facilitate a closer touch with some outlying sketching ground, the construction of a caravan was undertaken some few years ago, and not a little energy, mingled with plenty of amusement, went towards its creation. If to the superstitious the use made of the wheels of an old funeral hearse may have been a not altogether auspicious omen, great was the joy shown by the children as the caravan approached their village, their wild gesticulatings evidently betokening the expectation of a treat in the shape of a circus or travelling menagerie, but equally great was their disappointment when it became known that the wild beasts imprisoned in the gaunt structure were merely one or two very humble and very human artists. But to hear MacGeorge relate, in his own inimitable way, his varied experiences, by no means always flattering to himself, is enough to prove that he is something more than an artist in paint; nor is he a man

wrapped up in the pride of his life's attainments; I doubt if one would ever know of them unless they became known through some medium other than himself. To see him feeding and inveigling some stray kittens born perhaps in the woods, or tending homely comforts for wild, winged things that haunt the little garden of his studio, gives one a closer insight into the man and the artist than any long arguings on paint and painters. His life is simple and his art is not complex. Futurism, as an art and as a word proclaimed for anything a little out of the common, has neither depressed nor influenced his outlook. Yet those who delight in sombre brown and grev sadnesses, or aniemic, atmospheric, formless effusions, will not care for the sunny brightness of his landscapes and incidental

Not that MacGeorge has only of late years been attracted to light and the pictorial rendering of it, or been influenced by the French impressionists' theory and practice: for long ago when the silver greys of Whistler and the Glasgow School notified the art world of their existence, the Galloway painter was, as he is now, enwrapped in the study of brilliance of colour, the work of Monticelli perhaps being a source of influence in his own work as it was in that of his two neighbours and friends, the late William Mouncey and T. B. Blacklock.

However, anything he may have gleaned from other sources was only what could be adapted and assimilated by and into his own personality, and not like so many recognised influences that produce nothing but weak, soulless reiterations. MacGeorge, like many of his Keltic contemporaries, is well satisfied with the natural glories of his own land, and his sojourn in Italy two or three years ago was perhaps regarded by



" VILLEAM MOUNCEY PAINTING"

BY W. S. MACGEORGE, R.S.A



"THE RIVER BANK"

BY W. S. MACGEORGE, R.S.A.

him more as a holiday than a purely painting expedition. I have never discerned in him any hankering desire to paint other than his own land. With eminent painters this devotion to the native soil is perhaps the secret wherein lies the greatness of their individual success; certainly it is particularly noticeable in Paris, where the French artist is wholly content with the inspirations of his own country.

It is, indeed, undeniable that the spirit of a country is rarely so well interpreted by a foreign artist as by one whose life has been nourished in its midst. Here at once will arise the thought that Art is Art, whether created in Mesopotamia by a Scotsman or in Scotland by a Zulu. At the same time one must recognise that all pictures which depend for their interest on what one might term "documental" inspiration seldom attain any distinction save as a kind of record of facts, or display of imitative skill—and in the hands of a foreigner the facts are more likely than not to suffer distortion.

But herein lies the road to a more lengthy

discussion which would be out of place in an article like this, and it must suffice for me to mention that the many sketches brought back by MacGeorge from Italy belong to that realm wherein his instinct has used the real for a creative inspiration and memorised only such parts of it in his mind, or on canvas, as would produce his own outlook; be it symbolised in a Venetian by-way or lagoon.

In his odd excursions into portrait-painting a more staid and learned attitude seems dominant—a searching, as it were, to overcome stated demands and wed them to artistic possibilities, a struggle like that which all serious portrait-painters have and will have to contend with until we are given the power "to see oursels as ithers see us." Nevertheless, when the sitter is a brother artist or someone who does not make criticisms and demands which take for granted a photographic standard of execution, so obnoxious to the true artist, the result of MacGeorge's portrait-painting ability certainly ranks with that of his finest figure and landscape painting.

E. A. T.

II. S. MacGeorge, R.S.A.



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EV W. S. MACGEORGE, R.S.A.



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OME PARIS MONUMENTS.

However surprising it may seem to strangers, it is none the less a fact that in Paris statues are unpopular. The number of them is bewildering, and their banality insistent. A short time before the War, the

Municipal Council, under the continued pressure of public opinion, decided not to grant a single further authorisation for them, and this decision was hailed with relief by everyone, with the exception of sculptors, who are not entirely to blame if these so-called decorative works add but little embellishment to the urban landscapes in our capital. The fault is one of method. The essential function of a decorative work being that it should harmonise with its environment, the sculptor charged with such a commission should be made aware beforehand of the site. so that he may accommodate himself to its particular character; but as matters are at present decided this is impossible. And so the majority are content to evolve and execute very commonplace productions, comforting themselves with the reflection that the less it calls for any particular placing, the more chance will it have of not sounding out of tune wherever it may be erected. This attitude in large measure accounts for the irritation of the Parisian public, always, as

everyone knows, very fond of their city and possessing an instinctive taste for the beautiful thing in the right setting. But every rule has its exceptions, and the admirable photographs by Mr. H. N. King, here reproduced, will give the reader an opportunity of forming his own personal opinion.

A really popular monument is the one consecrated to the elder Dumas, whose romances, after a lapse of fifty years, have retained their hold upon millions of readers. And that great artist Gustave Doré—better known as an engraver and illustrator—has succeeded in conceiving a monument which expresses this popular admiration. The conception has in it something triumphal. The monument is descriptive while it pays homage; and above all, it decorates. Try to imagine

it decorates. Try to imagine it no longer there, and it leaves a void. Our eyes associate with pleasure the ensemble of the Place Malesherbes and this vast monument. The two are mutually proportionate, and of a character which accords one with the other. It matters little to us, with regard to this essential, that the execution, in which Doré had the collaboration of a professional sculptor friend, should not be exactly masterly; we must look at the thing as a whole; and the ensemble is very beautiful.

The Porteuse de Pain carries us back to an epoch. not very remote however, when sculptors were preoccupied, beyond aught else, with fidelity to nature. An eternal theory this, and one always right, but admitting of singularly opposite results. In this work the sculptor M. Jules Coutan, in 1882, endeavoured to portray vividly certain types of Parisian life, and in this attempt he succeeded. This little work is one of the most sympathetic among those which ornament our public gardens. One comes upon it again and again

with pleasure: it never bores. With a warm, youthful quickening it brightens the little square, which is always filled with children, while near by other porteuses de pain and their comrades rest and discuss a daily round that is not devoid of its nobility, and these the sculptor has known how to observe and to interpret as a friend, as well as an accomplished artist.

Achille Segard.



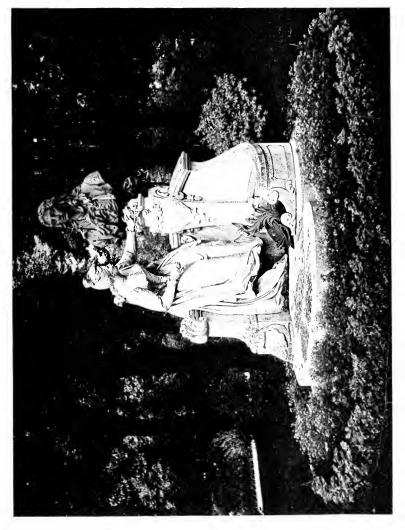
"LA PORTEUSE DE PAIN"
(SQUARE ST. JAQUES) BY JULES COUTAN
(Photo by H. N. King)



MONUMENT TO ALEXANDRE DUMAS, PERE PLACE MALESHERBES BY GUSTAVE DORE



MONUMENT TO ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FILS (PLACE MALESHERBES). BY SAINT-MARCEAUX





TO THE TO MEHOX EDIVIDIAL AND DESCRIPTION OF THE BY MIXE MARCELAUX





THE WALL-PAINTINGS OF VICTOR VASNETSOV IN KIEV CATHEDRAL.

In the arts of Russia lie the keys to her soul. Her literature, her music, her architecture, each

reveal in a greater or less degree the spiritual forces latent in the Slav.

In the art of painting alone there is a disappointing lack of essentially racial characteristics. The Russian students who frequent Parisian ateliers too often acquire technical skill at the cost of their individuality. It is evident above all in the churches of Russia that, for the most part, the modern painter of ecclesiastical subjects has thrown off the fetters of Byzantine tradition only to be enslaved by a conventionality that is by comparison lifeless and puerile.

The influence of Ary Scheffer, of Flandrin, and of Bouguereau is apparent, and their art, despite the knowledge of form which distinguishes it, appears anæmic and sentimental beside the icons and frescoes of the middle ages.

But in this field, as in so many others, the Russians of to-day are rallying round the flag of patriotic endeavour, and the painter is coming forward to join his brother the writer in bearing witness to the truth that is in him.

A splendid example of the fusion of foreign elements with the Slavonic

spirit, resulting in the dominance of the latter, is afforded by the life-work of Victor Vasnetsov, whose mural paintings in the cathedral of St. Vladimir at Kiev form the subject of this article. Victor Vasnetsov was born in 1848, a memorable

year in the annals of English art, as the date of the foundation of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. The artist was the son of a village pope, or priest, in the Northern government of Viatsky. Being primarily intended for the priesthood, he received a theological education at the Seminary of his

native town, but at the age of twenty-two he triumphed over the obstacles of poverty and parental opposition and entered the Fine Arts Academy at Petrograd. From that time forward he was entirely dependent on his own efforts for subsistence, but it was during those early years of struggle and privation that, in the view of many Russian critics, his finest works were achieved.

They include, besides a number of large canvases illustrating ancient Slav legends, the four great frescoes depicting scenes in the Stone Age, which decorate the walls of the Historic Museum in Moscow. At the time when Vasnetsov gave these remarkable proofs of original genius Realism was in the ascendant in Russian art circles, and "Nature" and "plein-air" subjects filled the public galleries. Vasnetsov's imaginative conceptions met with indifference and neglect, and he was constrained to eke out a scanty livelihood by illustrating humorous papers.

Eventually, in 1876, he went to Paris, where his talent received due recognition. In 1885 he visited Italy, and on his return to

Russia was commissioned to collaborate with three other artists in decorating the interior of the newly erected eathedral of St. Vladimir. The foundation-stone of this stately monument to the first Christian prince of Kiev was laid in 1862, but the building



"CHRIST ENTIRONED"

MURAL PAINTING IN THE CATHEDRAL OF
ST. VLADIMIR, KIEV, BY VICTOR VASNETSOV

Wall-Paintings by Victor Vasnetsov

was not completed until 1896. The wall-space is elaborately decorated with paintings in which gold is lavishly employed. Fifteen large frescoes and thirty single figures on copper panels are the work of Vasnetsoy.

The colossal altar-piece of the Madonna and

Child strikes the eye immediately upon one's entrance by the great western doorway.

The sombrely-clad figure of the Virgin stands out in strong relief against a flat gold background, her feet resting on horizontal bands of pale-hued clouds. The swing of the drapery, suggesting motion, and the animated pose of the Christ-Child are contrary to archaistic convention, but the general effect is reminiscent of the stereotyped Byzantine school. We recognise that in this last phase of Vasnetsov's art he has only freed himself by degrees from the influence of precedent. It is not until we come to the magnificent Last Judgment. that we find the painter's genius rising to the full height of its individuality and power.

The multiplicity of details in this great composition renders it unfit for reproduction on a small scale, so that one must fall back upon description.

The whole vast assemblage of figures is dominated by the white-robed Christ, whose divine Majesty transforms the judgment seat—from—a mere studio property bor

rowed from the Kreulin into the throne of the Incarnate Godhead.

The subservience of the attendant figures of the Virgin Mary and St. John the Baptist is marked by their conventionality, and in like manner the twelve Apostles, and the ordered ranks of the heavenly

host behind them are rigorously subordinated to the central group or "Deisus" as it is called in the Greek Church. The winged archangel on the left of the Saviour strikes the eye, however, by the elaborate richness of his clothing and the energy with which he appears about to hurl his javelin at

the snake writhing below him. Beneath the cloud-laid floor of Heaven lies the underworld peopled with the generations of the evil and the good, and on this secondary plane the painter's imagination—supported by the religious faith which is the very life of religious art—gives a strange air of reality to pure symbolism.

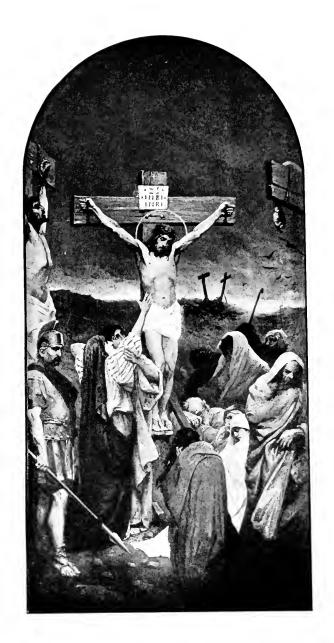
The dread ordeal of the weighing of the heart which awaited the votary of Osiris is idealised and sanctified in the figure of an angel with the scales of justice, his outspread wings tipped with light from the glory shining above. Before him with mingled terror and supplication in his eyes stands the naked resurrected soul, while Satan casts into the balance the roll of his ill-deeds. In the semi-darkness behind the Prince of Evil a multitude of lost ones are seething with agonised contortions in the coils of a gigantic serpent, abhorrent and infinitely sinister.

Upon the angel's right hand are ranged the righteous before God: aged asceties, royal saints, maidens lifting pure eyes to Heaven untroubled by the trump of doom which

the trump of doom which is sounded beside them; while from the graves the dead are rising and the caverns of the earth yield up their bones. The artist has realised to the full the grandeur and dignity of his subject. He is never merely decorative, though design is apparent throughout, and he is never betrayed by



"EUDONIA, PRINCESS AND SAINT"
WWIL-PUINTING BY VICTOR VANNETSOV



"THE CRUCIFIXION." WALL-PAINTING BY V. VASNETSOV

Wall-Paintings by Victor Vasnetsov

the intricacies of his design into losing the supreme emphasis which the figure of Christ demands, for Vasnetsov is largely a Primitive and a poet.

In regard to his lesser works, the paintings on copper of historical personages canonised by the Greek Church are pre eminently decorative though strongly differentiated by

personal traits.

The redoubtable Olga of Kiev, clad in the gemmed and broidered robes of a Byzantine Queen: the fiery and despotic Vladimir (tenth century), who caused the death of numbers of his subjects by forcibly baptizing them in the ice-bound Dnieper; the gentle-eved Alexander Nevski-a saintly prince of the thirteenth century whose name is still a household word in Russiain each of these the exquisitely wrought details of dress and ornament achieve a sumptuous effect. The winged angels, which are a special feature of Slavonic religious art, have also given him scope for rich and delicate colour-schemes, of which the Cherubim of St. Vladimir are particularly beautiful examples. Yet one more word must be given to the Christ Enthroned (see illustration), in which the natural ness of the countenance of the Saviour is a perfectly legitimate development from the primitive type, while the figure is significant of his sympathy with the great Greek school of ecclesiastical 211

Vasnetsov is, in fine, not only an accomplished master of form, but an archieolo-

gist, and since wall-painting in whatever medium requires a specialised knowledge besides foresight and judgment, he is a craftsman as well.

The wall-paintings of St. Vladimir are principally executed in Irescovere, which differs in many respects from the buon tresco of the early

Italians, the artist being somewhat less restricted by his medium than in the case of fresco proper. The plaster is not freshly laid, but moistened, and a mixture of lime or baryta water with the pigments gives solidity to the colouring. The conclusion at which one arrives after comparing his early with

his later work is that, contrary to the majority of modern painters, his natural bent is towards the fresco. Vigour and originality are more apparent in the prehistoric scenes of the Moscow Museum than in the decorative designs of St. Vladimir, but in the latter he shows a ripe knowledge and appreciation of the limitations of the cartoon; above all, in being natural he never ceases to be reverential. In dealing with vast mural surfaces he necessarily sacrifices what we understand by quality, but in its stead we find a " belle et sainte simplicité," in the words of Legros.

If certain of Vasnetsov's designs appear to have been inspired by the frescoes of the Campo Santo at Pisa (formerly attributed to Oreagna but now usually ascribed to Lorenzetti), it may be urged that Michel Angelo did not disdain to borrow from the same source for his Last Judgment; moreover the freshness and sincerity of the Russian painter's best work free it from any hint of servile imitation. Rather, it may be said of him that he has recovered and given new life to the Slav tradition, which was itself the outcome of a fusion of various European



"ST. MENANDER NEVSEL" WALL-PAINTING BY VICTOR VASNETSON

and Oriental elements.

Take his achievement all in all, it may be summed up like that of his great forerunner, Pictro Lorenzetti, as the triumph of a great soul working in a noble style.

C. Hygberg Wright.



ARCHITECTURE.

Although there is much excellent decorative work carried out in Scotland, thanks to the retention of the apprenticeship system, it is a characteristic of Scotlish domestic interiors that the architectural features are more decided than the decorative treatment. This is noticeable in the illustrations of interiors which accompany this second notice of work shown in the Architecture Room in the recent Royal Scotlish Academy.

On the left side of the room were hung two carefully drawn perspectives of a large mansion, Chesterknowes, Rosburghshire, built for Captain Mark Sprot from the designs of Messrs. Henry and Maclennan, of Edinburgh. The walls are of hollow brick barled, and there is no dressed stonework otherwise than that to be found on the crowstep gables, porch, and window-sills.

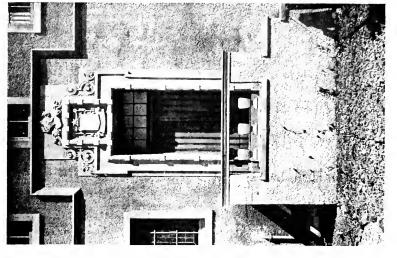
The next exhibit, numbered 540 in the catalogue, showed views of a well-thought-out remodelling scheme at Glenhead, Lenzie, by Mr. W. B. Whitie, F.R.I.B.A., of Glasgow. The first illustration is of the front elevation seen from the south-west.

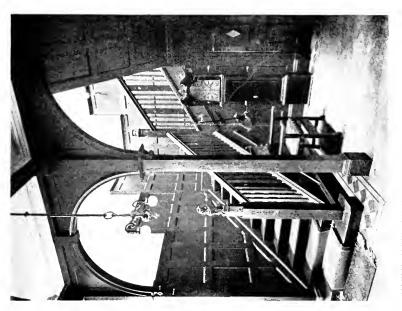
the walls being rough-cast, with stone fronts to first-floor oriels, and roofs tiled with Highland slates. In the detailed view of the entrance doorway it will be noticed that there is some good stonecarving over the doorcase, and that the inner case of central panel is set with heraldic ornament. The oak door is studded. A striking feature of the scheme is the remodelled hall, with its fine arch supports to ceiling. The staircase is of cypress. stained dark oak, the walls both of staircase and of hall proper being suitably panelled with small, upright rectangular panels; above up to ceiling they are treated with cream colour. The floors are laid with parquetry. Here the interior architecture is completed by a mantelpiece of Bath stone. In addition, this architect was represented by a frame of photographs depicting the well-proportioned and conveniently arranged Mitchell Library, Glasgow, believed to be the largest municipal reference library in the United Kingdom.

Apart from the two drawings displayed by Mr. James Miller, F.R.I.B.A., the only other examples of domestic work exhibited by Associates of the Academy were those of Mr. Alexander N. Paterson, M.A., F.R.I.B.A., of Glasgow. The first frame



GITS BEAD TESCH THEY FROM SOUTH WEST





GTEMITAB, TEVZIC, TBE HALL AND EVIRANCE DOORWAY

was filled with an excellent set of coloured plans and carefully drawn elevations of a house at Helensburgh, which, in deference to the wishes of the owner, contained no provision for a sittingfoom hall. His best work was, however, seen in the frame containing nine interior views of Camis Eskan, Dumbartonshire, two of which are reproduced here. The mansion-house dates back to the fifteenth century, but excepting a dated window lintel on the back wall, no traces of the earlier work were at first visible. As the result of further investigations, the architect discovered the stonevaulted ground story of the early keep. It was found, however, that this floor was badly cut up and occupied by wine-cellars and stores. Mr. Paterson's idea was to remodel it and form an inner entrance-hall. With this objective the vaults were cleared and opened up, and, as will be seen from the accompanying illustration, an excellent architectural result was achieved. The interior of

the house needed to be largely remodelled, and electric light, as well as other modern conveniences, was introduced. In the morning-room a fine ornamental ceiling was modelled and executed from the architect's designs by Messrs, Shirlaw and Thursfield. In the drawing-room, treated in a simple manner, is a modelled plaster frieze harmonising with the design on the fireplace frieze.

One of the best examples of domestic work was that shown in two frames by Messrs, H. E. Clifford and Lunan, Glasgow. The photographs related to Stoneleigh, Kelvinside, Glasgow, a big house treated in the Renaissance style, having front built in local freestone, with stone carved balustrade panels in the form of an allegorical serpent motif to the boldly designed porch, repeated in the staircase balustrading. For the roof Cumberland green slates were used. As regards the interior, the hall ceiling is timbered with stout oak beams, resting on carved wooden brackets. The walls,



VM: 1 : 15; i. leafte fill beaming-foom — Alexander N. Lylerson, Lrgler A. Architect (Phot. Annan, Gazgor)



CAMIS-ESKAN: VIEW FROM INNER TO OUTER HALL. ALEXANDER N. PATERSON, F.R.L.B.A., ARCHITECT (Photo: Annan, Glasgow)

above oak-panelled dado, are hung with tapestry. To the left of the staircase approach is a large stone chimneypiece, supported by marble Ionic columns, which rise from massive stone bases. The wide oak staircase, with its curved headpiece, is an important feature of the interior. As will be seen from the illustration, the balustrades have been richly carved, the newels being set with pyramidal mounts carved in relief. The walls have been hung with a soft, grev-green tapestry which harmonises with the rich floral-designed carpet. A feature of the drawing-room, illustrated on page 272, is the satin-wood and green onyx chimneypiece, above which, in the chimney-breast, is a figured central panel in sewn silk, executed by the Bromsgrove Guild. In keeping with the other decorative treatment, the walls are panelled with silk, the woodwork being of satin-wood having a mother-of-pearl inlay. The ornamental plaster coved ceiling contains some excellent heraldic modelling in the form of lion motifs, with starshaped ornamental end-pieces. Parquetry has been used for the floor. A fine effect has been obtained in the dining-room by three leaded windows representing Sir Galahad, the work of the Bromsgrove Guild. The woodwork is natural mahogany waxed, with a low dado, the upper walls being hung with tapestry. A sense of massiveness is apparent in the architecture of the billiard-room, which contains a large oak billiard table designed by the architects. Occupying a central position is a large stone chimneypiece, with tiled interior and metal canopy. The trusses to the open timbered roof are of oak, and the tie beams spring from carved figure supports resting on stone corbels. A spotted figured pattern canvas has been used for covering mid-walls: lower walls are

Regarding Messrs, Clifford and Lunan's exhibit of public architecture, one is inclined to ask what good purpose is served by the two pairs of pigmy sculptural figures in the front elevation of the

Perth City Hall. Their inclusion does not enhance the well-balanced and otherwise dignified façade.

Although of a somewhat different character from the Perth City Hall, as showing a fine sense of harmony in the architectural and sculptural treatment no better example was to be seen than the photographs of Mr. Alexander Proudfoot's competitive sketch-model of design for monument to commemorate the founding of the International Telegraphic Union, Berne, Switzerland.

Messrs. Thoms and Wilkie, FF.R.I.B.A., of Dundee, had two exhibits. The first in the catalogue related to a house at Crail, whilst the second frame contained a carefully drawn perspective of Kinpurnie Castle, Forfarshire, erected for Sir Charles W. Cayzer, Bart. The ground-plan of the latter showed marked evidence of good draughtsmanship. This well-proportioned residence is situated on Auchtertyre Hill, near Newtyle, and commands an extensive view of Strathmore and the lower ranges of the Grampians. In planning the house the architects arranged for the stables, garage, chauffeur's house, and walled garden to be built some distance away to the east. At the main road there is an entrance lodge and

gateway. The "policies," as the grounds adjacent to a mansion are called in Scotland, have been planted mainly with fir-trees, with some finer trees and flowering shrubs near the house. The external elevations of the castle have been treated with stone, locally quarried, and finished rough-cast. Precelly green slates have been used for the roof-covering. The chief feature of the interior is the decorative plaster ceilings to be found in the public rooms, executed by the Bromsgrove Guild from the architects' designs. For the hall and staircase an oak-panelling treatment was adopted.

Of a much smaller size than Kinpurnie Castle is the house at Crail, an old-fashioned fishing village on the coast of Fifeshire, which possesses many picturesque old houses of a type peculiar to the county. The house in question was built as a summer residence for Mr. Samuel Brush, a Dundee manufacturer. In designing the structure an attempt has been made to retain the native character, and, in the main, local materials have been used. The illustration on page 275, showing a view of the north-west front, is of special interest, as it displays the stretch of garden reaching down to the sea-shore. The site is a commanding one









STONELLIGH, KELVINSIDE: THE PORCH CLIFFORD AND LUNAN, ARCHITECTS

and overlooks the Firth of Forth. The external elevations are of brick, finished rough-cast, with white freestone dressings, and the roof is covered with Roman tiles from Fifeshire quarries. A feature of the external treatment is the stone doorcase with carved central panel, and the terrace balustrade, of which a detailed illustration is shown. These are at the south-east corner. Provision was made for two large dining- and drawing-rooms adjoining on the ground floor.

In an adjacent frame to that containing the perspective of Kinpurnie Castle was a detailed drawing on half-inch scale of Haggerston Castle, Northumberland, by Mr. James B. Dunn, F. R. I. B. A. This ancient mansion dates back to the latter part of the fourteenth century. In 1911 considerable damage was done as a result of a fire; and although, when in the 'nincties it came into the possession of Mr. Christopher J. Leyland, the mansion was practically remodelled, it again became necessary to rebuild large sections of the Castle. A new porte cochère has been added, and the south and west elevations have been recasted in an entirely different manner. Owing to the destruction of the domed entrance, the upper portion necessitated rebuilding, and for the slated roof a new copper dome has been substituted. In the grounds the architect has adapted, by rebuild ing, a disused lodge to serve the purpose of a tea-Louis. The new elevations were treated with

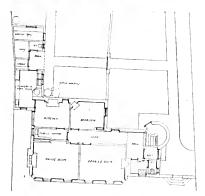
stone facings from the Blackpasture Quarry, Northumberland: and white, grey, and pink stone from Hailes Quarry was employed for the new garden wall and random paving. There are some fine ornamental plaster ceilings by Mr. G. P. Bankart.

Messrs. John Burnet and Son's domestic exhibit, in the form of photographic illustrations of drawings of the restoration scheme at Duart Castle, Island of Mull, shows, after an examination of the drawings, that care for details which is a marked and pleasing feature of this firm's work, although they are inclined to be meticulous. Duart Castle was at one time a chieftain's stronghold, and, as will be seen from the views reproduced here, showing the north elevation, before and after restoration, the place has been made quite habitable. The frame contained photographs of the Castle in plan, section, and elevation prior to and after the work was executed, as well as reproductions of perspective drawings showing the completed scheme. The external work consisted in adding roofs, windows, and chimneys to the north elevation, in addition to repairing walls. Stone steps have been placed at entrance. Both in the south and west elevations it was found necessary to build new roofs and chimneys. The small courtvard on the groundfloor plan was entirely replaced to make way for a wine-cellar and passage, and to enlarge the kitchen, part of the courtvard had to be removed. On the first-floor level the small courtyard was removed to



HOUSE AT CRAIL: TERRACE AND DOORWAY
THOMS AND WILKIE, ITERLIEA, ARCHITECTS





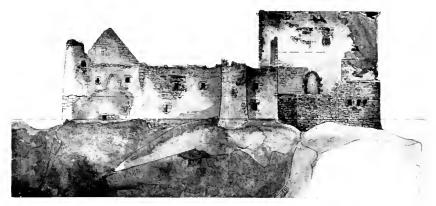
HOUSEAT CRAIL, FIFESHIRE; VIEW OF NORTH-WEST FRONT,
THOMS AND WILKIE, FF.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECTS
(Photo: T. Lewis Ltd.)

The interior views of Ravenscourt, Thornton Hall, designed by Mr. Robert Whyte, depicted work of considerable merit. Although not associated with domestic architecture, the new choirstalls, organ-case, and east-end screen for Dunblane Cathedral, shown in the frame of photographs exhibited by Sir Robert Lorimer, revealed a high standard of attainment. This well-known architect has evidently a marked preference for a complex design, and his capability is well evidenced in his rendering of the *motif* for the choir-stalls.

make room for a winter garden, which would have a wooden ceiling; and the courtyard was cut off for the purpose of making a valet's bedroom. On the left wing a business-room and drawing-room with wood ceiling have been arranged; and in the right wing is a bedroom, dressing and bathroom, valet's bedroom, and sitting-room. A word of praise is due for the excellent colouring treatment shown in the drawings.

"LONDON, PAST AND PRESENT."

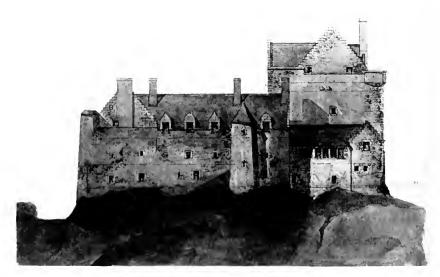
The Special Winter Number of The Studio will form a companion volume to the recently published Autumn Number, "Paris, Past and Present," which met with such success. Numerous books on London have been published from time to time, but the Editor proposes to deal with the subject in a unique and interesting manner. In the preparation of the work he is receiving the



DUART CASTLE, ISLAND OF MULL: NORTH ELEVATION BEFORE RESTORATION JOHN BURNET AND SON, ARCHITECTS (See fage 274)

valuable co-operation of many distinguished artists, whose drawings, etchings, and lithographs of London represent the most important phase of their art. In addition there will be reproduced a selection of old engravings and drawings showing views of London as it was during the last centuries: and there will also be some supplementary plates in colours. From the wealth of material which has been brought together it has been possible to

select a beautiful series of illustrations of London such as has never before been published; while the text will be contributed by Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman, whose charmingly sympathetic writing is well known to readers of The Studio, and who during his life-long residence in London has intimately studied its various aspects and historical associations. The volume will be ready for publication in February.



WHILE F ALL A TER RESTORATION FOR BURNET AND SON, ARCHITECTS

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents)

ONDON.—Notwithstanding that we have been now for a year and a half plunged in the anxiety and gloom of the war, the recent months have brought in their train a group. of exhibitions quite as interesting as usual, thus evincing an ability to "carry on" despite the tragic circumstances of the times. Full, for the most part, of works thoroughly representative of the artists contributing to them, and unaffected by and hardly reflecting at all the present state of war, these numerous exhibitions testify, we believe, not to a lack of sympathy and understanding of the great crisis, but to a calm and hopeful spirit, confident that these troublous days will ere long pass and Prussian megalomania with its much vaunted gospel of blood and iron will cease to menace the progress of civilisation.

First in importance among the exhibitions with

which we have now to deal is that of the New English Art Club, which is being held as usual in Suffolk Street, and will remain open till the 25th January. The outstanding features in the large room are Mr. Augustus John's interestingly painted portrait-Colonel Smyth, charged with intense vitality; Mr. McEvoy's Mrs. Charles McEvov, full of warm life despite its delicate cool harmonies of grevs and pale yellow; and Mr. Steer's fine landscape Painswick A number of Beacon. vibrant landscapes by Mr. Lucien Pissarro, who is strongly represented in this exhibition; Mr. David Muirhead's Head of a Girl, a beautiful harmony in browns; Mr. W. W. Russell's spacious Hanworthy Pits are prominent among other things of interest on the walls, which include works by Mr. Henry Bishop, Mr. Gere, Mr.

Derwent Lees and Mr. Tonks. In the water-colour room, Mr. Tonks reminds us that he was a man of science before he devoted himself to art, in a coldblooded but superbly drawn pastel showing a hospital scene entitled Saline Infusion; and we understand that he has, in fact, resumed for the duration of the war his practice of surgery. On previous occasions we have spoken of the work of Mr. Alfred Hayward: here again are good things by him, notably Château Gaillard, showing to advantage his sense of composition. Mr. Rich, Mr. Russell and others contribute fine examples of their work in watercolour, in which medium Mr. Fox Pitt exhibits a more pleasing version of his study of the interior of the Dome, Brighton, in use as a hospital for wounded Indian soldiers, which was on view as an oil painting at the Goupil Gallery. Some distinguished Roman drawings by Mr. Bone, an admirable water-colour, Countess Weir, by Miss Hester Frood, works by Mr. John (notably a nude sketch of wonderfully expressive pen line), by Mr. F. S. Unwin and Mr. Sydney Lee must be specially



"LE BÉGUIN NOIR"

BY GERALD LESLIE BROCKHURST (Chem. Gallery, Chesca)

Studio-Talk



DRAWING BY G. L. BROCKHURST (Chenii Gallery)

mentioned among many other good examples which space compels us to pass over.

Turning from Suffolk Street into the Goupil Gallery was to find similar influences in art at work in the saner productions, but running riot and developing into unworthy extravagance in pictures by other members of the somewhat meaninglessly entitled London Group. Mr. Nevinson, who in the work he exhibits at the New English has had the grace to temper his futurism, here indulges himself to the full. Among the works which, entirely modern in outlook, are yet by artists who do not disdain to be intelligently intelligible we noticed the interesting landscapes by Mr. W. Ratcliffe, pictures by Mr. Ginner, Mr. Bevan and the two other members of the "Cumberland Market" group, and by its followers, Mr. Walter Taylor's clever and simple drawing of Brighton in a manner made familiar by Mr. D. Fox Pitt, works by the latter also, a clever mauve tinted drawing of a fountain at Versailles by Miss Sylvia Gosse, and her large and admirable painting Sussex Meadores. These were the works which to our mind constituted the main interest of the exhibition.

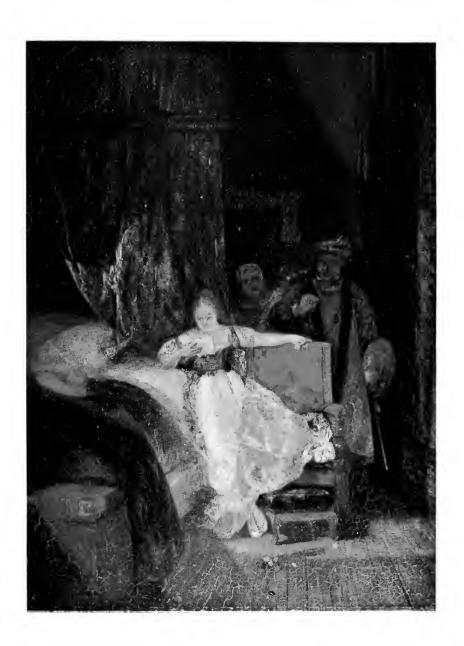
There to Chilsea, where Mr. Gerald Leslie Booklass, a young artist of twenty four, showed one drawn as and other works at the Chenil

Gallery. He commenced his studies at Birmingham and carried off many distinctions there and subsequently in the Royal Academy Schools, gaining in 1913 the Gold Medal and Scholarship of £,200. In this exhibition of about fifty works we saw certain tempera pictures which have figured recently at the New English Art Club. But more interest attached to the drawings in which the influence of the Slade rather than of the Academy was apparent. His work is tempered by a seriousness of outlook which enables him to steer a clear course between dullness on the one hand and eccentricity at the other extreme. The many beautiful examples in pencil or with the brush reveal him as a highly accomplished draughtsman, and if he continues as he has begun one can predict for him a great future.

Turner's painting Rembrands's Daughter reading a love-letter, which we reproduce opposite, was exhibited by him at the Royal Academy in 1827. The incident represented is purely apocryphal, as Rembrandt is not known to have had a daughter. The picture is not at all in Turner's usual style. It probably owes its origin to Turner's study and admiration of Rembrandt's work, and was no doubt intended as an act of homage to the great Dutch-



DRAWING BY G. I. BROCKHURST (Chemi Galleri)





man's genius. The bituminous shadows in the painting have unfortunately cracked, but the brilliant flood of light in the centre of the design and the exquisite passages of colour in the green bed-curtains and red arm-chair give an extraordinary interest to this strange and fascinating picture.

At Messrs. Colnaghi and Obach's it was interesting and instructive to see examples by our best living draughtsmen hanging by the side of works by certain deceased masters. Here were fine things by Mr. Bone, Mr. Cameron, Mr. John, Professor Holmes, Mr. McBey, Mr. Robins, and others, to be seen in pleasant company with works by Millet, Daubigny, Monticelli, Corot, Legros, Swan, Jacque, the whole forming altogether a group of examples whose sincerity and accomplishment could not fail to appeal strongly to all collectors and amateurs of fine drawings.

While examples of draughtsmanship have formed a large part of the interest in recent exhibitions, a pleasant departure was the exhibition of Small Works by British Sculptors which was held last month in a gallery generously loaned by Messrs. Waring and Gillow, and had for its object the creation of a fund for the assistance of sculptors who are sufferers by the war. The exhibits were pleasantly arranged and, for the most part, were to be seen under favourable conditions. Many of the works were familiar as having previously appeared at the Royal Academy or elsewhere; and some have already been reproduced in our pages. Space does not admit of our referring to all, among the one hundred and ninety-four works, which deserve a mention, but we must single out for special notice Sir W. Goscombe John's Boy at Play, a small edition of the work in the Tate Gallery; Mr. Albert Toft's Mother and Child, and the Study, which we reproduced recently; Mr. S. Nicholson Babb's Slumberland; Mr. A. C. Lucchesi's Myrtle's Altar; Miss Jessie Lawson's Daphne; Mr. W. Reid Dick's The Catapult; Mr. Alexander Fisher's framed relief in silver and enamel The Betrothal; and Mr. F. Halnon's Dutch Maiden. Mr. Anning Bell sent two of his coloured plaster reliefs, and wellknown sculptors, such as Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, Mr. W. Reynolds-Stephens, Countess Gleichen, Mr. Alfred Drury, Professor Lanteri, Mr. Richard Garbe, Mr. H. Pegram, Mr. Bayes, Mr. Colton, and Sir Thomas Brock, contributed to an interesting ensemble, which also included examples of

good work by Mr. A. G. Walker, Mr. Mark Rogers, Miss K. Tizard, Miss E. M. Rope, Mrs. Stabler, Mr. John Angel, and Mr. T. Tyrrell, among several more.

The Senefelder Club held its sixth exhibition during November and December at the Leicester Galleries, and the attractive collection of prints shown comprised delicate studies of Spanish Gipsies by Mr. J. Kerr Lawson: a number of admirable prints by Miss Ethel Gahain, especially The Mirror with its accents of rich black, and the delicate study of a girl in bridal attire, The Wedding Morning: the cleverly drawn Books by Mr. Copley; and a number from Mr. Pennell's Castles in the Air series. The dexterous sunlit work of Mr. Harry Becker, beautiful drawings of Bridgnorth by Mr. Oliver Hall, examples by Mr. F. Ernest Jackson, especially his Lay Member print for 1913, Church of St. Aignan, Chartres: Mr. Anthony R. Barker's prints, in particular The Wind: and some characteristic lithographs by Mr. C. Shannon were other features of interest. Mr. Spencer Pryse ranks as one of our best lithographers, his graceful two-colour print in green and



DRAWING BY G. 1. BROCKHURST (Chenil Galler)

Studio-Talk

black, A Portrait of a Lady in Early Victorian Dress, and another, in grey and sanguine, entitled An Episode, were among the noteworthy examples of this increasingly popular art.

Our colour supplement, The Greek Theatre, Spraeuse, Sicily, is a reproduction from a water-colour by an artist who is a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy and at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. Mr. Mavrogordato is also a member of the London Sketch Club. The atmospheric effect suggested so dexterously in this simply handled drawing gives it an interest additional to that of its subject.

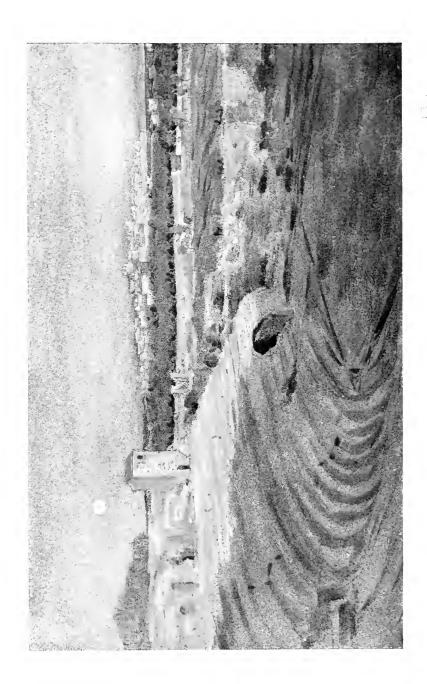
By the sudden death of J. Brake Baldwin, which occurred at the end of July last, after a few days illness brought on by hard work and exposure as a member of a Voluntary Aid Detachment of

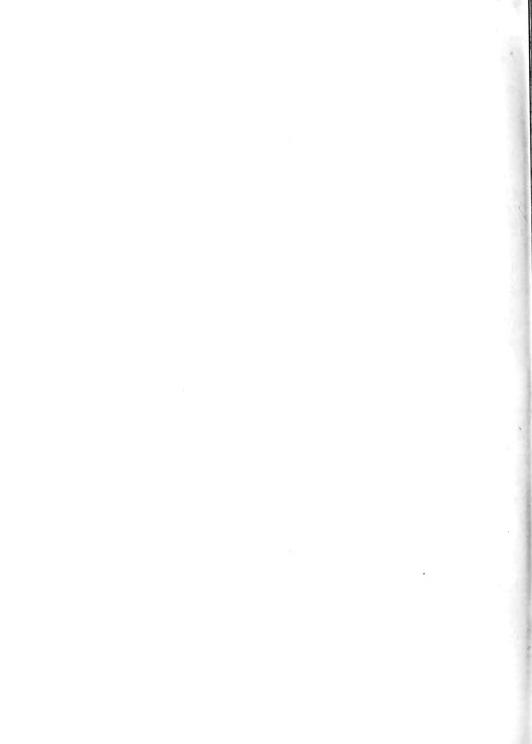
the Red Cross in Kensington, art is deprived of a young and earnest student, whose sincerity and high ideals shadowed forth already the promise of fine work. The artist was born at Lee, Kent, in 1885, and derived practically all his art training from Heatherley's, to which school he was deeply attached. He was always working, always drawing, always studying with indefatigable energy, and had already shown himself to be an able painter as well as an admirable and exceedingly sympathetic draughtsman. He exhibited on two occasions at the Baillie Gallery, and his works have appeared in the International, the Royal Academy and elsewhere. While holding aloof from all the extravagances of the day, he was entirely individual and modern in his outlook, and was ever striving with rare modesty to arrive at the root of the matter. The time till he attained the age of thirty he regarded as a period of apprenticeship, and it must be deeply regretted that he should have fallen, in some sense a victim of the war, at the very threshold of a future that would have brought forth great achievement.

In the inner room at the Leicester Galleries were some of the beautiful water-colour drawings executed by Mr. Edmund Dulac as illustrations for various story-books, drawings in which his exquisite technique, his refined colour and draughtsmanship enable him to borrow inspiration from the old Persian and Indian illuminations and to adapt them to his subject. Of his various caricatures, whose very finish and perfection of technique seem to rob them a little of their "snap," we preferred Our Musical Hope, in which Mr. Dulac has hit off to the life a very characteristic attitude of Mr. Beecham conducting.



FROM A DRAWING BY THE LATE IS BRAKE BALDWIN





Studio-Talk

Two exhibitions in which the honours lie with women artists were those of "The Englishwoman" at the Central Hall, Westminster, and the delightful Allies' Doll Show at the Grafton Galleries in aid of L'Œuvre du Vêtement des Soldats Belges. At the Central Hall were to be seen examples of craftwork by many artists whose work is familiar, such as the basket work of Miss H. Palmer, simple and pleasing pottery by Miss Frances Richards, lettering and illumination by Miss Pheebe Rennell, enamelled glassware by Miss N. Casella, bookbindings by Miss M. Marshall, jewellery etc. by the Misses Isaac, and some admirable jewellery also by Miss Bassett, at the stall of Mrs. Gordon James. We noticed, too, some fine needlework by Miss Layton, and many examples of leatherwork, weaving, embroidery, toys etc. by clever women artists. The show at the Grafton Galleries comprised a multitude of beautifully dressed dolls, by various donors, including an exhibit of some dressed by H.I.H. Princess Clementine Napoleon. There were also a number of delightful panoramas, of which Spring in Flanders was particularly beautiful with its landscape background by Emile Claus and coloured plaster figures by Victor Rousseau. Another, in a charming divor, was the garden scene by M. and Mme. André Cluysenaar: and yet another showed the Carmival of Binche, arranged by Fernand Verhaegen.

M. Maurice Asselin, in his work as exhibited at the Carfax Gallery, shows himself in sympathy to some extent with Cézanne, and it is welcome as a sound and interesting exposition of the new movement in art. Best of all we liked his figures of sempstresses bending so intently over their work: but regarding these and other works we cannot better the remarks of Mr. Walter Sickert in his introduction to the catalogue where he says of M. Asselin that "having something to say, he disdains to be irrelevant."

Peculiar interest attaches to an exhibition which Messrs. Brown and Phillips are about to hold



WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL, AUTUMN EXHIBITION, 1015 (Sc. mos . . .)



WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL, AUTUMN EXHIBITION, 1915

at the Leicester Galleries, inasmuch as all the exhibitors are Artists under Arms. They are, in fact, all members of the Artists' Rifles (28th County of London), a unit which has played an important part in the present mobilisation as an Officers' Training Corps. The group whose work in the shape of paintings and etchings will figure at the Leicester Galleries comprises Mr. Lee Hankey and Mr. A. E. Cooper, both holding commissioned rank, and Messrs, Montague Smyth, Maresco Pearce, Lance Thackeray, Malcoln Osborne, Edgar L. Pattison, James Thorpe, Gerald Ackermann, Handley Read, W. P. Robins, Ernest Cole and F. Mason.

At the Fine Art Society's Galleries during the past few weeks the chief feature has been the series of war cartoons by the well-known Dutch artist, Mr. Louis Raemaekers, whose drawings, executed most of them, we believe, for the Amsterdam newspaper "De Telegraaf," and published therein, have also some of them appeared in many of our own journals. Collectively they form

the most scathing indictment of Prussian militarism that has come from an artist's pencil—an indictment the more damning as being the work not of a partisan but a neutral—and a neutral, too, who is partly German by birth.

IVERPOOL.-Although the authorities of the Autumn Exhibition of Modern Art adhere to the Royal Academy tradition, it is with the important modifications that the hanging is neither close nor high, that sculpture, instead of being herded together until the room it is in resembles an Italian image-boy's tray, is distributed in all the rooms of the exhibition, and that the so-called minor arts are fully represented. The first and second points are illustrated by the photograph of the first room (above), especially the judicious and effective placing of the sculpture. In the room beyond, of which a glimpse is seen through the door, the Belgian section, which was such a prominent feature of the exhibition, was arranged.

Studio-Talk

The other illustration (p. 285) presents a general view of the tenth room, where black and white art of all styles was represented, a great amount of hanging space being provided by the use of screens, with well-designed pedestals which, while doing away with the temporary and tawdry appearance that such things usually present, also provide excellent stations for minor sculpture. The walls being panelled to the same height provide further accommodation for prints. Here, the only colour-pictures, except some large oils hung above the wall panels, wereafew, decorative in character, which were more appropriately shown in this section, on the two nearest screens in the picture. The second screen on the right was the one devoted to the oneman exhibit of Mr. James McBey. Examples of Modern British



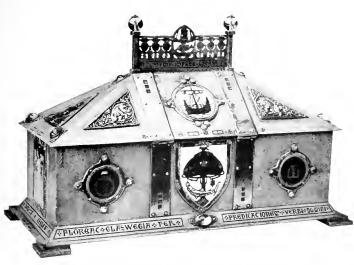




SHLVER TEA-CADDY DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MISS K. M. EADLE

Art Keramics were shown in six cases placed between the screens, and another case, seen in the distance, was devoted to Mr. Carter Preston's "Plychrome" grotesque portraits of generals and statesmen and quaint mythological monsters. There were also examples of wood-carving, repoussé metalwork, artistic jewellery, enamel, silver plate, pewter work. &c. Two notable caskets were those by Mr. Harold Stabler and Miss De C. Lewthwaite Dewar, the former of silver, with cloisonné

enamel decorations showing delightful fancy in happy combination with fine workmanship; the latter of zine with enamel panels. Miss Dewar, whose quaint Celtic touch is very engaging, also showed an excellent trophy cup. Miss K. M. Eadie's silver tea caddy with elaborate wire-work decoration was another effective exhibit.



CASKET DESIGNED AND ENECUTED BY MISS DE C. LEWIHWARTE DEWAR

Two anonymous donors have presented to the permanent collection two very interesting pictures from the Exhibition by artists of Liverpool birth:—

The Garden of Peace by Tom Mostyn, and The Old Apple Tree by Denis Eden. Both pictures were previously shown at the Royal Academy.

After the close of the Autumn Exhibition some of the rooms are to be utilised for the Exhibition of Design in Printing, recently shown at the Whitechapel Gallery by the Design and Industries Association, with a supplementary collection of local exhibits.

T. N.

OSCOW,-When the Polish painter Józef Mehoffer, in the summer of 1913, executed two original lithographs of Czarkowy, a country mansion in the province of Kielce, little could be have thought that in but a short time these two prints would possess a peculiar value as documents. For this elegant château, built in the style of the second half of the eighteenth century, and successively occupied by many of the noble families of Poland-for three generations it has been the residence of the Counts Puslowski-is now no longer in existence. Last winter, during the strenuous campaign in Southern Poland, the beautiful structure fell a prey to the flames, which utterly destroyed it together with its entire contents. These were of great artistic interest and value. Besides some fine examples of old furniture, and a series of Aubusson and Polish wall hangings from the workshops which in former days were carried on at Slonim, the mansion contained an important collection of paintings, all of which, alas! have been destroyed. There was also a gallery of family portraits painted by Wankowicz, J. Kossak, Matejko, Malczewski, Mehoffer and Olga Boznanska, and numerous other works by Polish artists. The collection further comprised portraits of Counts Xaver Drucki-Lubecki by Henry Scheffer, brother of Ary Scheffer, King Louis Philippe by Vernet, the Duchesse de Berry with the young Comte de Chambord by Steuben, etc. Of all these no single trace remains, and only these lithographs of Mehoffer give us an idea of what Czarkowy was before the war.

P. E.

ARCELONA. — The works of Irene Narezo Dragone, wife of the well-known painter Federico Beltrán, which were recently exhibited for the first time in public at the Salon Parés in this city, produced a very favourable impression both on members of the profession and on art-lovers generally, inasmuch as the collection, small though it was, revealed the working of a genuine artistic temperament, in which the delicacy of treatment proper to a woman of refinement is allied with a technical proficiency equal to that possessed by professional artists of the opposite sex. It was, in truth, a manifestation worthy of admiration, particularly in a country like ours where the training of women has been much neglected and where, in consequence, a good deal of talent is prevented from asserting itself on account of the lack of opportunities to develop. There are, of course, many women who devote themselves to art, but with a few exceptions they work

> in a restricted sphere, and owing to the drawbacks arising from their inadequate training, their productions are rarely seen outside the limited circle of their own relations and acquaintances. And moreover, such are the obstacles with which women are confronted at our centres of artistic training in addition to other adverse conditions, that those who do devote themselves to the practice of art are obliged to resort to some special line of work which in the majority of cases is uncongenial.



ZAPKOSA JA COLNIKA MAN 10. DI STROVED DURING THE RECENT MILLIARY OLEPATION IN POLANDY, I FOULY LITHOGRAPHERY TOZET MEHOLTER, CRACOW



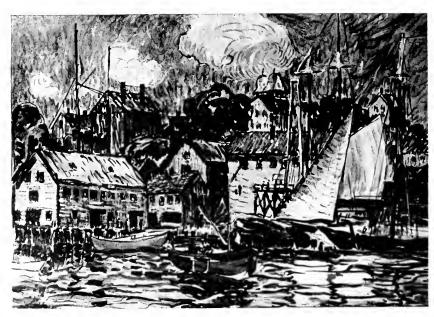
"LA ENLUTADA" THE VEILFD LADY: BY L NAREZO DRAGONE DE BELTRAN

In view of the prevalence of such conditions as these, therefore, one feels justified in calling attention to the work of Schora de Beltrán, which has proved itself worthy of commendation, for both in detail and in the mass it reveals the hand of a painter of no common talent; and what is of particular significance in this case, it is work that shows not the slightest trace of the influence of her husband's art.

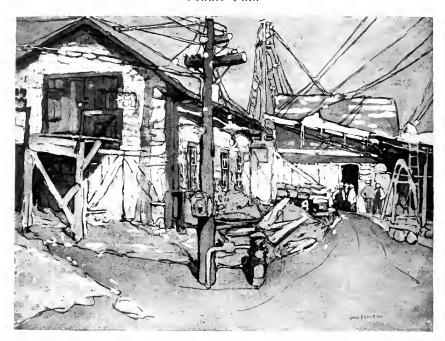
We have here, indeed, an artist with an entirely personal temperament, and though, as we must naturally expect with a worker of her years, one finds a few blemishes in her performances, one can assert without hesitation that Irene Narezo Dragone is worthy of a foremost place among the contemporary women painters of her country. Among the works exhibited at the Salon Parés a portrait of her mother and a family group testified to the success with which she has pursued this difficult branch of painting, while such works as La Enlutada (The Veiled Lady), Imanecer (The Dawn), Estudio en Color, etc., also admirably demonstrated the delicacy of her execution and her courage in attacking all sorts of problems. J. Grau Miro.

HILADELPHIA.—The walls of the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts gave one a fairly comprehensive idea of many different kinds of expression of artistic impulse in the Thirteenth Annual Exhibition of Water Colours, Pastels, and Blacks and Whites, combined with the Fourteenth Annual Exhibition of Miniatures, recently held in these galleries. The arts of etching, lithography, wood-block printing in colours, engraving on wood. dry-point and soft-ground etching, colour monotypes, and aquatint had an extensive showing, as well as the usual aquarelles, gouache and tempera paintings, charcoal and pencil sketches, making it necessary to indicate after almost every number in the catalogue the medium used in the work therein listed, naturally adding to the interesting character of the collection and to the instruction, as well as pleasure, of the visitor.

The hanging of all this mass of material was done with considerable care to arrange it in groups, and it must be said that it could be studied conveniently enough with a catalogue. One would need such assistance, for example, when passing







"OLD SHIP-YARD, GLOUCESIER"

(Pennsylvania Academy)

BY JANE PETERSON

before the group of studies of costume and stage settings by M. Léon Bakst, seen for the first time in this city and occupying the entire wall-space of one of the rooms and the place of distinction in another. Comment upon these astonishingly clever and original works, after they have been talked about so much previously, might seem superfluous, vet one could not tail to be impressed with the extraordinary measure of research of an historical or archeological nature combined with a fine appreciation of colour in novel combinations, that must have been necessary to evolve such as the dress of The Blue God, the Polish garb of the figures in Boris Godonnow, in Ptsanelle, the Grecians in Helen of Sparta and in Daphnis and Chlor. The designs for modern costume were full of artistic suggestions also. Bakst exhibited a number of studies for stage settings absolutely blazing with colour.

As M. Bakst's work has already been the subject of a review in the pages of Tur-Sitioto, we can proceed to mention another remarkably interesting group of a decorative intent by Mr. Alexander Robinson, executed in water-colour, glowing with the splendour of tropical sunlight, brushed with a freedom that veils knowledge, at the same time that it makes itself sufficiently felt and using as motifs glimpses of the West Indies, Algiers, Old Spain, and Persia. No mere copying of the model in these works, but efforts to solve certain problems in colour always presenting themselves to the artist, who has not been misled by the photographic eye into neglect of the things that score a real success in pure artistry, creations of the painter's own, unique examples of human intelligence. This attitude of modern art was probably best seen in his *View of the Cathedral*, Segavía.

Mr. Francis McComas showed some new notes in American landscape painting in a group of views of Arizona and California, the pine trees and the enchanted mesas, sacred to the Indians, forming the objective of most of the pictures. The work of a number of women exhibiting showed a very satisfactory degree of talent, such as Mrss Jane Peterson's Old Ship rard, Glouester, Mrss Felicie Waldo Howelfs. The Pier, executed as

gouache drawings, and Miss Alice Schille's capital aquarelle A Colorful Street. Mr. Hayley Lever's Gloucester Boats, No. 1, showed admirable directness in method of arriving at results and in making every touch tell, and Mr. Fred Wagner exhibited a number of pastels of local scenes, very effective without being overdone, Looking through the Bridge being one of the best in his group. A pastel by Mr. John McLure Hamilton, with the title The Oriental, was a very clever sketch of a décolletée female. He was also represented by a most beautiful little portrait in pastel of the late William T. Richards. Miss Cecilia Beaux exhibited a portrait in chalks of Joseph B. Thomas, Esq., and Miss Mary Cassatt a Head of a Child, quite characteristic in treatment.

A great deal of the wall-space was hung with the work of American illustrators eligible for the Beck prize to be awarded before the close of the Exhibition. Among the etchings of note were a number by Mr. Frank Brangwyn. Mr. Joseph Pennell showed a new group of lithographs of Independence Hall and other localities in Philadelphia, and a drawing of the Aeropolis from the Temple of Jupiter.

E. C.

ART SCHOOL NOTES.

ONDON. - The annual competition of London art students' sketching clubs, known now as the "Gilbert-Garret," had been held for more than forty years when the war broke out in the summer of 1914. But so many of the students joined the new armies that the competition already arranged for 1914 was abandoned, and last autumn too it was of course impossible to renew those friendly contests in which in bygone days many artists now eminent had gained honours. However, with the view of keeping the Gilbert-Garret tradition alive, a few of the sketching clubs made arrangements for a limited exhibition, with no competition, at South Kensington. The clubs were those of the Royal College of Art, the Byam Shaw and Vicat Cole, the Grosvenor, the Gilbert-Garret and the Regent Street Polytechnic. Each club contributed fifteen sketches and the exhibition was held in November in one of the common-rooms of the students of the Royal College of Art. Some of the sketches were excellent, but as nothing was signed it is impossible to mention the names of their authors. In the Byam Shaw and Vicat Cole group, the most prominent contribution was a low-toned interior of

a barn; and among the Grosvenor sketches the black and white work was the best. A large painting in oil of a village street, a smaller one of a white cottage in a garden, and a dry-point of a girl, were conspicuous in the Gilbert-Garret collection; and two capital landscapes were shown by the Regent Street Polytechnic. The sketches from the Royal College of Art included several good landscapes, and a modelled figure of Puck, of uncommon merit.

W. T. W.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Form and Colour. By L. MARCH PHILLIPPS. (London: Duckworth.) 7s. 6d. net.—This is an illuminating book in the best sense of the word, and the theory it puts forward is so simple that the mind sets to work to modify it as one reads. For like most simple theories it involves a very sweeping generalisation. Briefly stated the theory is this: on the one side we have Colour representing the East and Emotion; on the other we have Form standing for the West and Intellect. "Every spiritual impulse which has quickened the soul of man has come out of the East just as every practical invention or intellectual conception has come out of the West. Mysticism is as commonplace an affair in Eastern life as science is in Western. Form, therefore, is the art idiom of the West, Colour the art idiom of the East." By colour, however, the author does not mean colour unmodified by light and shade, but colour which has light and shadow in it as in stained glass or as (where the Eastern influence reaches the West) in the colour of the Venetian painters. Thus he places chiaroscuro on the side of colour, whereas others-e.g. Mr. Roger Fry and his school-regard it as a corruption of colour, and the Florentine school, under Leonardo's leadership, searched in it for the soul of Form. It is over this matter of chiaroscuro that we feel some difficulty in following the author, nor do we find in his theory any recognition of the intellectual use of colour, exemplified, for instance, in the case of Whistler (we are not thinking of his Japanese mood), and also of the emotional employment of form. exemplified in Rembrandt's etchings, and in fact in the etchings and drawings of many other European masters. But though the theory seems to break down when we examine it in relation to individual or personal as distinguished from typical art, we feel that there is a nucleus of profound truth in it. The same things seem to have been said about the "Romantic" and

"Classical," and we might think that the author had felt this himself and was putting a truth as old as the antithesis between darkness and light in a refined way. But no one would suggest that all romance belongs to the East. If we accepted the author's theory that colour and mysticism have come West with Christianity (which coincides with our feeling that Romance belongs to the Middle Ages) there would be little difficulty in accepting his theory as a generalisation. But we are still left with the difficulty that the character of much art, as to whether it is Romantic or Classic, is determined by individual temperament; that we have constantly in Western art an opposition of tendencies as real spiritually, and, as far as we can see, the same theoretically as the opposition that the author gives to East and West. But for its great suggestiveness, its power to promote thought, and to give us a desirable consciousness of the dual principles that are always seen to be opposed in art, we regard this as a book of altogether exceptional importance.

The Kaiser's Garland. By Edmund J. Sullivan. (London: W. Heinemann.) 6s. net.—The drawings of which the illustrations in this volume are reproductions were recently exhibited at the Leicester Galleries and have already been referred to in our notices of London exhibitions. In a preliminary note the author explains the origin of the title he has given them. Harking back to the Kaiser's visit to London he says "On one occasion I myself threw a bunch of roses into his carriage as he passed, driving in state to the Guildhall. The roses glanced down from the parasol of the Empress, caught his helmet, and grazed his cheek: and it is this little episode that suggested to me the title of my present bunch of drawings." In looking again at them we cannot help feeling that Mr. Sullivan is not in his proper element here. We know him to be a draughtsman of much refinement, but in some of these drawings one cannot fail to be struck by a certain coarseness of conception which ill accords with this estimate and at the same time greatly diminishes their potency as satires. In particular the frequent use he makes of animal types, such as the wild boar, the chimpanzee etc., to represent the enemy is open to objection, on artistic grounds, even if such symbol ism is justified by actualities and as to this the obvious criticism is that some of the misdeeds of which the enemy has been convicted far surpass in turpitude anything that can be laid to the charge of the brute creation. The most successful of the series to our mind are those in which he does not

resort to such expedients, as for instance *The*Ungartered Blackleg, The Red Niagara, and
Deutschland über Alles.

The Theory of Beauty. By E. F. CARRITT. (London: Methuen.) 6s. net.-In this essay Mr. Carritt writes with the advantage of exceptional familiarity with the literature of the philosophy of æsthetics. He reviews and compares succeeding theories of beauty from Aristotle to Kant, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Croce, not omitting the judgments of our great English poets and painters. To obtain from his pages the utmost that they are capable of yielding would require a knowledge of the sources upon which he draws for his quotations almost equal to his own. But his book is not without something to offer to the lover of art unfamiliar with the philosophy of the schools but interested in the nature of his own response to beauty. The statements that the experience of beauty is an activity; that it "contemplates passion by means of expressing it in sensible form"-and that, therefore, it has been mistaken for the imitation of natural objects-will be accepted by any artist who is sufficiently introspective to have observed the nature of his experience in a moment of creative inspiration. That all beauty is the expression of what may be generally called emotion, and that all such expression is beautiful -this is the essential point that emerges from Mr. Carritt's deeply thoughtful and sympathetic analysis of the authorities he has examined.

Etching and other Graphic Arts. By GEORGE T. Plowman. (London: John Lane.) 6s. net.— Only the first five chapters of this treatise are devoted to "other graphic arts" - pencil drawing, wood engraving, lithography, line engraving, &c., being briefly described therein, while the bulk of the matter is concerned with etching. The author, of whose work in this medium several examples were given in our recent Special Number on "Paris, Past and Present," studied under Sir Frank Short, to whom he dedicates this well-printed handbook in which the technical processes, implements and materials employed by the painter-etcher are luminously stated. By way of illustration there are numerous reproductions of prints and drawings by various artists, including the author, who is also represented by an original etching given as a frontispiece, and there are drawings of the implements employed in etching. A useful feature of the little book is a list of places in London, Paris, New York, &c., where materials can be obtained.

Edmund Dulae's Picture-Book for the French Red Cross. (London: Hodder and Stoughton on behalf of *The Daily Telegraph.*) 3s. net.—Although all the profits accruing from the sale of this picture-book are destined to swell the funds of the Croix Rouge Française (London Committee), the purchaser has no ground for complaining about not getting value for his money, for it is indeed a very remarkable three-shillingsworth. There are no fewer than twenty full-page illustrations in colour, tastefully mounted, among them being some of the most charming examples of Mr. Dulac's fascinating work: and the literary matter which they illustrate—fairy tales from various sources, with some old French songs interspersed—is printed in such a clear type that, with its neat binding, the book makes a really ideal present for children of school age.

The New Life. By Dante Alighieri. Translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Pictured by Evelyn Paul. Music by Alfred Mercer. (London: G. G. Harrap and Co.) 10s. 6d. net.—Rossetti's fine rendering of the "Vita Nuova" is here presented in a very attractive form, the dainty embellishments contributed by Miss Paul giving it the character of an Italian illuminated manuscript-particularly in the case of the sonnets, which are printed in type simulating an old script hand, while the prose portions are chiefly in Roman type. Some of the illustrations, which, like the ornamental devices, are in keeping with the period, are printed by the "offset" process, on the same rough-surfaced paper as the letterpress, while others are printed on smooth-surfaced paper and pasted on, but though the former have not quite the same brilliance as the latter, they are excellent examples of the newer method and comport well with the text.

Messrs. Duckworth and Co. are reissuing their "Masters of Painting" series of monographs with the illustrations printed by a new process of photogravure in place of the half-tone reproductions which figured in the volumes of the series as first issued. The first half-dozen volumes of the new issue comprise those on G. F. Watts, by G. K. Chesterton: Hans Holbein the Younger and Rossetti, by Ford Madox Hueffer: Botticelli and Raphael, by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady): and Leonardo da Vinci, by Dr. G. Gronau, each with over thirty reproductions. The volumes are neatly bound in cloth and are issued at the moderate price of 38. 6d. net.

Mr. Edmund Hort New, to whose series of Loggan drawings of Oxford Colleges an article was devoted in our pages a few months ago, has just published an addition to the series, the subject being Exeter College. The print of this drawing, executed in photogravure and printed by Mr. Emery Walker, shows the College buildings as viewed by a spectator placed above Jesus College and looking down on the west front. Inset is a smaller-scale drawing of the side of the Chapel designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, which in the main drawing is seen end-on; and in the background are displayed the coats of arms of monarchs and others associated with the history of the College. The print measures 131 inches high by 13½ inches wide, and the price is one guinea net.

We have received from the Waverley Art Company of Old Bailey a number of reproductions in colour of notable pictures, which they are issuing in large format suitable for framing. The series comprises twenty subjects, and many of the pictures represented are prominent features of the chief public galleries of Great Britain. They include Turner's Crossing the Brook and Constable's Flatford Mill from the National Gallery; Albert Moore's Blossoms, Lord Leighton's Bath of Psyche, G. F. Watts's Hofe, H. W. B. Davis's Mother and Son, and four other popular subjects from the Tate Gallery: Greuze's Girl with Doves from the Wallace Collection: Abbey's O Mistress Mine, Holiday's Dante and Beatrice, P. H. Calderon's Ruth and Naomi, and Leader's Fast Falls the Eventide from the Liverpool Art Gallery: Millais Glen Birnam from the Manchester Art Gallery: J. F. Millet's far-famed Angelus and Mme. Vigée le Brun's Portrait of herself and child, from the Louvre in Paris. Having regard to the size of the prints-about fifteen by twenty-one inches on the average-the quality of the reproductions appears to us to be on the whole excellent. They are issued in sets of five at the price of £2 125. 6d. for the set: and the four sets can be had for eight guineas.

The Calendarium Londinense, or "London Almanack," for 1916, published by Mr. William Monk, R.E. at 118 New Bond Street, London, is the fourteenth issued by him, and well maintains the high artistic quality of its predecessors. For the original etching which appears at the head of the calendar Mr. Monk has taken as his subject "The Horse Guards, Whitehall," and he has rendered it with pleasing effect. When we consider that the calendar is hand-printed from the copper by the artist himself, the price of two-and-sixpence is remarkably reasonable. The calendar measures about fifteen by eleven inches.

HE LAY FIGURE: ON ME-MORIAL DECORATIONS.

"WE were talking not long ago about the great opportunity which will be offered directly to sculptors," said the Man with the Red Tie, "Is there to be no chance for the workers in other branches of art?"

"In what way do you mean?" asked the Art Critic. "If there is really going to be an art revival, I hope that artists of all kinds will have a part in it."

"You hope so; well, so do I," returned the Man with the Red Tie; "but what we hope is not necessarily what we ought to expect. Of course we hope and expect that architects will play a prominent part in future developments, but I should also like to see the painters and designers taking their share in the creation of a record of the great events in our history. But will the opportunity be offered to them?"

"I suppose they will make their own opportunities," broke in the Plain Man. "There will be lots of pictures directly of war incidents; I am sure that before very long the exhibitions will be full of them."

"And there, I suppose, it will end," sighed the Man with the Red Tie. "Some of these pictures, perhaps, will be bought for public galleries, a few more will be buried in private collections, and the rest—well, you know what happens to pictures that nobody wants."

"I see what you are driving at. You think the casel picture is not a sufficiently permanent record," said the Critic. "You want something more lasting and more ambitious, something that will impress itself more decisively upon the public and that will be more monumental and therefore more worthy of the occasion."

"Precisely! You grasp my idea," declared the Man with the Red Tie. "I want to see the pictorial art used as seriously as the art of the sculptor for memorial purposes. I want to see our decorators working side by side with our sculptors in the glorification of our national sacrifices and achievements. I want pictures produced that will stand to our credit with future generations."

"You want a lot," laughed the Plain Man, "But where are you going to put them?"

"In every public building in which the business of the community is carried on. In every place in thich the people come together for any public pur poor, replied the Man with the Red Lie. "I want

the record to be all about us and to be constantly before our eyes."

"Mural decorations! Is that what you mean?" cried the Plain Man. "What is the use of them? Who ever looks at them; and, if it comes to that, what men have we got, who can do them decently?"

"Lots of artists," exclaimed the Critic; "if you will only give them the chance to show what they can do. You cannot expect a great school of decorators to exist and flourish if you offer them no scope for the practice of their art; but provide them with the opportunities and there are plenty of men who will be equal to any demand you like to make on them."

"But I have always understood that the chief reason why there is no demand for mural decoration in this country is that wall-paintings will not stand our climate," objected the Plain Man. "What is the use of spending money on things that will not last?"

"That is a lame excuse for the neglect of a very important branch of design," said the Critic. "There are technical processes available which are quite permanent and can be thoroughly depended upon. No, the real trouble is that in this country we do not appreciate the artistic importance of mural decoration, and we do nothing to help on its development as a form of art practice—nothing, that is to say, comparable with what is being done in America, for instance."

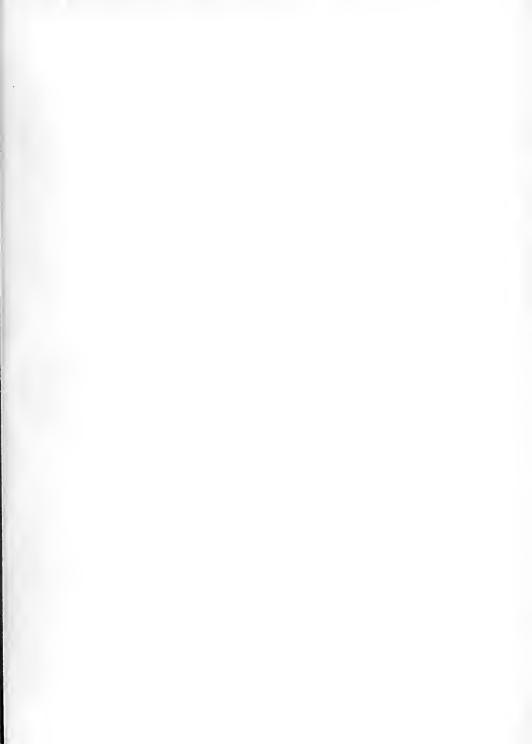
"And my argument is that the time has come for a complete change in our attitude towards it," added the Man with the Red Tie.

"An argument which I sincerely endorse," agreed the Critic. "We have artists capable of doing the finest type of work; we have technical processes which will serve them admirably and which have borne well the test of experience; all we want now is healthy and intelligent encouragement from the people who have the right kind of influence. There are plenty of subjects available now for the most important memorial decorations; there are acres of wall-space waiting to be filled. What a sin it would be to let such a special opportunity slip by!"

"I do not see that it is any business of mine," grumbled the Plain Man.

"There you are!" cried the Man with the Red Lie. "It is not your business, so I suppose some one else must attend to it. But can't you make it your business, and see that it is carried out properly? Wake up, man! It is quite time you did something for the good of art."

THE LAY FIGURE





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